

STAR WARS SEXY ALIEN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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STAR WARS

COLLECTORS ISSUE
FROM A GALAXY
FAR, FAR AWAY...

BAI LING NAKED

PLUS
BONUS
MOVIE
SUPPLEMENT

SEX
SURVEY
RESULTS

WHY
1 IN 5
AMERICANS
CHEAT

EXCLUSIVE
INSIDE
THE
OF
AL QAEDA'S
DEADLIEST
KILLER

TIFFANY
FALLON IS
PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR!

LIVE STRONG, SPEAK OUT
LANCE ARMSTRONG
INTERVIEW
ROBERT COOVER
20Q: PAUL GIAMATTI
DELIGHTFUL
SUMMER DRINKS
BEACH FASHION
AMAZING NEW NUDE
MARILYN MONROE PHOTO

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A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away, this is what government officials looked like. As if there isn't enough excitement in the *Star Wars* universe, this summer **Bai Ling** ignites lightsabers as Senator Bana Breemu in the latest installment of George Lucas's masterwork. Senior Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** says the force is strong in Bai. "She brought a sexual presence to the shoot," he says. "She is very sexual and erotic in her style and her personality—even the way she dresses has a definite eroticism to it." That sensuality is as clear in Wayda's photos as a laser beam. "She is captivating with her look and her eyes. She plays a lot with her expressions. From behind the camera what really jumps out is her beautiful face, her eyes, her expression—and, most of all, her attitude."



Robert Coover's work in *PLAYBOY* has been marked by experimentation. His latest story, *Suburban Jigsaw*, follows in this tradition. The piece originated with an actual puzzle that Coover drew. "The puzzle came first," he says. "Each of the pieces became the basis for a character. The puzzle's spatial layout and its pieces' suggestive tabs and holes dropped me inexorably into this busy little suburban neighborhood. The pieces themselves, like psychosexual portraits, told me who the characters were and how they fit together."



Lance Armstrong already holds the record for consecutive Tour de France wins with six, but he's preparing to set the bar even higher this summer. No wonder then that when **Kevin Cook** (wearing his yellow wristband) first met Armstrong for this month's *Playboy Interview*, Armstrong had just returned to Sheryl Crow's hillside Hollywood home from a training ride to Pasadena and back. "I have spent time with Michael Jordan, Shaquille O'Neal, Brett Favre and other athletes," Cook says, "but for combined intelligence and intensity, Lance is tops. His focus, along with his great athletic ability, makes him what he is today—arguably the most important athlete of our time."



"Marilyn Monroe was very aware of her own sexuality—and very comfortable with it," explains **Neal Gabler**, whose essay about the misplaced mythology surrounding Marilyn accompanies our luscious new portfolio of nude portraits of *PLAYBOY's* first-ever cover model. "She was one of the first major actresses who not only posed nude but happily accepted her nudity. She embraced sexuality at a time when nobody else would. That made her a liberating and empowering figure in the culture. Marilyn refused to accept the distinction between reputable and disreputable. She didn't believe in those categories."



As head of the International Center for Political Violence and Terrorism Research at Nanyang Technological University in Singapore, **Rohan Gunaratna** is uniquely qualified to get inside *The Brain*. That's one of the many names for Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, the mastermind of the 9/11 attacks and grand architect of Al Qaeda operations. "He is the most dangerous terrorist the world has seen," Gunaratna says. "More important to his work than knowledge is imagination—very few people could conceptualize these acts."



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Known as Mukhtar—"the Brain" in Arabic—Khalid Sheikh Mohammed was the mastermind of the 9/11 attacks; his capture in 2003 was a devastating blow to Al Qaeda. Our terrorism expert relies on a variety of sources, published and confidential, to portray this evil genius. **BY ROHAN GUNARATNA**
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COVER STORY

Bai Ling's name means "white spirit," and the sensuous Chinese actress—who memorably starred in *The Crow* and *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*—says she is a free spirit. She tells us about nakedness, one-night stands and her role as a tattooed senator in *Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith*. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda captures her uninhibited sexuality on film. The Force is with her and our Rabbit.



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DISNEY WORLD DREAMS and SUPER BOWL SCENES



Hef took his platinum party posse on a cross-country junket to Disney World and Playboy's star-studded Super Bowl celebration. (1) Hef with Holly Madison, Kendra Wilkinson, Bridget Marquardt and Cristal Camden boarding a private Boeing 737 business jet in L.A. for the flight to Florida. (2) At Disney World with Miss June Kara Monaco and a friendly orangutan. (3) Mickey Mouse greets the girls in Toontown. (4) Ready for a thrill on the Rock 'n' Roller Coaster. (5) Sporting a Pooh jacket, Hef greets Winnie the Pooh. (6) The girls wearing Jet Bunny outfits on the trip from Orlando to Jacksonville. (7) Hef and the girls being interviewed by *Extra* host Jon Kelley at the Super Bowl party. (8) *One Tree Hill* stars Sophia Bush and Chad Michael Murray. (9) Lauren Michelle Hill and pro football Hall of Famer Eric Dickerson. (10) Tom Arnold and Pennelope Jimenez. (11) Fat Joe. (12) The Pittsburgh Steelers' Ben Roethlisberger and Mr. Playboy. (13) Philadelphia Eagles cheerleaders. (14) Chris Rock at the Playboy bash.



DISNEY WORLD DREAMS and SUPER BOWL SCENES

continued



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3



4



5



6



7

(1) Joe Simpson, dad and manager of Jessica and Ashlee, with Nick Lachey and Ryan Cabrera in Jacksonville. (2) *American Idol*'s Randy Jackson mugs on the red carpet. (3) A happy Owen Wilson surrounded by Playmate Bunnies Tiffany Fallon, Cara Zavaleta, Pennelope Jimenez and Lauren Michelle Hill. (4) Greg Kinnear digging the Super Bowl festivities. (5) Boyz II Men's Nathan Morris and Shawn Stockman enter the party in style. (6) Beautiful DJ Sky Nellor on the ones and twos. (7) Lucky partygoers invited to the Playboy Super Bowl party were greeted by bikini-clad Bunnies. The theme of the evening was "A Night in the Grotto." (8) Fergie of the Black Eyed Peas and actress Gabrielle Union. (9) Joey Fatone and Hef. (10) Baltimore Ravens QB Kyle Boller. (11) Hef and his girls back in Los Angeles on Sunday for the Mansion's Super Bowl celebration. (12) Bill Maher and Cyber Girl Rochelle Loewen. (13) Barbara Moore and Lorenzo Lamas playing touch football. (14) Jon Lovitz and Thora Birch.



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12



13



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HIS NAME IS KID

In 20Q (March) Kid Rock presumes that other entertainers lack the basic knowledge necessary to understand the war. That's not true. He may have just stepped out from under a rock, but not everyone else has.

Alan Enstoss

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Kid Rock should educate himself about George Bush's education. The



Kid Rock, in a photo by Clay Patrick McBride.

president was a C student at Yale. And he shouldn't count on Dick Cheney. The VP flunked out of college twice. If Kid Rock wanted to support someone who had impeccable academic credentials, he should have voted for Kerry.

Mark Musial

Green Bay, Wisconsin

I never thought I'd like Kid Rock's music. But when I heard it, my jaw dropped to the floor. He has changed my opinion of modern rock.

Stacy Millard

Manhattan, Kansas

Kid Rock is totally hot. But I've noticed, in both his interviews and his music, that he seems lonely. The problem is he keeps dating celebrities. Kid, when will you learn that you can't turn a ho into a housewife? You should look in your fan club for a girlfriend.

Talisa Burnett

Columbus, Indiana

MISSING MUNCH

Simon Cooper's excellent article on the robbery of Edvard Munch's *The Scream* from the Munch Museum in

Oslo (*Stolen Screams*, March) raises a number of interesting points. As a former undercover operative with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (and the author of the book *Crime School: Money Laundering*), I investigated a number of money-laundering schemes that involved stolen art. Drug trafficking is partly to blame for the marked increase in art theft because artwork provides an easy way to transfer funds across borders. Say you owe \$5 million for your last shipment. You know your supplier, like many of the nouveau riche, is an art lover, and by coincidence you have acquired two Dalí oils and a Picasso sketch from a client to settle a \$250,000 debt. You offer those to the supplier to pay off your \$5 million invoice, knowing he doesn't care that they're stolen because he's going to hang them in his villa. Pablo Escobar, for example, had a special interest in Chinese porcelain.

Chris Mathers

Toronto, Canada

Cooper writes, "Stolen paintings are recycled through auction houses or private trades, often ending up in the hands of innocent purchasers." This may have been true 15 years ago, but since the early 1990s the vast majority of the market has checked items against our registry prior to sale. It is becoming increasingly difficult to sell stolen art on the open market.

David Shillingford

Art Loss Register

New York, New York

Update: In March thieves swiped three Munch paintings from an Oslo hotel with a large art collection. This time police quickly recovered the works and arrested eight suspects. There is no apparent connection to the Munch Museum thefts.

PARIS IN THE SPRING

Et tu, PLAYBOY? How could you name Paris Hilton the sexiest celebrity of the year (March)? If she hadn't been born rich, she'd be a clerk at Wal-Mart. She has the same practiced vacant smirk in every photo I've seen.

Mark Leinwand

Agoura Hills, California

Has PLAYBOY ever before had a cover model who wasn't nude inside?

Mike Burrows

Salt Lake City, Utah

It's been a while, but Dolly Parton and Sally Field, among others, have posed for the cover while revealing only their intellect. More recently, our October 2000 cover girl,

Lauren Michelle Hill, didn't appear nude until February 2001, as a Playmate.

Great choice! Paris is one of the sexiest young women on the party circuit.

George Bolton

Carlsbad, California

I have been reading PLAYBOY for 30 years, and I have never been more disappointed in your judgment of beauty. How will you make this up to us?

Pat Kivlen

Gibbstown, New Jersey

You guys must be high from all the peroxide fumes in your studio.

Russell Wyble

Breaux Bridge, Louisiana

Paris wouldn't be among the 25 sexiest women in my town, and we have only 2,937 people. Who's on your cover next month, Ashlee Simpson?

David Anderson

Franklin, Michigan

What do Paris Hilton, Debbie Gibson and Chuck Palahniuk have in common? They helped make this the best issue of PLAYBOY ever produced.

Christopher Gray

Radford, Virginia

SINGING STARS

I enjoyed your tribute to the worst celebrity albums (*Vanity Vinyl*, March). I've been playing some of these gems on *The Dr. Demento Show* for decades. But how could you mention Billy Mumy and not include "Fish Heads," our second most requested song? For the record, the most requested song is



If you're famous for any reason, cut an album.

"Dead Puppies (Aren't Much Fun)," by Ogden Edsl.

Dr. Demento

Lakewood, California

I have to disagree with Jake Austen's assessment that the four jock albums

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he lists are the worst ever made. The worst album by Muhammad Ali, for instance, is *The Adventures of Ali and His Gang vs. Mr. Tooth Decay* (1976), with Frank Sinatra and Howard Cosell. Jake La Motta deserves props for his a cappella version of "My Way" on *Peace 51* (2002). And you can't beat the 1987 cassette called *Thinking Baseball* by All-Star outfielder Jimmy Piersall. He raps to the kids, "If you practice all the time, results you will see. Work hard. Be on time. It's the only way to be." As the saying goes, every athlete wants to be a singer or actor, and every actor or singer wants to be an athlete.

Rick Gieser
SportsSongs.com
Carol Stream, Illinois

As a collector of musical atrocities (aprilwinchell.com), I want to point out a glaring omission. You overlook the category of celebrity Beatles covers, which provide some of the most upsetting listening imaginable.

April Winchell
Los Angeles, California

SCARED OF SCARS?

Everyone has seen the photo of Tara Reid's exposed breast on the Internet, so there was no reason for you to airbrush out the scars from her boob job in March's *Grapevine*.

Leif Kjonggaard
San Diego, California

CHEERS FOR CHUCK

Thank you for again featuring the genius and madness of Chuck Palahniuk (*Punchdrunk*, March).

Kyle Tamminen
Thunder Bay, Ontario

JILLIAN FULL OF GRACE

I saw Jillian Grace (March) audition to be a Playmate on *The Howard Stern Show*. Her pictorial was worth the wait.

Michael Chegwidden
Kinross, Michigan

GREEN WITH DISMAY

What, no Green Day in *The Year in Music* (March)? *American Idiot* is a huge seller that has had great influence.

Kyle Smith
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania

STEREO SHOCK

You managed to get \$200,000 worth of sound for \$20,000 (*Sound + Art*, March). Now for the rest of us, how about getting that down to \$2,000?

Dave Allegretti
Harrison, New York

THE ROCKINATOR

I shuddered when I read your description of Dwayne Johnson as "the

next Arnold Schwarzenegger." But after reading the March *Interview*, I realize the Rock is the real deal.

Bill Campbell
Williamsburg, Virginia

GIVE 'EM MORE GIBSON

I've enjoyed *PLAYBOY* for 20 years but have never seen a flawless pictorial like that of Deborah Gibson (March). Guido Argentini captured her playful, sexy and soulful sides.

Tim Walker
Independence, Virginia

Debbie Gibson has always turned me on. After all these years I still can't shake her love. But at least I can see what I never could before!

Tony Good
Sausalito, California

I run the largest unofficial website devoted to Deborah Gibson (deb-ski.com). Contrary to the positive posts at her official site, many longtime fans feel she sold out and is a hypocrite by posing for you. For years Deborah has criticized



Deborah Gibson, oll grown up.

performers such as Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears for being overtly sexual instead of letting their music speak for itself. Since Deborah has taken the same route, she leaves the impression that she now feels her music isn't good enough either.

Dariusz Ski
London, U.K.

I grew up infatuated with Tiffany and Debbie, and you have made my teenage fantasies finally come true. If you want to keep going, I can send you the name of a hot teacher of mine.

Bryan Riggsbee
Burlington, North Carolina



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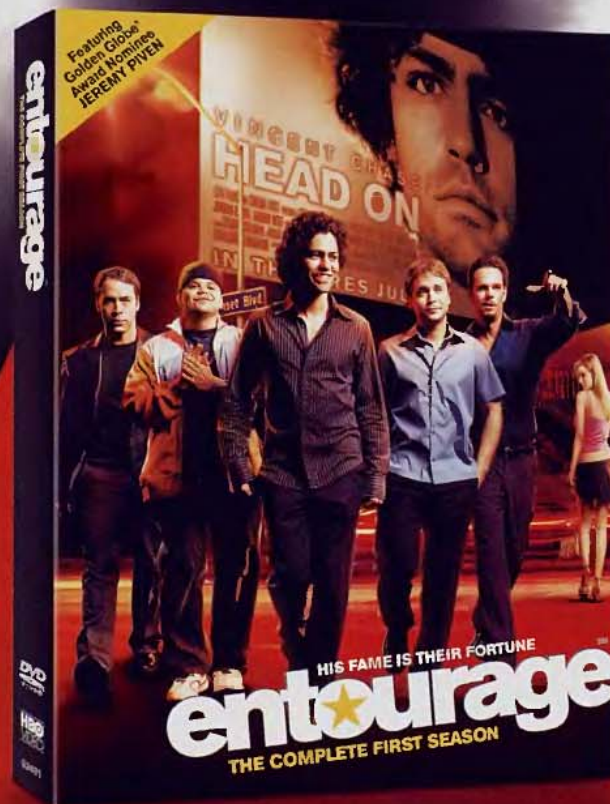
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babe of the month

Stacey Hayes

Lingo's cheeky linguist gives us a lesson in body English

Watching Stacey Hayes, co-host of the Game Show Network's *Lingo*, we find it hard to tell where the word-play ends and the foreplay begins. On the show, contestants try to deduce a five-letter word; Stacey's velvety British accent has us thinking *saucy*, *sweet*, *foxy*, *yowza* and *daamn*—and those last three aren't even real words. "I get thousands of letters from the most obscure countries," she says. "People watch *Lingo* and thank me for helping them learn English." Stacey, 28, shares teaching duty with game

"I'm not a baggy T-shirt and sweatpants kind of chick."

show institution Chuck Woolery. "We flirt and have fun," she admits. "We get angry older ladies complaining that it's inappropriate for a man of his age. *TV Guide* did a picture—they drew little laser beams coming out of his eyes and going directly to my chest." Stacey has been working it since her days as a stand-up comedian—in her act she played a dominatrix. "I wore the black wig, the leather, had the whip, everything. I got more attention as Dominique than as a Hollywood blonde." She has retired the fetish wear, but Stacey insists she'll never dress down. "I'm not a baggy T-shirt and sweatpants kind of chick," she says with a laugh. "I wear sweats, but they're low and velour, and the top matches. I do comfortable, but I rarely don't do cute."



A

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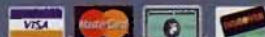
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their swimsuits in the Cyber Club.
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tools of engagement



MOCK AND AWE

ODD WEAPONS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Modern warfare could hardly be more terrifying, but it could certainly be weirder. Witness "Harassing, Annoying and 'Bad Guy' Identifying Chemicals," an official memo obtained and posted online by chemical warfare watchdog the Sunshine Project. The proposal was presented to the Pentagon in 1994 but was never acted on. Not yet, at least—there's always the next war. (Look out, Iran.)

Gay bomb: would act as an "aphrodisiac," provoking homosexual behavior among troops. **Goal:** Low morale and a crippling obsession with redecorating.

Bad-breath bomb: would create "severe and lasting halitosis." **Goal:** Ass-mouthed bad guys stand out from innocents—and their boyfriends *hate* it.

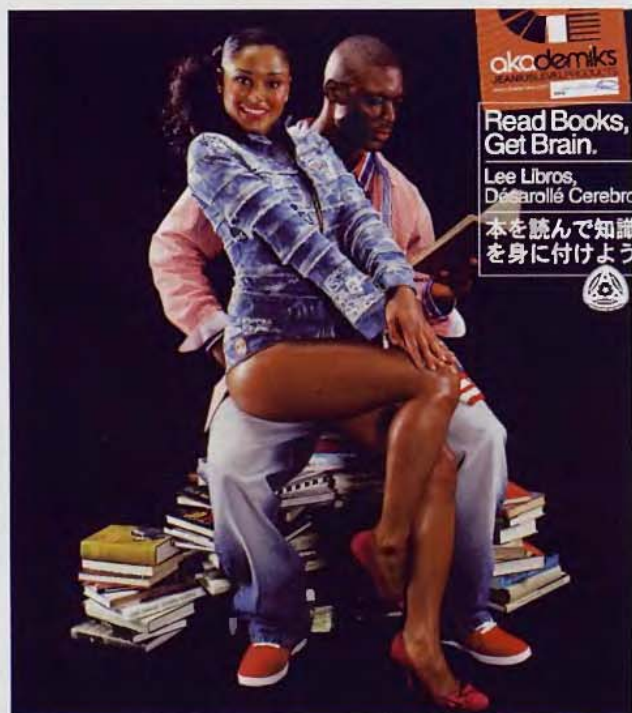
Stink bomb: would cause body odor on exposure. **Goal:** Just when the gay guerrillas have learned to look past the bad breath, everything else turns rank.

Bug bomb: would attract and enrage "stinging and biting bugs and rodents." **Goal:** Flush gay, smelly enemies from tastefully furnished spider holes.

Sunlight bomb: would make troops unbearably sensitive to sunlight. **Goal:** Total surrender. Can't stay in (rats), can't go out (sun), can't keep eyes off comrades (gay), can't stand comrades (stink). Suddenly Guantánamo looks like Club Med.

CLARK TATE

street smarts



NYC EMBARRASSED BY AD LANGUAGE

Hip kids had a laugh when this faux literacy campaign by clothing label Akademiks turned up on 200 New York buses. "Getting brain" is urban slang for receiving oral sex.

blue line blues



FRESH OUT OF PUCK

NO STANLEY CUP? NO SWEAT. HERE'S HOW TO SURVIVE A HOCKEY-FREE JUNE

Get a hat trick. For instance, reach in and pull out a rabbit. Then saw your assistant in half. Your friends will be amazed!

Go top-shelf. Good-bye, Old Crow. Hello, Knob Creek!
Substitute on the fly—unless the menu says "no substitutions."
Ice the puck. Or at least a chocolate cake shaped like a puck.
Throw an octopus into your sink and scrub thoroughly. Remove head, beak and ink sac. Cut tentacles into short strips. Brown two finely chopped cloves of garlic in olive oil, add octopus, and simmer over low heat. Add dry sherry and Italian peeled tomatoes, and season to taste. Serve over pasta. *Buon appetito!*
Pull your goalie. Just be sure the bathroom door is locked.
Skate a victory lap around your kitchen in your socks, triumphantly raising the Stanley Cup cutout, above. What is there to celebrate? At least the 2005 champion of Canada's national sport is not some *nouvelle école* team from Florida.

don't go there



IGNORANCE ABROAD

A VICTORIAN GUIDE TO THE USELESS PEOPLES OF OUR NO-GOOD WORLD

Nineteenth century travel writer Mrs. Favell Lee Mortimer had opinions on all the world's places and races—and they were rarely good ones—despite having left England only twice in her life (one trip being to Scotland). If you're traveling this summer, ignore her wisdom at your peril.

Hungary The Hungarians are not industrious; they do not know how to make things.

Brazil People in Brazil do not sleep in beds on the floor but in beds slung across the corners of the rooms. Idle people waste many hours of the day in their hammocks.

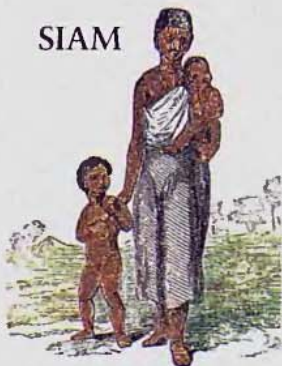
Hindustan Hindoo ladies can neither paint nor play music. Their time is spent in idleness, chattering nonsense.

Portugal Some places look pretty at a distance which look very ugly when you come up to them—Lisbon is one of those places.

Germany German women are not fond of reading useful books. When they read, it is novels about people who never lived. It would be better to read nothing than such books.

China It is a common thing to stumble over the bodies of dead babies in the streets. In England it is counted murder to kill a babe, but it is thought no harm in China.

SIAM



THE SIAMESE RESEMBLE THE BURMESE IN APPEARANCE, BUT THEY ARE MUCH WORSE-LOOKING.

Mexico Though Mexico is so beautiful at a distance, yet the streets are narrow and loathsome, and the poor people walking in them look like bunches of old rags.

Italy One very bad Italian custom is burying the poor people in large pits.

Kurdistan The Kurds are the terror of all who live near them. The reason why the Armenians live in holes in the ground is because they hope the Kurds may not find out where they are.

From The Clumsiest People in Europe, or: Mrs. Mortimer's Bad-Tempered Guide to the Victorian World, by Todd Pruzan and Mrs. Favell Lee Mortimer (deceased).

talk of the tone

STARDOM CALLS

IT'S SOMEONE FAMOUS—GET THE PHONE



Does your phone play a catchy tune? How five minutes ago. Celebrities are now rolling out spoken-word alerts for your new whatchamacallit. (Relentless repetition, after all, is the soul of wit.) These are already on the market—but can you guess who says what?

The stars: (A) Jessica Simpson, (B) soca star Rupee, (C) Jenna Jameson, (D) Green Day, (E) rapper Xzibit, (F) punk band Simple Plan.

1. "Hey, baby, sexy lady, you make them pants look crazy. Yo, you should let me pimp that. Pick it up!"
2. "It picks up the phone and it rubs the lotion on its numbers. Ring! Ring!"
3. "I'm lookin' at these ladies, thinkin' about them having my babies. But I can't do that if you don't pick up the phone. Pick up the phone now, fe real!"
4. "Can you pick up and tell me, is this chicken what I have or is this fish? I know it's tuna, but it says chicken by the sea."
5. "Hey, your dad's calling. Ask him for beer money."
6. "Listen up, you hot bitch. Answer your cell. I'll lick your pussy if you do it quick. Now pick up the phone!"

Answers: A-4, B-3, C-6, D-2, E-1, F-5

pulp kitchen

EATING LEAN
SUSHI IN TASTY 2D

Chef Homaro Cantu's sushi is, frankly, a little flat. At Moto, his Chicago restaurant, he loads a rejiggered ink-jet printer with edible dye, prints an image onto paper made from soy and cornstarch, then adds soy and seaweed flavoring. Sound fishy? Not in the least.



party girl

APPARAT CHICK
UKRAINE PUTS THE
"PRIME" IN MINISTER

She's no Maggie Thatcher. Appointed earlier this year by poison-ravaged prez Viktor Yushchenko, Ukrainian prime minister Yulia Tymoshenko is a world-class cutie-pie. Critics allege a shady past, but we call dreamy Yulia a steppe in the right direction.



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guest spot: peter griffin

MY 10 DADS

THE TV CHARACTERS WHO TAUGHT THIS FAMILY GUY HOW TO BE A MAN

I was raised by a warm, glowing box made of metal, glass and wood. No, I'm not talking about some magical robot vagina. I'm talking about television. Clair Huxtable was my mother, Alex P. Keaton was my older brother, and Schneider was my sex-crazed handyman. But of all the TV characters who raised me, there are 10 in particular who made me the man I am today.

1. **MacGyver** Taught me how to get a lady pregnant with a condom and a pair of scissors.
2. **Optimus Prime** Taught me bravery, leadership and how to turn into a kick-ass truck.
3. **Tony Micelli of *Who's the Boss?*** Showed me it's not gay to do housework—as long as you're poor. By the way, was he totally plowin' Angela or what?
4. **T.J. Hooker** His name was Hooker. He-he-he-he.
5. **Benny Hill** Apparently a fat man with his own TV show is allowed to grope strange women and chase them around in his underwear. Good to know.
6. **Dylan McKay of *Beverly Hills 90210*** Taught me how to leave a wicked cool outgoing message on my answering machine: "Hey, this is Peter. I'm not here. You know the drill."
7. **Jo of *The Facts of Life*** Taught me that women can be men too.
8. **Airwolf** This sophisticated battle helicopter caused my first erection. I honestly don't know why.
9. **Sam "Mayday" Malone** Surrounding yourself with losers makes you look even cooler. Hence my neighbors Cleveland, Quagmire and Joe, and my daughter, Meg.
10. **Arthur Fonzarelli** Smoking is not cool, never mess with turkeys, and if you wear a leather jacket you are impervious to STDs.

*Peter Griffin is the animated star of *Family Guy*, Sundays at nine P.M. on Fox.*



employee of the month



LEDGER AND LACE

BOOKKEEPER SUSAN HORNING MAKES A STRONG STATEMENT

PLAYBOY: What do you do for a living?

SUSAN: I'm a bookkeeper at an accounting firm, but I'm studying to become an accountant.

PLAYBOY: They say accountants are the most boring people on earth.

SUSAN: I'm just the opposite. I love to dance and have a good time. It doesn't take much to get me drunk.

PLAYBOY: Are you allowed to wear sexy outfits around the office?

SUSAN: I always get in trouble for wearing low-cut tops or ones that are too tight. There's not much I can do about that because I have pretty big breasts. I wear fun lingerie—if I have to dress conservative all week I can at least have fun underneath.

PLAYBOY: If you go out to a bar after work in your office clothes, do guys hit on you?

SUSAN: I get more attention when I'm dressed up on the weekend. I think it intimidates a lot of men when they see you in business attire.



wedding etiquette

HE'S BUYING THE COW. BE NICE

GIVE A TOAST THAT WILL GET A GREAT RECEPTION

- To the bride's relatives you are an envoy from the country of Groomoslovakia. If the groom's buddies seem urbane and witty, so does the groom. If they're jack-offs, the groom looks like a jack-off.
- You can't overthank the people throwing the party.
- There's a time to razz the groom about his terrible ex-girlfriends or collegiate open-bed policy. It's called the bachelor party.
- Avoid suggesting that you don't really know the bride. Also avoid suggesting that you have biblical knowledge of the bride.
- Don't go in without an exit strategy—memorize your closing line, something like "So let's all raise a glass to Wendell and Esther...."
- Sure thing: a story about the groom breaking the news to you. Share that touching, possibly fictional conversation in which he said, "Dude, I think this is the one." They'll eat it up.

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.



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Sand Trap

An annual membership in the Kabul Golf Club is **\$160**. Greens fees—not that there are any actual greens—are **\$10**. Putting is done on a brown surface made of sand and oil.

Price Check



Every Dog Painting Has Its Day

\$590,400 Paid at an auction for *A Bold Bluff* (above) and *Waterloo*, a pair of paintings by Cassius Marcellus Coolidge. Both are from Coolidge's renowned series of 16 images of canine amusements, commonly known as "Dogs Playing Poker."

Book of Pointless Records

Shortest Marriage

90 minutes, between British lovebirds Victoria Anderson and Scott McKie. The bride filed for divorce following the reception, at which the couple had argued and the groom was arrested for assault.

NRA Nation

40% of Americans keep a gun in their home.



The Price of Purity

The change in Arbitron rankings of four Clear Channel radio stations after they dumped *The Howard Stern Show* for being offensive:

	with Stern	without Stern
WTKS-FM, Orlando	2nd	8th
WXDX-FM, Pittsburgh	3rd	11th
WNVE-FM, Rochester	6th	14th
KIOZ-FM, San Diego	5th	20th

Change in fortune of two Infinity stations that picked up the show: WOCL-FM in Orlando went from **17th** to **1st**, and KPLN-FM in San Diego went from **17th** to **4th**.

Hurling Through Space

According to NASA officials, the KC-135 aircraft used to train astronauts for weightlessness had been cleansed of more than **285** gallons of vomit by the time it was retired.



College Girls Gone Wild

In 2002 women earned **742,000** bachelor's degrees, and men just **550,000**. Many schools now surreptitiously practice affirmative action for males to fight the growing gender gap.

Colonel Tso

A new KFC opens in China every **1.3** days.

Odd Duck

The Australian duck-billed platypus has **10** sex chromosomes, more than any other mammal—most, including humans, have just a single pair. Scientists think the extra genetic material may indicate a link between mammalian, avian and reptilian evolution. Yeah, that and the duck bill.

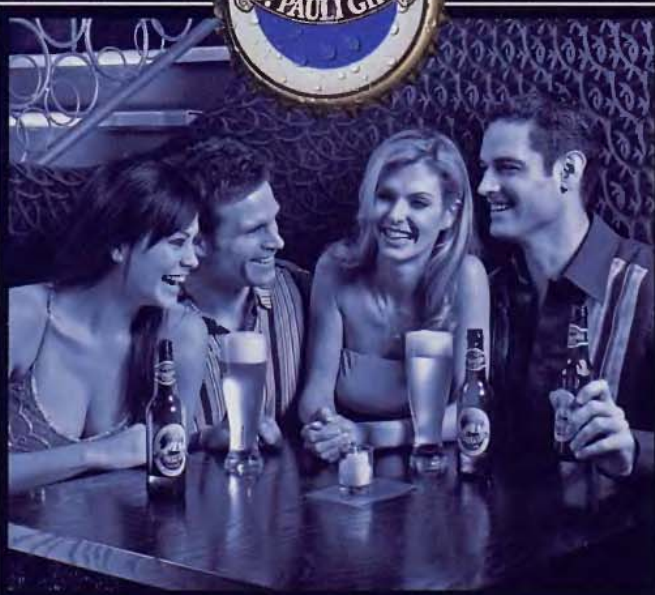


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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



the best of the month

[WAR OF THE WORLDS]

Tom Cruise has a lousy weekend

Steven Spielberg has finally gotten hip to a basic tenet that science-fiction diehards cherish: Aliens don't invade Earth to make nice but to stomp our cities and hurt us. Based on H.G. Wells's 1898 novel, the film features deadbeat daddy Tom Cruise and hostile daughter Dakota Fanning caught in an onslaught of interstellar creatures. Says screenwriter David Koepp, "Spielberg has spent lots of time convincing us that maybe aliens are just like us, that maybe they just want to talk. Now he's saying, 'What if they're assholes?'" The movie is also about the darkening of Cruise's screen image. "What happens to the *Top Gun* guy 20 years later if he is bitter, selfish, no good at parenting and angry?" asks Koepp. "We gave him kids who don't like him, put them in his custody for the weekend and made that weekend the end of the world."

[CINDERELLA MAN]

Can Russell Crowe be a million-dollar dude?

The heavyweight lineup for this big, uplifting 1930s boxing biopic includes award baiters Russell Crowe, Renée Zellweger, director Ron Howard, screenwriter Akiva Goldsman and producer Brian Grazer, meaning it could pack a serious punch with Oscar voters. Crowe comes out swinging as Jim Braddock, the real-life Irish brawler who rose from New York's slums to become the world heavyweight champ and who, when considered finished, gave Depression-battered Americans an underdog to root for as he climbed back into the ring to feed his family. Given Crowe's record of extreme commitment, we could have a period-epic knockout here. Then again, we might have only *Seabiscuit* with boxing gloves. "Russell gives a very intense performance," says Grazer. "The movie's dominant element is boxing, which is shown in a visceral, original way, but the film also has this highly emotional component that's going to be really effective with girls. Yes, it's set during the Depression, but the only person who could compare it to *Seabiscuit* is a competitor."



[MR. AND MRS. SMITH]

There's romance and intrigue—on-screen and off

This romantic action film finds hipster director Doug Liman (*The Bourne Identity*) putting Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie through their paces as a bored-with-each-other married couple who suddenly learn that each is a world-class assassin hired to rub out the other. As if the plotline weren't intriguing enough, the flick (which also features Vince Vaughn and Adam Brody) comes rife with cloak-and-dagger scuttlebutt from the set, such as hostility between Jolie and Liman and tabloid reports of a Pitt-Jolie romance, which both parties have denied. "Total bullshit," says Liman of rumors of mutinies and canoodling. "The film is much more creatively ambitious than anything I've ever done and has an insane amount of action. At the same time that I'm trying to give audiences all the thrills of an action sequence, I'm trying to undermine that by saying, 'That's actually not what you should be impressed with. We have an amazing love story here, too.'"



[BATMAN BEGINS]

The Dark Knight gets even darker

"It's not a sequel, not a prequel. Forget everything you've seen before; this is where the story really begins," says Christian Bale, who, along with *Memento* director Christopher Nolan, boldly swoops down on the *Bat* franchise, a daredevil move that could earn the dynamic duo superhero status if the movie—the caped crusader's fifth big-screen adventure—is a hit. This time there are no candy-colored sets, over-ripe star cameos or codpieces, just Bruce Wayne witnessing the slaying of his parents, fleeing to the Far East to learn fiendishly cool ways to wreak vigilante vengeance and then trekking homeward to kick butt and scare the living hell out of evildoers while wearing that cape and mask. Says the brooding cult hero of *American Psycho*, "I didn't care to do Batman the way I've seen him done before. When he wears that suit he becomes somebody dark, with great battles raging within, and not entirely human—something unknown, mysterious and threatening, the monster that lurks within Bruce Wayne."



[THE LONGEST YARD]

Adam Sandler tackles an old favorite

In this redo of Burt Reynolds's 1974 crowd-pleaser, two prison inmates—a hardass pro quarterback (Adam Sandler in Reynolds's old role) and a former college champion (Reynolds, redux)—are forced by vicious warden James Cromwell to form a team of inmates to go head-to-head with sadistic guards. Says Reynolds, "I told Adam, 'Forget about the hits you're going to take. Just work on the quarterback walk and the shut-the-fuck-up attitude.' He plays a hell of a game of basketball and is a tremendous golfer, but most impressive was that within five weeks he was throwing 40-yard passes. They found an unbelievable menagerie of guys for this movie, like Bob Sapp, Brian Bosworth, Michael Irvin and a guy from India, the biggest guy I've ever seen. This new one works in ways that our first picture didn't, because the audience will fall in love with every one of these animals."



and the best of the rest

BUZZ

Monster-in-Law

(Jennifer Lopez, Jane Fonda, Michael Vartan) It's J. Lo's turn to meet the parent in this acid-etched comedy from the director of *Legally Blonde*. An unlucky-in-love professional dog walker, J. Lo is brought home by her fiancé (Vartan) only to clash with Fonda, his rich, hilariously vindictive mother.

Our call: The real news is that Fonda returns to the big screen after 15 years, looking foxy, hitting comic home runs and making mincemeat out of everyone around her, including J. Lo.



Heights

(Glenn Close, Elizabeth Banks, James Marsden, Isabella Rossellini) Twenty-four hours in the lives of sex-driven, deceitful New Yorkers makes a photographer (Banks) second-guess her wedding to a businessman (Marsden), while her mother (Close), a theater legend, questions her own open marriage.

Our call: Close soars again (think Oscar nomination), and the whole cast rises along with her in Merchant-Ivory's sharp dissection of contemporary relationships and sexual mores.



House of Wax

(Elisha Cuthbert, Chad Michael Murray, Paris Hilton) This shudderfest, made first in the 1930s and again in the 1950s, gets a *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* makeover with a cast of young collegians who discover a wax museum where the figures look suspiciously real and the proprietor is clearly a nut job.

Our call: Even so-so fright flicks like *Hide and Seek* and *Boogeyman* are hot right now, so the timing is perfect. And it may be a chance for Hilton to finally impress her critics.



Lords of Dogtown

(Emile Hirsch, Victor Rasuk, Heath Ledger, Johnny Knoxville) In the mid-1970s in Venice, California a pack of young surfers and outcasts used empty swimming pools and a desolate pier to revolutionize skateboarding—turning it into an acrobatic, aggressive sport—and became local legends.

Our call: A fictionalized version of the 2001 documentary *Dogtown and Z-Boys*, this action drama could be the antidote for those who are allergic to summer's formulaic blockbusters.



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[THE CONTROVERSIAL CLASSICS COLLECTION]

Seven films that once rocked the boat are still making waves today

Blind belief in the system is the target, seven times, in this mix of movies that each took aim at hot-button issues and left a lasting political and social impact. *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang* (1932, pictured) is the still-shocking tale of a man unfairly sent to a forced-labor camp. *Fury* (1936) offers Spencer Tracy as a wrongly accused man who faces a vengeful mob, and Tracy appears again in the taut thriller *Bad Day at Black Rock* (1955). *Blackboard Jungle* (1955) remains the blueprint for juvenile-delinquent films, while Elia Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd* (1957) savages media-manufactured celebrity. Otto Preminger added homosexuality to corrupt politicians' backroom dealings in *Advise & Consent* (1962), to great effect. Finally, James Garner stars as a cowardly Navy man in the satirical gem *The Americanization of Emily* (1964). **Extras:** Commentaries, trailers and a new retrospective on *Face*. **YYY½** —Greg Fagan



THE LIFE AQUATIC WITH STEVE ZISSOU (2004) Bill Murray reteams with *Royal Tenenbaums* director Wes Anderson in this bizarre comedy about a Jacques Cousteau-like oceanographer who battles a barrage of quirky catastrophes while producing his latest lackluster sea adventure. Some whimsical visuals and a stellar cast partially compensate for too many offbeat nuances (glowing pastel sea creatures) and plot turns (a hostage-rescue scenario). **Extras:** The special two-disc Criterion edition includes a video journal of an on-set intern, a documentary and deleted scenes. **YY** —Thomas Cunha



ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13 (2005) In this solid remake of John Carpenter's 1976 siege classic, Detroit policemen (led by Ethan Hawke) holed up in a precinct house team with convicts to fight dirty cops intent on killing everyone inside. The violence is unapologetically extreme, and it works. **Extras:** An *HBO First Look* special, four featurettes, including one on assault weapons, and deleted scenes. **YYY** —Brian Thomas



SCRUBS: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (2001) Never has a show about conventional medicine been so unconventional. *ER* and most other medical series are humorless, but the young docs of Sacred Heart Hospital can't take anything seriously, including disease, and the result is one of the most inventive sitcoms on TV. The 24 episodes are told through the fantasy-fueled interior monologues of J.D. (Zach Braff), whose neurotic hallucinations aren't what you want going through your doctor's head when you're sick. It's

nice to see underappreciated John C. McGinley—as the merciless Dr. Cox—in a role that uses his fast-talking talent to its best advantage.

Extras: Commentaries, a documentary, a gag reel and never-before-seen dream sequences. **YYY½**

—Buzz McClain



BEYOND THE SEA (2004) Kevin Spacey's pathological fascination with Bobby Darin pays off in his depiction of a desperately driven entertainer who became a huge pop star, married actress Sandra Dee (Kate Bosworth) and died at the age of 37. The movie, though, rarely rises above biopic clichés. **Extras:** More Spacey-as-Darin tunes, plus a Spacey-as-Spacey commentary track. **YY** —G.F.



ENTOURAGE: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (2004) The first eight episodes introduce us to the Hollywood adventures of New York actor Vince Chase (Adrian Grenier) and his titular hangers-on as they hook up with women, score pot and piss off Gary Busey. Vince looks to his homeys to keep him grounded, but they would rather sponge off his fame and fortune. Jeremy Piven is impressive as an oily land shark. **Extras:** Cast and crew interviews and audio commentaries. **YYY** —B.M.



tease frame

Now we know why Will Smith is always flashing that self-satisfied grin. We loved his wife, **Jada Pinkett Smith**, in *Menace II Society* (1993), *Set It Off* (1996), *Scream 2* (1997), *Matrix Reloaded* and *Revolutions* (2003) and last year's *Collateral*. But we really enjoyed her in *Jason's Lyric* (1994, pictured) as a young woman with an interest in poetry and, as you can see, gettin' jiggy in the great outdoors. It's the only time we've seen the missus in the buff, which is not likely to change this month when she lends her voice to Gloria the Hippo in the animated kiddie flick *Madagascar*.



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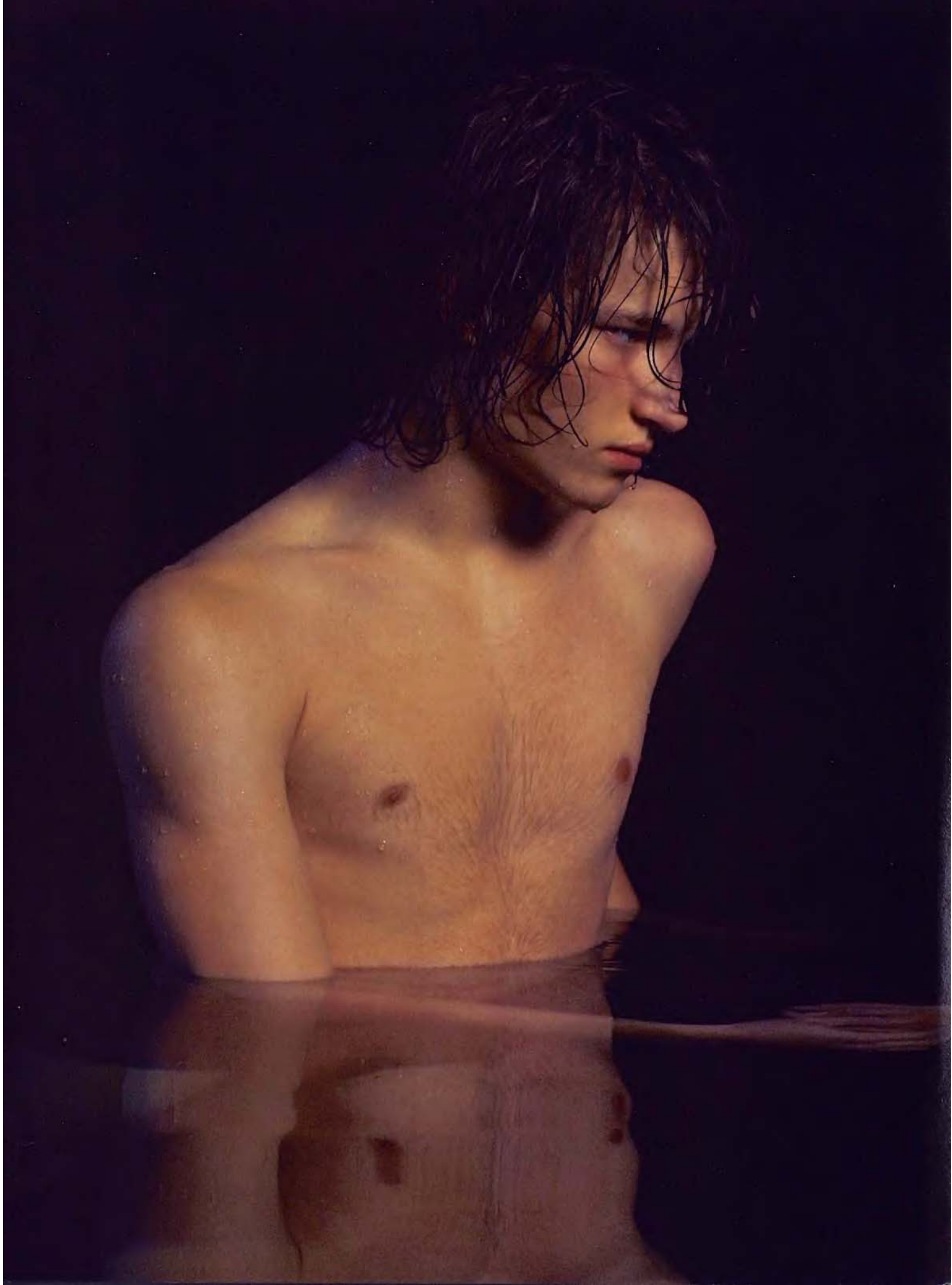
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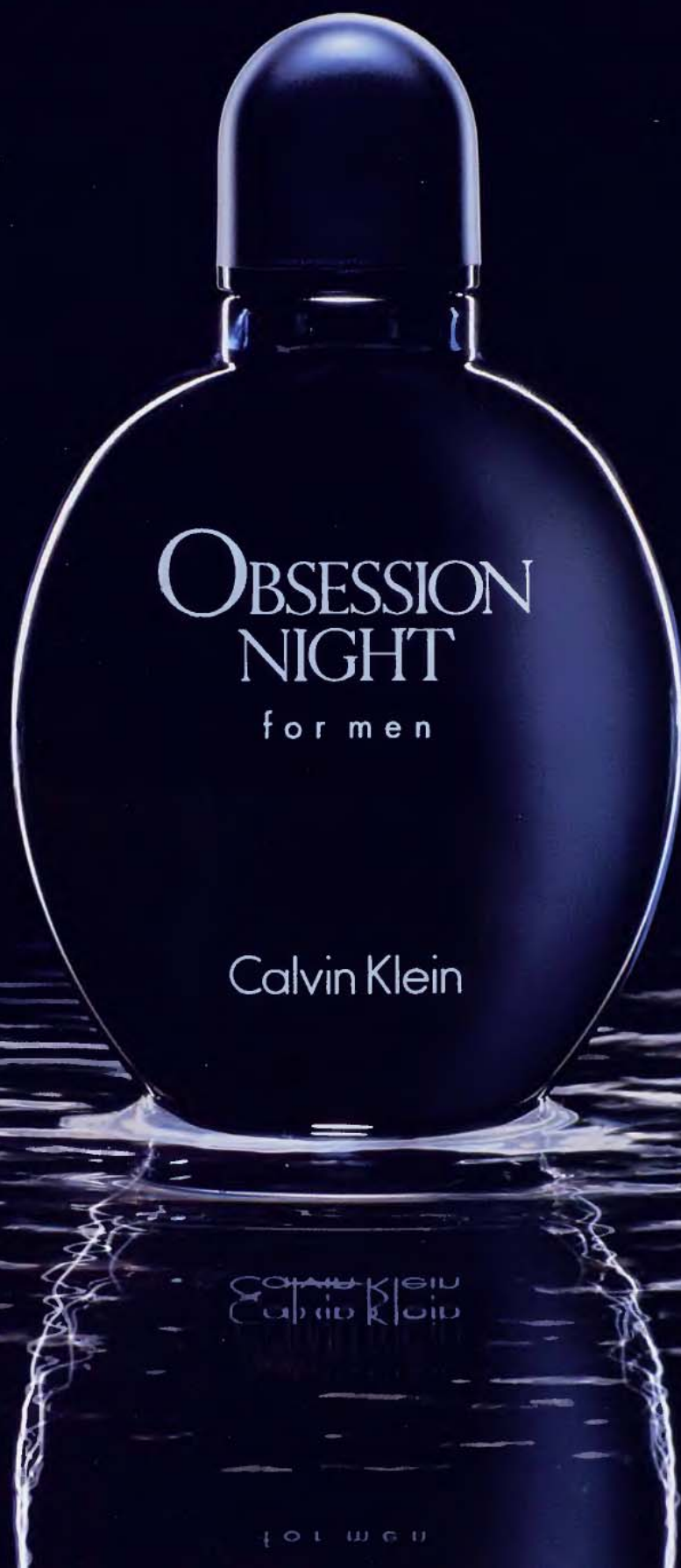
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critical collector

[GO WEST]

A herd of Western classics stampedes its way onto DVD

Fans of HBO's frontier hit *Deadwood*—a fresh and sensationally lurid remix of traditional Western tropes—will find an ample supply of oaters in the DVD store's new bin these days, beginning with a new collector's gift set of Lawrence Kasdan's 1985 hit, *Silverado*. A joyful all-star pastiche, *Silverado* leapfrogs earnestly over the revisionist, thinking man's Westerns that held sway in the 1960s and 1970s, opting instead to please crowds. *Warlock* (1959) is more in line with *Deadwood*'s sensibilities, with conflicted gunslingers Richard Widmark and Henry Fonda facing off in a mining town that's up to its holsters in unsavory compromise. *Forty Guns* (1957), wonderfully shot in black-and-white widescreen, features a powerful turn by Barbara Stanwyck. Also new to disc is *The Train Robbers* (1973, pictured), among the last films Western giant John Wayne made and one of his oddest. The plot is standard Wayne, as widow Ann-Margret hires him to find stolen gold stashed by her husband, but writer-director Burt Kennedy shot the film against stark, white-sand backgrounds in Durango, Mexico—in effect casting the Duke's iconic presence in near abstraction. To appreciate Wayne weird, you need Wayne 101, and for that nothing beats John Ford's 1956 classic, *The Searchers*, which is currently available on DVD but due for a 50th anniversary special edition that the hard-core might want to hold out for. It's an absolute shelf essential, as are *High Noon* (1952), starring Gary Cooper; *Shane* (1953), starring Alan Ladd; John Sturges's *The Magnificent Seven* (1960); Sergio Leone's *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* (1966); and Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* (1969). —G.F.



special additions

Money, spice and blood flow freely in these updated favorites



The double-disc set of Martin Scorsese's *Casino: 10th Anniversary Edition* is loaded like a pair of wobbly dice. The bounty of supplements paints a vivid picture of 1973 Las Vegas, with featurettes on Nicholas Pileggi's book and screenplay, the real gangsters who inspired the Mob saga and the furnishings and fashions of vintage Vegas.... Longer and wider than ever! No, it's not the subject line for another piece of spam but rather the 137-minute theatrical edit and the super-size 177-minute version of David Lynch's otherworldly 1984 epic, *Dune*, based on Frank Herbert's classic sci-fi novel. Both versions arrive together in a nifty metal snap case, and it's the first time the extended edition has been given the anamorphic widescreen treatment. The never-seen bonus material details the special effects, wardrobes and visual designs, and there are also, somehow, deleted scenes.... If you envied rising executive Christian Bale's immaculately tailored 1980s business suits in *American Psycho* (2000), check out *American Psycho: Killer Collector's Edition*. Our favorite featurette is "Postcards From the '80s," which delves into the cool fashions and hot designer products Bale's character is obsessed with, as well as his favorite music and restaurants, so you too can look and smell like a vain chain-saw slayer. —B.M.

SCANNER

BLADE: TRINITY (2004) The third time is definitely not the charm for this tongue-in-cheek *Blade* sequel. Wesley Snipes's vampire hunter must battle a muscle-mag Dracula and his venomous minion, played with demented gusto by Parker Posey. ½

NEWSRADIO: THE COMPLETE FIRST AND SECOND SEASONS (1995–1997) This ensemble comedy earned die-hard fans but never big ratings. It nearly derailed after star Phil Hartman's murder, but these 29 episodes are among the best. ½

BEAU GESTE (1939) Included in the new *Gary Cooper Collection* DVD set is this midcareer classic featuring excellent action. The Geste brothers enlist in the French Foreign Legion in shame and fight epic battles in the North African desert in honor. ½

PROZAC NATION (2001) Elizabeth Wurtzel's self-indulgent memoir—about her bitchy battles with depression—makes for a nearly unwatchable movie, starring Christina Ricci, that sat on the shelf for years. ½

WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT? (1965) Peter Sellers and Peter O'Toole are a shrink and his patient in this ultra-mod sex farce scripted by Woody Allen, who co-stars along with Romy Schneider and Ursula Andress. ½

CHAPPELLE'S SHOW: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON UNCENSORED (2004) In this even funnier season, Dave Chappelle returns as crackhead Tyrone Biggums and a black President Bush. ½

TONY ROME (1967) Frank Sinatra stars as the eponymous Miami private dick who gets drawn into a case of missing family jewels. If you like it his way, Tony's adventures continue in the sequel *Lady in Cement* (1968), with Raquel Welch. ½

CALL ME: THE RISE AND FALL OF HEIDI FLEISS (2004) While this credible TV biopic about L.A.'s favorite madam ups the flesh factor for DVD, it's not as salacious as the "unrated and uncut" box art suggests. Voyeurs should place this *Call* on hold. ½

½½½ Don't miss ½ Worth a look
½½ Good show ½ Forget it

heir apparent



[PROJECTS' GREENLIGHT]

Verse 534: The Bleek shall inherit the hood

Even after breaking out of Brooklyn's notoriously rough Marcy housing projects, Memphis Bleek was not a free man. Since his debut appearance on Jay-Z's *Reasonable Doubt* in 1996, Bleek has battled to rhyme his way out of Hova's imposing shadow and leave behind the protégé tag that has left him playing Pippen to Jay-Z's Jordan. Signs of that pressure are everywhere on 534, named after the building where Bleek and Jay-Z grew up. References to "first-week numbers" and getting dropped by his label dart between the signature synths and breakbeats of the Roc-A-Fella sound. This anxiety is Bleek's best inspiration; it runs wild through "Get Low" and "Alright" as he threatens to give up the rap game and go back to life on the block. Only once does his desperation backfire as he trudges through the chick duet "Infatuated" with the guilty look of a man searching for a hit. Otherwise Bleek plays it thuggish, twisting up a stoner ode on "Gimme a Light" and toughing it out through noisy beats, sirens and saxophone samples. Toppling Jay-Z is a challenge that no rapper today has seriously taken up—but with the ruler in retirement, Memphis Bleek is a real contender. (Roc-A-Fella) **YYY** —Jason Buhrmester

MAXIMO PARK • A Certain Trigger

In passing, the Park may sound like another angular guitar band in the mold of Kaiser Chiefs or the Futureheads. Closer listening, however, proves the Newcastle combo likes melodious pop and Beat as much as it likes Gang of Four. Songs are double speed but brim with vocal harmonies and big choruses. (Warp) **YYY** —Tim Mohr



PIERRE BOULEZ

Le Marteau Sans Maître

When *Le Marteau* premiered 50 years ago, it was hailed as a modernist masterpiece. The 2002 performance here, conducted by its composer, shows that time has only increased *Marteau's* authority and grandeur. (Deutsche Grammophon) **YYY** —L.F.



MASHA QRELLA • Unsolved Remained

The Berlin chanteuse returns with her second solo album of melancholic songs and haunting melodies. A disjunctive mix of low-fi guitar and murky electronics perfectly complements Masha's breathy singing. This is beguiling late-night fare for the lovelorn. (Morr) **YYY** —Leopold Froehlich



GORILLAZ • Demon Days

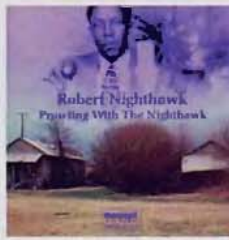
The most truly outrageous cartoon band since Jem and the Holograms returns to share its genre-defying trip-pop-ambient-electro-indie-hop. Behind the animated characters are Blur's Damon Albarn and his current crew: DJ Danger Mouse, De La Soul and the London Community Gospel Choir. (Virgin) **YYY** —Alison Prato



ROBERT NIGHTHAWK

Prowling With the Nighthawk

Here at last is a fine compilation of blues from 1937 to 1952 played by the underrated master of slide guitar. Nighthawk spans the move from Delta acoustic to Chicago electric. At his best—which is well represented here—he rivals Muddy Waters. (Document) **YYY** —L.F.



SLEATER-KINNEY • The Woods

Now more than ever, Sleater-Kinney wails. The Portland three-piece musters its biggest sound yet—and its first guitar solos. Carrie Brownstein's yowl is out-muscled by Hendrix-style studio trickery, but the gorgeous "Jumpers" and the bluesy walk of "Modern Girl" bring melody amid the power. (Sub Pop) **YYY** —J.B.



SPOON • Gimme Fiction

This Austin band's most recent album was an *Exile on Main Street* for hipsters. For this follow-up, singer Britt Daniel "had to find the feeling again," as he croons here. He found it in Beatles records and hand-clapping 1960s rock and roll. It's not as lean as the earlier work, but the raw power is still sexy. (Merge) **YYY** —J.B.



THE RAVEONETTES • Pretty in Black

This is the most complete statement yet from the Danish duo. The Raveonettes have punched holes in the wall of sound that had up to now given their pop masterpieces a white-noise veneer. The lighter touch works well: Stripped, the songs shine with the winsome charm of 1960s girl-group singles. (Sony) **YYY** —T.M.





Reggae

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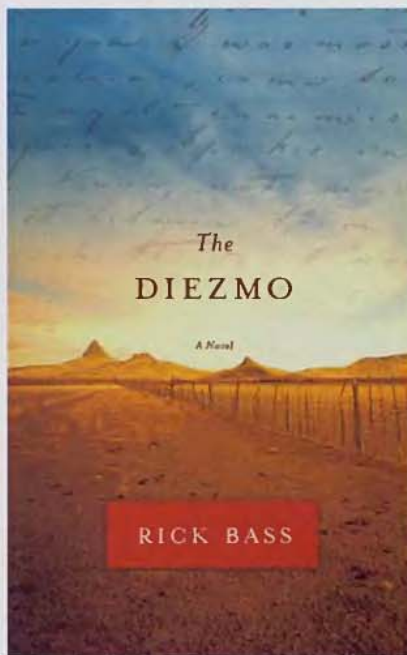
Napster To Go works with players from Creative, Iriver, Dell, Samsung, Gateway and others.

book of the month

[REMEMBER THE MIER]

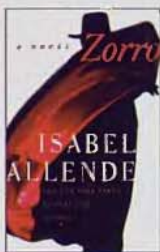
A reenactment of a forgotten battle for the Lone Star State

Though *The Diezmo* is only his second novel, Rick Bass has established himself as a master of words. Soon after the Republic of Texas is created, two teenage boys recklessly join the Mier Expedition, a poorly planned military foray into Mexico. The Mexicans quickly outgun and capture the Texans, who escape only to be damned by their own lack of foresight. Forgetting to bring along water, they are forced to drink the blood of animals. On being recaptured they are sentenced to the *diezmo*, a punishment in which one of 10 is randomly executed. Bass excels at showing how enemies shift during times of war: The two friends turn against each other, and their Mexican captors become their occasional allies. The book contains many exquisite passages that will give the reader pause—perhaps because they don't seem to be as much about this historical event as they are about the current situation in Iraq. A masterpiece. (*Houghton Mifflin*) ★★★ —Patty Lamberti



ZORRO • Isabel Allende

Dreamed up in 1919, Zorro was an early experiment in character licensing. But Allende imagines a more romantic history for the mini-mustached caballero. Setting the scene in the early 1800s, the novelist tells the story of the son of a Spanish colonist and a Shoshone mother, who travels to Spain and the States while learning the skills of the sword and the ways of love. This is a fitting tribute to the man behind the mask. (*HarperCollins*) ★★★ —Jessica Riddle



SUNDAY MONEY • Jeff MacGregor

As MacGregor writes, "While you were sleeping, stock car racing became America's national pastime." To understand the phenomenon, he loaded up a motor home and joined the 75 million NASCAR fans across the U.S. as he chased the tour from city to city. He's best when discussing the drivers' lives or racing's moonshiner history. Only when he drones on about his wife does the book feel temporarily stuck behind a slow driver. (*HarperCollins*) ★★★ —Jason Buhrmester



criminal confessions

It's unfortunate, but most books about the sex trade aren't sexy. **Callgirl: Confessions of an Ivy League Lady of Pleasure** (*Perennial Currents*) is no exception. The author of this memoir, **Jeannette Angell**, lectured at a university by day while making ends meet working for an escort service. Even when she has a moment of insight—such as "I have faked more



orgasms than I can count. Sorry, but that simply isn't sex. It is for him; but while he's having sex, I'm at work"—it's all about business. If you're reading a book about sex that needs a bibliography, you need to go have some instead.... Angell may lament her time on the wrong side of the law, but Junior Kipplebauer and the K&A Gang enjoyed the hell

out of their criminal years spent robbing wealthy suburbanites from Maine to Florida. **Confessions of a Second Story Man**, by **Allen M. Hornblum** (*Temple University*), follows the gang's giddy success before prison and the drug trade took their toll. Why is Junior's story important? "Prior to the K&A guys, there was no organization to burglary," a Philadelphia cop once said.... **Razor Smith** isn't the first criminal to turn over a new leaf after discovering he could write. **A Few Kind Words and a Loaded Gun** (*Chicago Review*) is Smith's account of savagery and redemption. A career criminal who spent half his life in British prisons, he finds when he picks up a pen that he has a talent for something other than crime. But even then he admits he loved fighting the system more. Of the three, Smith's book is the most arresting. —Barbara Nellis



HAUNTED • Chuck Palahniuk

Our obsession with celebrity takes it on the chin in Palahniuk's new horror show about 17 wannabes who sign on for a writers retreat and end up in hell. A Vincent Price-like workshop leader locks the cohort in an abandoned theater where they must survive on freeze-dried food. These pilgrims don't stand a chance against their own demons. They tell one another vicious stories from their lives (two of the tales were published in *PLAYBOY*), but the poor souls have little more to offer than a raw desire to be famous. Each helps create an increasingly grotesque story in a competition to be the biggest victim in the movie about their ordeal. Palahniuk's anti-*Survivor* drama is funny, always on the edge of reality and bloodied by the profound horror of narcissism. (*Doubleday*) ★★★ —Rebecca T. Miller



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game of the month

[ROCKIN' ROLE-PLAYING]

Step into the magnificently brutal world of *Jade Empire*

Too often success in role-playing games depends on your tolerance for learning the minutiae of whole-cloth worlds as you painstakingly build characters to take on ever larger beasts. Developer BioWare showed us it wanted to take the genre elsewhere with its smash hit *Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic*, a perfect blend of story line, combat and character. The company goes a step further with *Jade Empire* (Microsoft Game Studios, Xbox), the RPG you have when you're not having an RPG. This kung fu adventure set in an ancient Asian realm challenges you to uncover the land's mystic secrets using martial arts and magic. Whether you're channeling chi to heal townsfolk or hacking bad guys to bits, expect this gorgeous, inventive effort to floor you. Wisely scrapping turn-based combat in favor of free-flowing action, the tale offers more of what most people want: a deep, subtle world and thousands of ways to beat it up. ★★★ —Scott Steinberg



PARIAH (Groove Games, PC, Xbox) From the folks who brought you *Unreal* (again using its graphics engine), this gripping, vivid sci-fi shooter fuses intense military action with an engaging tale and memorable characters. In the single-player game you'll shoot your way through a war-torn future Earth on foot and in vehicles while trying to contain a genetically engineered disease. Multiplayer online modes will satisfy your replay jones. ★★★½ —Marc Saltzman



ADVENT RISING (Majesco, PC, Xbox) With a story penned by legendary sci-fi author Orson Scott Card, *Rising* posits a future in which alien races view humanity as either myth or threat. You are Gideon Wyeth, an envoy and warrior whose supernatural abilities rival his considerable firepower. Your job? Bringing humans and aliens together through combat and diplomacy. Great physics, audio and presentation touches round out this long-awaited space opera. ★★★½ —Chris Hudak



RISE OF THE KASAI (SCEA, PS2) This sequel and prequel to *The Mark of Kri* puts you back in the martially artistic shoes of Rau, his predecessors Baumusu and Griz and his lissome sister, Tati. Great watercolor visuals highlight their efforts to defeat an ancient evil order. Though the unique combat interface and the aforementioned Tati initially charmed us, the game's repetitive action sequences ultimately revealed a lack of depth. ★★★½ —S.S.



HAUNTING GROUND (Capcom, PS2) You're a young girl trapped in a castle, a creepy psychotic is after you, and all you have to help you is your dog, Hewie. Survival means solving puzzles, finding hiding places and paying attention to Hewie so he'll do what you say. The game's gritty style and disturbing visuals recall films such as *The Grudge* and *The Ring*. Players looking to get creeped out will have a ball (Hewie's cutesy name notwithstanding). ★★★ —John Gaudiosi



game trends

[HEALTHY PLAY]

Games and controllers that want to see you sweat

BK-A6 ONLINE FITNESS BIKE

(\$2,300, nexfit.com) This exercise bike lets you control PC games via the pedals and handlebars and has vibration effects to simulate bumpy terrain or enemy fire.

YOURSELF! FITNESS

(\$30 to \$35, yourselffitness.com) A cute virtual trainer leads you through workouts customized to your age, weight and goals, offering gentle but firm encouragement. And we do mean firm—Maya is a very effective fitness advertisement.

DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION

(\$60 with dance pad, konami.com) Though *DDR* was originally conceived as a game, not as exercise, it has always had a workout mode that calculates calories burned and tells you how much jogging or swimming you would have to do to get the same effect. **THE KILOWATT** (\$800 to \$1,500, powergridfitness.com) These controllers for GameCube, PC, PS2 and Xbox use isometric resistance to work your upper body and abs while you race, shoot or do anything else you'd normally do with a joystick.

—Scott Alexander



wired

Kasumi 3-D gel mouse pad (\$25, tecmogames.com) Carpal tunnel got you down? Lay your tender tendons between the ample assets of *Dead or Alive*'s Kasumi. This mouse pad may not confer any measurable health benefits, but we have more than enough anecdotal evidence for the healing power of breasts.

—S.A.



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playboy's summer tune-up 2005

Who can find fault with a season

distinguished for its preponderance of hot weather, hot parties and hotties? We know you've been pumping away in the gym, eating like a monk, moisturizing, grooming and keeping that spirits intake to a glass of sherry every other Tuesday, all in preparation for the Great Summer

Unveiling—that moment when the shirt and the slacks come off, the shorts and tank top go on and every babe from here to the state line swoons with desire at the sight of your manly physique. We're right there with ya, stud. But since nobody's perfect—even you, Adonis—take a look at some last-minute fixes, tweaks and tips we've put together to help you make the jump from mere stud to Erotic Deity. Read on, follow directions and prepare to slay...

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GETTING IN TOUCH WITH YOUR OUTER STUD

STEP AWAY FROM THE MIRROR If the mirror were your friend right now, you wouldn't be reading this. Instead of looking at it, focus on increases in your performance, and gains in stamina and endurance. Whatever method you choose to get in shape—weights, yoga, Pilates, infomercial gadgets—be patient and persistent. You can't bench 100 pounds on Monday and 200 pounds on Tuesday, but after eight weeks of steady training, you might. That's when you want to check the mirror.

WATCH YOUR BACK Most guys (especially the ones who need to pull it together pronto) focus exclusively on pecs, abs and bis—because they can see 'em. But no amount of development in those areas is going to look good if your back is a jiggly slab. Back work spreads your chest, lifts your pecs and opens up your shoulders.

WORK THOSE WHEELS Leg workouts burn calories and fat the fastest, and they keep you from looking like a steak on toothpicks. And for now, ditch the heavy weights and low reps—that's a long-term strategy.

TRI HARDER Big manly arms cover a multitude of sins. And the way to get them is by torturing your triceps—triceps extensions, dips, overhead extensions—until you're whimpering. You won't need to look in the mirror to see results with this one; you'll just feel your shirt-sleeves get tighter, fast.

THE REAL GUT BUSTERS You can do all the crunches you want, but unless you get rid of that layer of butter around your midsection, no one is ever going to see them. So, ditch the three squares a day and instead eat four to five small meals a day. How big is a small meal? Make a fist, then cover your fist with your other hand—there's your answer. And don't skimp on the plain old water. Justin Gelban, owner of L.A.'s Exclusive Personal Fitness Solutions, whose clients include actors Topher Grace, Josh Duhamel and Michael Weston, calls for “a

*For fast results, focus
on high reps and
moderate weights.*

balanced diet of four or five small meals a day, totaling no more than 2,000 to 2,400 calories altogether and a gallon of water over the course of the day.” John Petrelli, who trains musician Ziggy Marley and actors Rick Yune and Leland Orser, suggests you keep the carbs for the morning, when they're easier to burn off. “Always eat breakfast,” advises Petrelli. “It's how you get your metabolism spinning again during the day.” Really feel-

ing motivated (or desperate)? For three weeks (and no more) eat only protein (chicken, fish, beef) and vegetables. No dairy. No alcohol. No starch. No sugar. And nothing that comes in a wrapper or package. And don't neglect cardio: running, swimming or those machines at the gym, at least 30 minutes every other day. It's like liposuction without the blood and doctors—or the bill.



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summertune-up



SKIN GAME

EASY IS GOOD When it comes to skin, according to Dr. Peter Kopelson of the Kopelson Clinic in Beverly Hills, gentle is always better. "People overdo it with the exfoliants, toners and astringents. Usually, a mild soap and light moisturizer with sun protection is all you need on a daily basis." Men have more skincare choices these days with products created especially for them. Gillette Complete Skincare™ is a line of advanced dermatologist-tested men's skincare products. The line includes a



mild-formula cleansing bar and moisturizer with SPF 15, designed to help deliver healthy-looking skin in just 14 days.

BROILED OR FRIED Neither is best, according to Kopelson. "Even if the weather doesn't seem too hot, men who are outside in the summer, especially playing sports without shirts and in shorts, are prone to sun damage and pre-cancer," Kopelson observes. He recommends a sunscreen with an SPF of 30 as well as protection against UVA light. Look for ingredients such as avobenzone (also called Parsol 1789) and the new ingredient meradimate. And check your meds: Many commonly used medications can up your sensitivity to sunburn, he points out.

PUT IT EVERYWHERE Don't forget to put sunscreen on your ears, the back of your neck and any bald spots on your head. Use a lip balm that contains sunscreen as well.

GREASE RELIEF Another major issue that comes up for men in the summer is acne caused by perspiration and natural oils that build up on your skin's surface. Add sunblock, hair gels and pomades to the mix and you could well be on your way to Zit City. Kopelson advises using products that are non-acnegenic or non-comedogenic when you can.

SPOTTY BEHAVIOR "Age spots"—sometimes called liver spots—have nothing to do with the liver and are only indirectly associated with age. Technically called solar lentigos, they appear after years of exposure to the sun. People associate them with aging because they can take years—even

GOOD EXPOSURE

Ten to 15 minutes of daily exposure to sunlight is necessary for the health of your skin and bones. Your skin converts sunlight into vitamin D, which helps your body absorb calcium. Any more than 15 minutes and it's time to slap on the sunscreen.

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BRAUN

decades—to form. While sun is the major culprit, certain substances can react with sunlight to form age spots. These include tetracycline and other antibiotics; some diuretics (water pills), usually prescribed for high blood pressure; some tranquilizers; and over-the-counter antihistamines. You should also be careful when making fresh mojitos for that summer barbecue: Limes (along with parsley, parsnips and some other foods) contain chemicals called psoralens that can cause skin to burn more easily and blister; when the blisters heal, age spots can appear.

AVOID RASH DECISIONS Heat rash (also referred to as miliaria or sun poisoning) occurs due to clogging not of pores but of sweat glands, Kopelson explains. Heat and tight clothing can clog sweat glands, resulting in a very un-suave and uncomfortable red rash. Keep the tight synthetics to a minimum—when the action gets hot, your clothes should hang loose.

WHEN TO SEE A DERMATOLOGIST “People should see their dermatologist once a year,” advises Kopelson. “People with a history of skin cancer or a family history of skin cancer should visit their dermatologist every six months. Melanoma is the most serious form of cancer; it is also common and preventable. If you see any changes

in moles—pigmentation changes, bleeding, scabbing, crusting or new growth—get them looked at immediately.”

HAIR AGAIN

A KINDER CUT Kopelson recommends shaving gently, going with the grain and shaving every other day. “If you can get away with it, it really helps avoid razor burn and ingrown hairs, and it will save your skin in the long run,” he says.

CREAMY GOODNESS “A good shave cream will soften your beard and lubricate your skin,” Kopelson points out. And there is no shortage of choices out there. The Tri-Guard® Formula in Brut® Shave Gel for Normal Skin delivers a close, refreshing shave for all skin types. It combines shea butter and aloe to help

hydrate and balance skin, eliminate irritation and protect from nicks and cuts. Another option if you really must shave every day (or even twice a day, and some of us do) is to dispense with water shaving entirely, and opt for an electric razor. Braun recently introduced the infinitely adjustable Braun CruZer3, the only shaver with 3-in-1 functionality (shave, style, trim). Meaning, of course, that that goatee, mustache or beard will look just as sharp as the rest of you.



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© 2005 Playboy. No purchase necessary. Sweepstakes open to legal US residents of the United States of America, (except CA) 21 or older with Internet access as of 5/10/05. One Grand Prize includes a Trip for two to Los Angeles, CA, two tickets to attend a party at the Playboy Mansion with Playmate Tiffany Fallon; transportation to/from the Playboy Mansion; round-trip coach air transportation for 2 and three nights hotel accommodations; \$4,000.00 ARV. One entry per person. Odds depend on the number of entries received. Sweepstakes ends 6/30/05, 11:59 p.m. (EDT). Void in California and where prohibited. Visit www.playboy.com/braundreamdate for details and official rules.

EARS AND NOSES She's not going to whisper sweet entreaties into your ear if she has to do it through a mound of fuzz. We mean it. Nothing kills chemistry faster than hairy ears or an obvious nose full of lint. Invest in a pair of small safety scissors (in the nail care section of any drugstore) or a nose hair clipper and keep that nostril pelt trimmed and out of sight. When it comes to ear hair, trim it, pluck it or wax it (most nail salons have waxing technicians who can do this), but get it under control. Your sex life depends on it.

SCENTUALITY IN THE HUMAN MALE

WHAT YOU SHOULD NOSE Long before you think about whether you find somebody attractive or why, their scent provides you with a more visceral sense about them, says Dr. Scott Swartzwelder, professor of psychiatry at Duke University and a senior research scientist at the Durham V.A. Medical Center. "The areas of the brain that the olfactory system connects with are those that are involved with emotion and survival," explains Swartzwelder. The amygdala, for example, is a part of the brain that handles both scent and emotions (which

Having your fragrance precede you into a room or remain long after you leave never works.

explains why a whiff of Love's Baby Soft still makes you hot for your eighth-grade crush). "When two people say that there wasn't any chemistry between them," says Swartzwelder, "it's not always just a figure of speech."

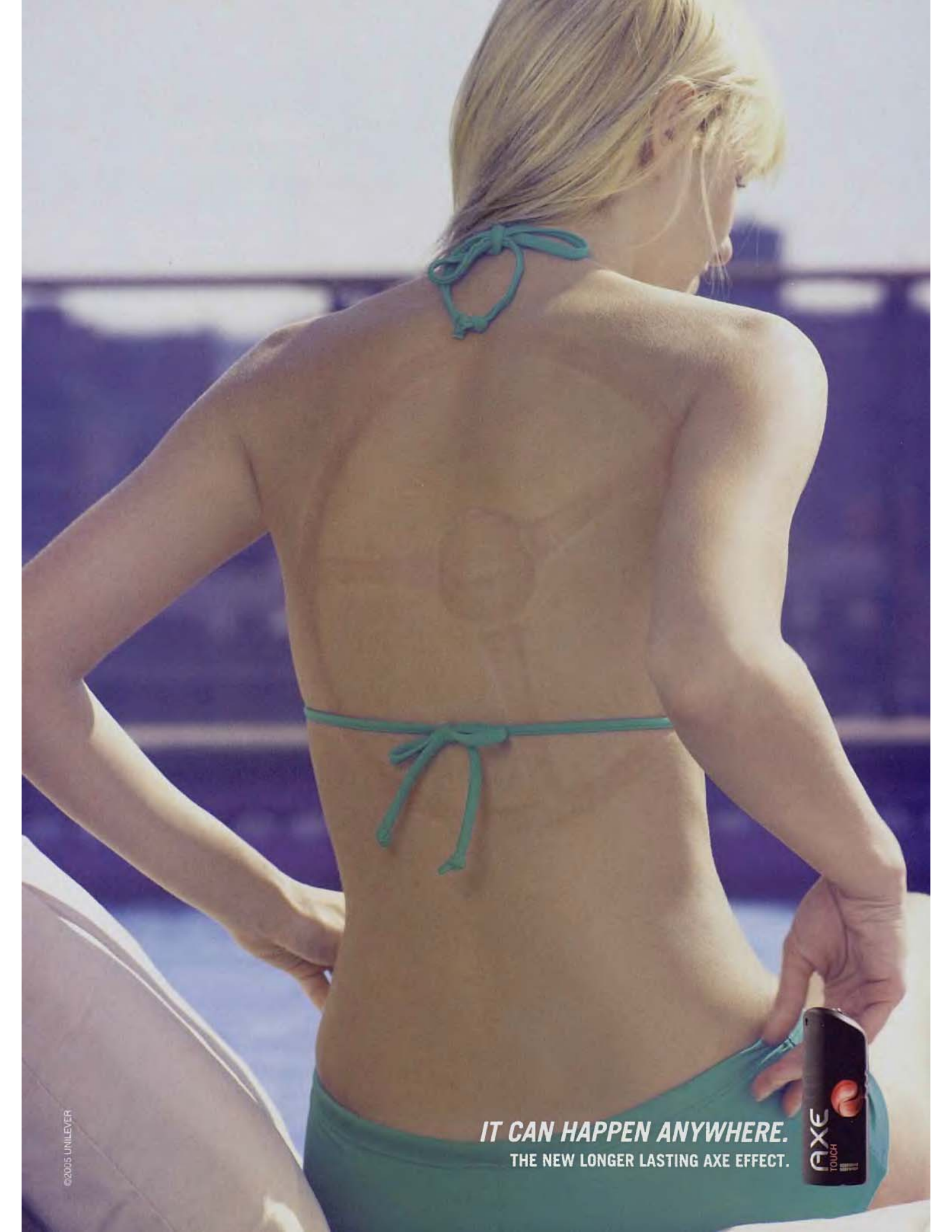
SEASONAL SENSE Know your season: You wouldn't wear a heavy wool coat in the middle of July, right? You also shouldn't wear a wintry cologne in the summertime. "The summer fragrances are lighter, not as heavy or musky as the winter ones," says Kate Oldham, Vice President and Divisional Merchandise Manager for Fragrances at Saks Fifth Avenue. "Summery fragrances often contain refreshing hints of citrus," says Ron Robinson, CEO of Apothia at Fred Segal. "The most well-received



summer fragrances feature citrus inclusions such as grapefruit, bergamot, and lime. They have brighter and crisper top notes [initial smells] and are fresh, clean scents."

TRY IT You probably wouldn't buy a pair of jeans just because they look good on the mannequin, and you





IT CAN HAPPEN ANYWHERE.
THE NEW LONGER LASTING AXE EFFECT.



shouldn't buy cologne just because you like the way it smells in the bottle. "Scent has a life to it," says Oldham. "It needs to dry on your skin and work with your chemistry. Wear it around for a day and make sure it suits you."

SPRITZ EASY Okay, so you've found a fragrance that's perfect for you. Be careful not to overdo it, says Oldham: "Put on enough that people close to you can smell it, but not people across the office. It is always nice to have someone nuzzle you and then tell you how good you smell."

BUILD TO A GREAT FINISH

Maybe you've heard women talk about "layering" their fragrances by using a shower gel, moisturizer and perfume with the same scent. Men can also build to a subtle yet lasting finish by choosing a fragrance that comes in a complete line of body products. Most men's fragrance lines offer a selection of shampoos, soaps, shaving products and talcs to complement their colognes. An added plus: You

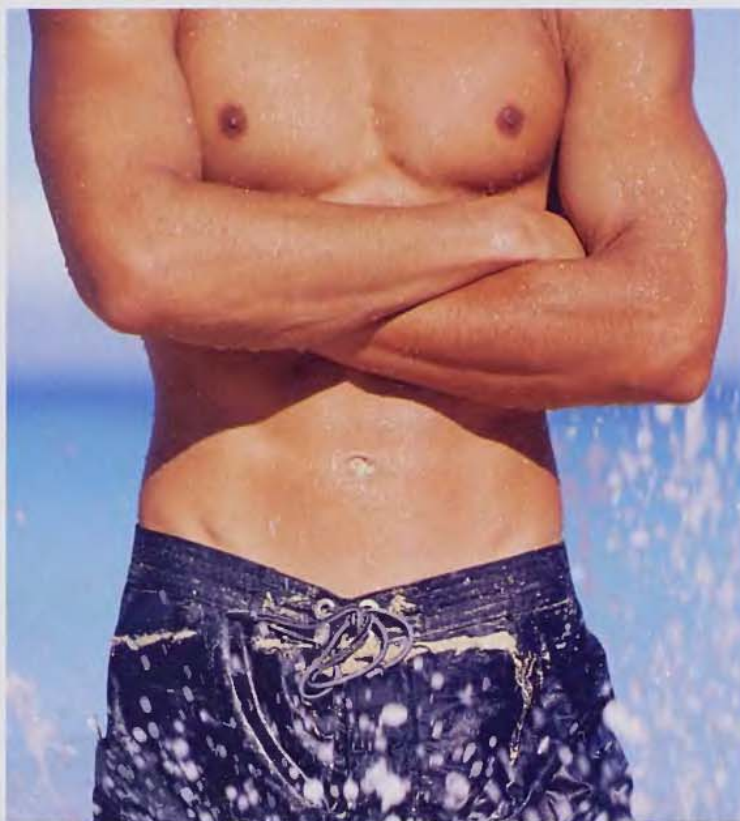
avoid the scent clashing that can come from wearing a different-smelling deodorant, aftershave and cologne at the same time. "It's better to have one scent than many,

because it can be conflicting," says Oldham. The Axe line addresses the odor problem, the clashing-scents problem and the nice smell issue entirely, by offering Axe Shower Gel in four unique fragrances and Axe Deodorant Body Spray in coordinating scents.

Being a suave summer (or year-round, for that matter) guy is all about knowing when to start—and when to stop. When it comes to packaging yourself, a light hand applied consistently does the trick.

As our sage advice columnist, Tiffany Fallon, puts it: "Making an effort is the ultimate seduction." Now, go get 'em, tiger....

Produced by: Peter McQuaid; Advice: Tiffany Fallon; Fragrance: Susannah Gora; Fitness: Noah Manne; Skincare: Michael Smolinsky.



TIFFANY FALLON WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU...

Words of wisdom from our Playmate of the Year

FACIAL HAIR "Keep your beard, mustache and goatee trimmed and clean. Save the Robinson Crusoe shipwreck look for your fishing buddies."

DON'T GO FOR THE BURN "A little color is great, but don't skimp on the sunscreen. There is nothing worse than burnt, peeling skin—major turnoff. And skip the fake tan; it just doesn't work for guys."

SCENT FOR A WOMAN "Cologne is great, but easy does it. The only time I should smell it is when we're close."

EASY, NOT GREASY "If you've got a great head of hair, we are going to want to run our fingers through it—keep the 'product' to a minimum."

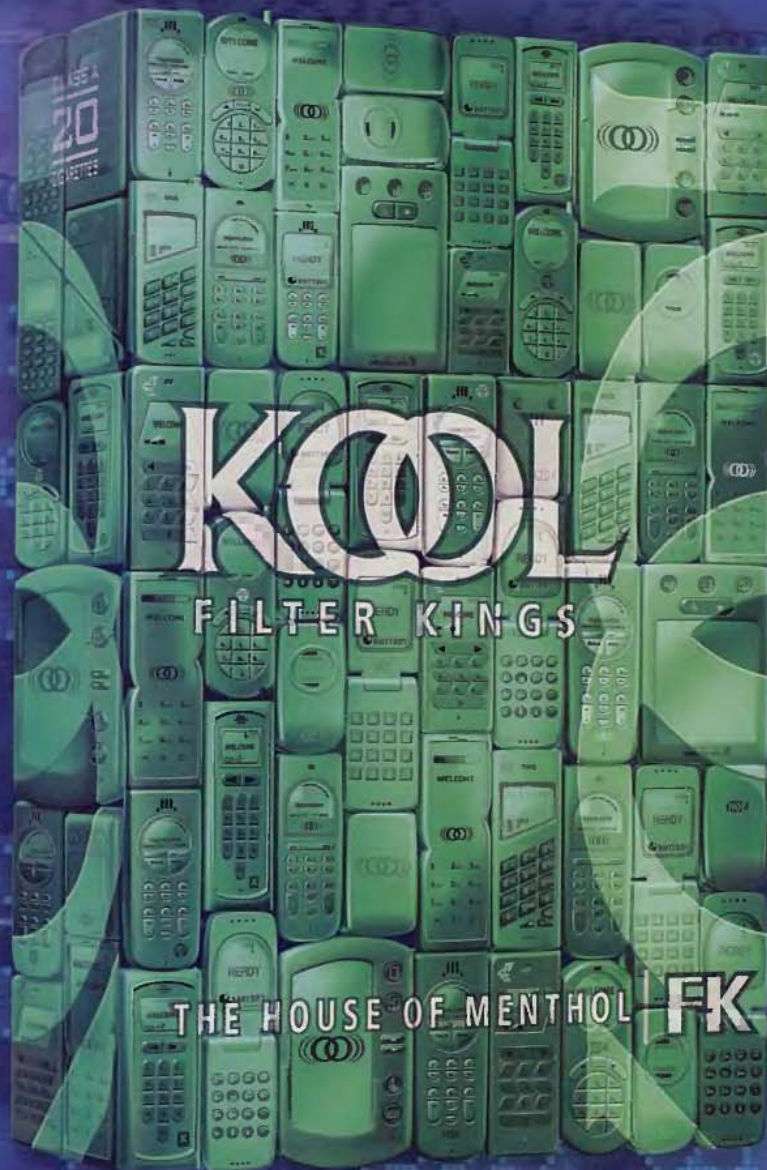
A MAN'S HANDS "Should look like they're looked after. Fingernails should be short and clean—as should your toenails, by the way—and skip the polish."



How Dirty Boys Get Clean.
NEW AXE SHOWER GEL

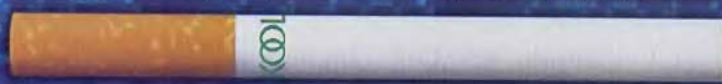


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Raise the Roof

Germany's hottest new model goes topless for the summer

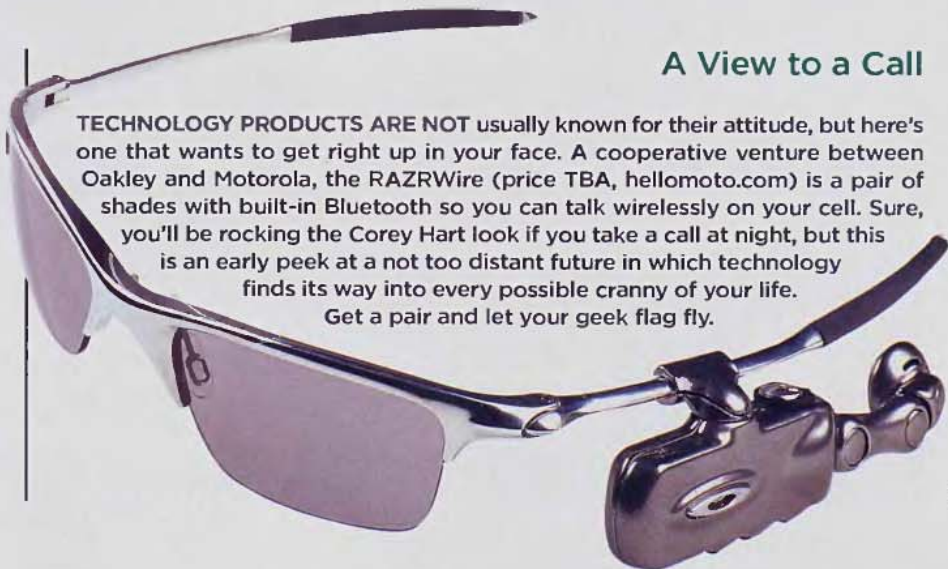
GEARHEADS WORLDWIDE gasped when Porsche rolled out the 2005 911 Carrera S. Just when you thought the vaunted German company had perfected the coupe, it found a way to make it more aggressive and more refined at the same time. We hurtled through Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains in one, rounding curves at high speed and accelerating hard up to the bumper of a driver who, seconds earlier, hadn't seen anyone in his rearview. Now Porsche has lopped the top off this speedster, unveiling the Carrera Cabriolet this spring, so you can do your summer driving with nothing but sky above your head. There's a base 3.6-liter, 32S bhp flat six-cylinder (\$79,100), but you should opt for the 3.8-liter, 35S-bhp Carrera S Cabriolet (\$88,900), which comes with larger, 19-inch wheels, Michelin Pilot Sport tires and a more sensitive computerized suspension system, among other upgrades. Cradled in the cockpit, you'll sprint from zero to 60 mph in 4.7 seconds and redline at 6,600 rpms. She's got a lot of attitude; the harder you push, the harder she'll push back until you top out at a hair-raising 182 mph. The six-speed shifter's short throws are hammer quick. An optional lap timer fits atop the dash, so you can view performance data on a screen. And when the sun's out, dropping the all-weather canvas lid is a breeze. You can roll it back in 20 seconds while cruising at 30 mph. For more info zip over to porsche.com.

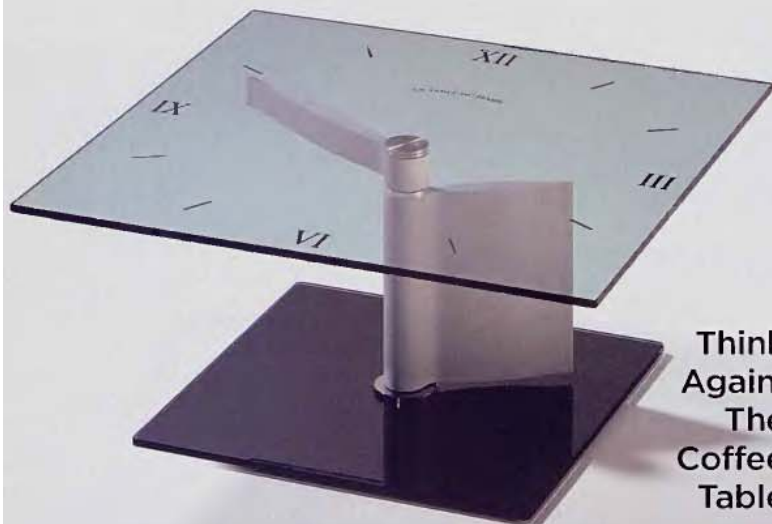
5 Reasons to Road-Trip This Month

1. The Bonnaroo Music & Arts Festival (June 10-12, Manchester, TN). Scheduled to appear: the Black Crowes, Dave Matthews Band, the Allman Brothers, vanloads of heads and more.
2. The Belmont Stakes (June 11, Elmont, NY). After leg three of the Triple Crown, take your winnings into Manhattan to Alto, chef Scott Conant's new midtown Italian hot spot.
3. Tijuana bullfighting (the season started May 1). Print the schedule off bullfights.org, grab the penicillin and head for the border.
4. Highway 1 through Big Sur. Just because.
5. The Playboy Jazz Festival (June 11-12, Los Angeles), which has filled the Hollywood Bowl for 26 years running. See you there.

A View to a Call

TECHNOLOGY PRODUCTS ARE NOT usually known for their attitude, but here's one that wants to get right up in your face. A cooperative venture between Oakley and Motorola, the RAZRWire (price TBA, hellomoto.com) is a pair of shades with built-in Bluetooth so you can talk wirelessly on your cell. Sure, you'll be rocking the Corey Hart look if you take a call at night, but this is an early peek at a not too distant future in which technology finds its way into every possible cranny of your life. Get a pair and let your geek flag fly.





Think Again: The Coffee Table

YOUR COFFEE TABLE is one of the hardest-working items in your house. Between propping up hors d'oeuvres and providing a home for the latest issue of *PLAYBOY*, it shouldn't have time for much else. Don't underestimate its eagerness to please. German design firm Ronald Schmitt's latest creation, La Table du Temps (\$2,500, 919-781-6822), doubles as a clock. Not only will it hold up your cocktail, it can tell you when happy hour begins.



Best Day of Your Life: Rutger Hauer

The Batman Begins co-star designs his perfect day

"I'D BEGIN BY sailing a gorgeous Alden wooden boat to Catalina Island, off the coast of Los Angeles. After docking I'd go diving in a tuxedo wet suit and a Tag Heuer dive watch. Then I'd have sushi on my boat with a chilled South African chardonnay—the best. I'd meet up with friends and drive an Airstream motor home to Dollywood. Marlon Brando's ghost would be there too. Then I'd go back to my boat, have sushi again, watch *Fargo* with a Glenlivet single malt and fall asleep on the deck."

Mighty Aphrodite

CAVE DWELLERS HAVE never had it this good. The cluster of 18 whitewashed 300-year-old cave villas that compose Perivolos—a resort on the quiet south end of the Greek island Santorini—started out as wine cellars and stables. They've been transformed into elegant hideaways, perfect for the kind of private encounters that occur when you're far from the quotidian grind. Each villa is unique, with curving sculpted walls, vaulted ceilings and rounded alcoves where beds have been tucked. And all are perched on possibly the most jaw-dropping infinity pool in Europe (below). The view looks off the famous caldera cliff and over the electric-blue Aegean Sea, into which the sun sets every night. (Scholars will recall that Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, sprang from the Aegean lying on an oyster shell, looking very edible.) The weather in June can't be beat, and the local wine isn't bad either. High-season rates go from \$579 to \$1,904 a night; book at perivolos.com.





Bottle Rocket

BRIAN LORING pressed his first grape six years ago. He's the Loring Wine Company's only employee, and he has a day job (computers). Yet critics are scrambling to get ahold of his pinot noir. His 2002 Clos Pepe Vineyard (far left, sold out) garnered the top spot out of nearly 500 California pinots in *Wine Spectator's* ranking for that vintage, beating all the heavyweights. Thirsty? Info at loringwinecompany.com.



On the Lighter Side

LOOKING FOR a new flame? Behold the most radical design ever from one of the biggest names in luxury lighters. Flick the roll bar atop S.T. Dupont's D.Light and—voilà!—you're smoking. The flame shoots from the small hole at top right. The lighter comes in four finishes (\$600 to \$725, st-dupont.com).



About Time

THE MAXI MARINE chronometer from Ulysse Nardin was inspired by the deck chronometers sailors used for navigating way back when. The self-winding, handcrafted Swiss time machine is water-resistant to 200 meters, should you go overboard. Pictured: rose gold case with leather band (\$15,900). See the line at ulysses-nardin.com.

Branch Manager

EVER SINCE THE FIRST neolithic fashionista used cowhide to carry stone arrowheads, man has known that leather makes great luggage. Leave it to the Japanese to help us evolve. The Monacca (about \$185, arenot.com), from Tokyo-based design house Arenot, is a lightweight, hand-sewn, cedar-clad briefcase that can accommodate a 17-inch PowerBook. The canvas lining handles the heavy lifting, cradling your computer and providing two pockets for CDs, power cords or cave paints.





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10273 Flirty Bunny Bra \$32
10274 Flirty Bunny Thong \$22

HEAVEN SENT



B. NEW! Extreme arousal. That's what's causing those spots you're seeing before your eyes. And when you get a glimpse of the stripes on the back of the thong, you may need medical attention. Cotton/spandex. S (1-3), M (5-7), L (9-11).
10117 Bunny Dots Cami \$26
10118 Bunny Dots Thong \$14

C. NEW! This one will make you forget all about sports. But you might want to think about baseball when she struts in wearing this sexy cami and matching brief. Nylon/spandex. S (1-3), M (5-7), L (9-11).
10271 Sporty Bunny Cami Top \$34
10272 Sporty Bunny Brief \$14

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The Playboy Advisor

What does it mean when a woman asks, "What are you thinking about?"—W.G., Bowling Green, Ohio

She's looking for a pulse—some acknowledgment and reassurance that the relationship is humming along. The question usually confuses guys. They figure if the relationship isn't working, one person will leave. They think, Does she want me to catalog my current random musings on baseball, tits and blow jobs? That will only piss her off. But if you respond with those old standbys "nothing" or "you," that doesn't satisfy her either. Men need to recognize that the exchange of seemingly mundane details is how women establish intimacy with their best female friends. She's approaching you in the same way. Deborah Tannen, a linguistics professor at Georgetown who wrote the best-seller *You Just Don't Understand: Women and Men in Conversation*, says the best way to deal with this is for couples to acknowledge what's going on. The man should get in the habit of bringing up topics for discussion. The woman needs to reassure herself that, absent other signs the relationship is suffering, his silence doesn't mean he's unhappy. Linda Vaden-Goad, a social psychologist at Western Connecticut State University who has studied how couples use silence, says even if men are willing to share their thoughts, they are more comfortable with action than analysis. "Disclosure makes them feel vulnerable, and they're supposed to be strong," she says, "though some men in our studies admitted to using silence as a strategy to maintain power because it keeps their partner guessing." Which is interesting but not something we want to talk about.

My ex-girlfriend has an eight-month-old daughter. She told me the baby isn't mine, but I don't know if I believe her. I am about to deploy to Iraq. How do I approach her after months of silence? I don't want to die not knowing if I have a child.—M.N., Los Angeles, California

If your ex isn't willing to provide a cheek swab from the child for a DNA test (which will cost \$350 to \$500), you'll need to ask a judge to compel her, based on your suspicion that you are the dad. You should realize that being the father doesn't necessarily mean you'll share in custody, but it could easily mean you'll help pay for her upbringing.

My friends give me a hard time because I always order bottled beer at bars. They say draft is fresher. I suppose that's true, but I've always just preferred the bottle. What do you think?—R.S., Gary, Indiana

As you like it. Michael Jackson, a *PLAYBOY* contributor and the author of *Great Beer Guide*, says that bottled beer can be more refreshing because it has a slightly higher carbonation. But the carbonation prickles on your tongue also masks flavor. In addition, bottled beer is usually pasteurized, and that can flatten its flavor or impart a cooked taste.



Draft beer is pasteurized less aggressively, and sometimes not at all, because it has a faster turnover. If "draft" appears on the bottle, the brewer may have used sterile filtration to avoid pasteurization, but that can strip some of the beer's body. So for fresh-tasting beer, a draw is the better bet. "In the U.K. and at select pubs in the U.S., casks are delivered with unfermented sugars and live yeast so they can finish developing in the cellar," Jackson says. He also points out what may be the most important attribute of a draft, which is that you rarely find yourself drinking one alone. "If anyone can find a way of putting the pub in a bottle," he says, "I might be more inclined to shop for the odd six-pack."

About a year ago I told a friend I had strong feelings for her. She said that "at the moment" she didn't feel the same about me. I've watched her go from boyfriend to boyfriend, so the obvious question is, Why not me? I want to tell her I'm in love with her but don't want to jeopardize the friendship. What should I do?—D.K., Rockford, Illinois

If you feel that way about her, it has already changed the friendship. You can inform her again how you feel, but don't expect her to respond any differently. We're as optimistic about love as the next guy, but this sounds like a dead end. She may come to her senses, but in these situations that seems to happen only after you've moved on.

Id like to become a swinger, but I'm a single guy. What is the best route to enjoying some free no-strings sex?—D.E., Shreveport, Louisiana

The best route is to find yourself a swinging girlfriend. Thousands of lone wolves would love to cruise the orgy, but there aren't enough

swinging wives to fuck them all. That's why clubs admit only couples or single women.

My car stereo won't play the music CDs I burn on my computer. Is there a fix?—J.T., Hamden, Connecticut

First make sure you are using CD-Rs and not CD-RWs. If you are using CD-Rs, try another brand. Make sure you burn your MP3s or other music files as audio, not data (a good CD-burning program will take care of this automatically). Burn the disc all at once, rather than over multiple sessions, and make sure to finalize it so the CD can be read by players other than your computer drive. If none of this works, it may be time to upgrade to a player that handles MP3s. If you do this, you'll be able to fit 10 albums on a single disc.

Twenty years later I am still having dreams about my first love. She broke up with me, and I reacted badly. Eventually I recovered and am now happily married. But every few months she shows up in my dreams, in which I usually apologize to her. I wake up feeling bad. Then I feel worse because I wonder why the hell I'm still anxious about someone I knew in high school. Can you provide any insight?—L.T., Miami, Florida

Paging Dr. Freud! As many people have found, your first love lingers as a symbol of the perfect relationship. At the time, your brain was flush with the chemicals that accompany romance, but the relationship didn't last long enough for them to wear off. You also didn't live with her, so you saw each other only in prepared moments. Twenty years later she is truly a ghost—the 17-year-old girl you dated no longer exists (nor, for that matter, does the 17-year-old boy who loved her). The next time you have one of these unsettling dreams, recognize that your mind is putting into a familiar form the anxiety we all have about being rejected. We all have regrets about our behavior, but it's difficult to regret being young. If you knew then what you know now, you would have been dating older women.

Have any studies been done to calculate the ideal temperature for sex?—N.R., Marshall, Texas

Check your thermostat; that's it. Biologically the optimal range is when a woman's basal body temperature rises between 0.4 and 1 degree, which indicates she is ovulating. Or maybe that's the worst possible temperature.

I'm due for a physical but am reluctant to get the prostate exam. Is it absolutely necessary that the doctor stick a finger up my ass? What's he looking for, anyway?—K.L., Farmington Hills, Michigan

Most tumors begin in the area of the gland he can feel with his finger, so he's looking for lumps. As an alternative you can request a blood test called a prostate-specific antigen

PLAYBOY PICKS

your guide for living the good life

STOLICHNAYA MAKES SUMMER PEACHY.

Stolichnaya® announces the creation of the Stoli Peach Cobbler, featuring Stoli Persik®, a naturally infused peach-flavored vodka. To make, mix: 1 oz Stoli Persik®, ½ oz heavy cream, ¼ oz peach schnapps, a splash of butterscotch schnapps, a splash of Southern Comfort and a twist of orange in a shaker with ice. Strain into a martini glass rimmed with cinnamon sugar.

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screening. Whether either method is necessary is a topic of debate among physicians because there's no way to tell if a tumor will kill you quickly or hang out for years, and aggressive treatment can have serious side effects. In 2002 a government task force noted that "screening is associated with important harms, including frequent false positives and unnecessary anxiety, biopsies and potential complications of treatment of some cancers [such as impotence or incontinence] that may never have affected a patient's health." According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, of every 100 men over the age of 50 who have a PSA screening, 85 have a normal reading (including a small number who have a tumor that is missed) and 15 have a high reading that requires further tests. Of those 15, three will have cancer. Clinical trials are under way to determine whether men screened annually are less likely to die of prostate cancer than those who never get tested, but the results aren't expected for five to 10 years. On a related note, a recent study of 1,453 men by researchers in Seattle found that those who reported drinking four or more glasses of red wine each week had a 50 percent lower chance of developing prostate cancer.

I am a regular masturbator who has come out of the closet and accepted the activity as normal and healthy. I'd like to further explore the art of self-pleasure. While searching online I came across a site devoted to what teenagers once called circle jerks. A coed solo sex party sounds like a great alternative to a full-blown orgy, especially since it eliminates the risk of STDs. How would I find one?—N.T., Los Angeles, California

You may have to organize it yourself. We know of only one continuing coed venture—the annual Masturbate-a-Thon organized in San Francisco by Carol Queen as a fund-raiser for her nonprofit Center for Sex & Culture. Unlike those in the past, this year's event, on May 28 (register at masturbate-a-thon.com), will be held with both genders diddling in the same room. There may also be a live Internet feed. Back in the late 1980s Queen and other women asked if they could join a group of gay male masturbators called the Jacks. That led to regular Jack-and-Jill Offs. But Queen says that as more men showed up at the public event, fewer women returned, and the last vulva left the building in 1992.

Do real men ever order scotch and water, or is that considered effeminate?—M.O., Madison, Wisconsin

A scotch and water is effeminate only if a woman is drinking it. When you add water to a glass of whiskey, especially a single malt, it releases the liquor's aroma and subtle flavors. It also helps remove the alcohol burn, which lets you taste the malt and not just the booze.

When you're at a party and stuck talking to someone for a long time, what is the best way to break away?—K.T., Phoenix, Arizona

A refill is the easiest way out. Always invite the person to join you; he or she may come, but

the idea is to walk past other guests so one or both of you break away. Another standby is the bathroom. Most people won't feel insulted if you say, "It's been great talking with you," and take your leave, but don't use this right after they've told a story, because it will appear they were boring you. You should then cross the room; if you just turn your back to face the next group, it looks too much like a slight.

My best friend has married a woman who is such a bitch that no one in our circle of friends, including my girlfriend, wants to be around her. How do I tell him that everyone hates his wife?—J.P., Chicago, Illinois

He already knows—or he should, since he's probably seeing a lot more of his wife's friends than his own. Good friends are often the first victims of bad marriages.

I plan to get a tattoo on the shaft of my cock and perhaps the head. My girlfriend has agreed to keep me hard, but any other advice you can offer would be appreciated.—V.J., Ashland, Wisconsin

We have never placed anything sharper than a woman's teeth near our penis, so we asked for counsel from Gerry Beckerman of Ozark Ink Tattoo in Ava, Missouri (and formerly of Phoenix and Fort Lauderdale), who has done a number of penis tattoos during his 27 years in the business. He says you don't need to be erect to have it done; the skin simply needs to be pulled taut. It's usually stretched by the artist, an assistant or a girlfriend or wife. "The tattooing isn't that painful, but it's still a sobering experience for most guys," he says. "I just did the penis of a friend who wanted 'Mary' in Old English script on his shaft and a tribal design on his scrotum. Mary pulled the skin as I worked. The skin of the shaft is thin, so it may scar unless you hire an experienced artist. The underside is less forgiving than the top. The scrotum is another matter. It's like tattooing a basketball." You can draw just about anything on a penis, Beckerman says, though most men keep it simple. "I've done more than one fly or smiley face on the head," he says. "But I also turned one guy's shaft into a barber pole." Other designs at the body-modification site bmezzine.com include stars, an eyeball, ladybugs, butterflies, an elaborate dragon whose wings and tail extend up the guy's abdomen, an entirely green or black shaft and/or head, hot-rod flames, hula dancers, roses, a fish, webbing, scorpions, a dagger, Satan and labels that read USDA INSPECTED and WARNING: CHOKING HAZARD.

My wife turns 40 next year and I want to do something special, so I told her I would take her to Las Vegas. She loves Vegas but gave me a look that said, What's so special about that? Then I told her I want to watch her pick up a stranger at a bar and screw him. I don't think I could stand watching, but if she wanted me to join in I'd be willing. How can I convince her? She hasn't said no, but I could tell from the look on her face that she is less interested in the idea than I am. Do

women who've been with only one guy all their life get curious once they hit their 40s? My wife says no, but I disagree.—B.V., Los Angeles, California

Whose birthday did you say is coming up? You're planning your own party. It doesn't matter if other women get curious in their 40s; your wife may not be. Besides the fact that she would be doing all the work, these things are messy, especially when you involve a random barfly. We suggest you ask your wife what she wants for her birthday.

What does it mean when an oil is 5W-30 or 10W-30? Which is best?—K.M., Kansas City, Missouri

Those are viscosity grades, which indicate the thickness, or weight, of the oil. Check your owner's manual, but in most places it won't make much difference if you use one or the other. The two numbers indicate how the oil performs when the engine is cold and hot. The 10W-30, for instance, contains polymers that allow it to act like a thinner 10-weight oil as the car is started and a thicker 30-weight oil while it's operating. This is important because when you first start the engine the oil is thinner and pumps more quickly. As the engine gets hotter the oil thickens, which provides better protection for its moving parts. (This innovation—adding polymers to oil that make it thicken as it gets hotter when it naturally would become thinner—is one reason engines today can last well beyond 100,000 miles.) In Maine the temperature goes below

zero often enough that many people use 0W-30. In the Midwest 5W-30 is sufficient.

I do everything for my man. I clean the house, prepare his clothes for work and have a meal on the table when he gets home for lunch and supper. Since the day we married he has never made his own meal or opened his own can of beer. He brags to everyone about our relationship. I love pleasing him. He works long hours almost every day to provide me with everything I need. The problem is that everyone tells me this is a bad relationship. They say he is too controlling and that I should leave. But I have always felt that a real woman takes care of her man. Am I wrong? He's happy, I'm happy, so what's the problem? How do I get people to stop judging our relationship?—J.H., Columbus, Ohio

Your husband needs to open his own beer. That's where we draw the line. Also, people should mind their own fucking business.

Is it better for your balls if you wear boxers or briefs?—M.S., Portland, Oregon

There's no difference, at least according to a study reported in the Journal of Urology. The scrotum is generally a few degrees cooler than the rest of the body because sperm like it that way. The idea is that wearing briefs raises the temperature and limits production, which can be good or bad, depending on your desire to be a father. One experiment in the 1960s

attempted to raise scrotal temperature using an insulated jockstrap and a lightbulb. But it wasn't until the mid-1990s, when two urologists at the State University of New York at Stony Brook took careful measurements of 97 patients, that we had any real insight into the matter. They found the average boxer ball temperature to be 97.9 degrees and the average brief ball temperature to be 97.7, leading to the conclusion that "the hyperthermic effect of briefs has been exaggerated." More recently another State University of New York urologist found that sitting with the knees together to support a laptop caused the scrotal temperature of his 29 volunteers to rise by about one degree, even before the computer was turned on. Long-term, he said, this could cause fertility problems. The only previous research on this topic was a 2002 letter to the Lancet in which a physician described a patient whose laptop burned his penis through his pants and underwear. Those suckers can get hot.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.



The advertisement features a group of six people (three men and three women) in formal evening wear standing behind a long, polished table. The table's surface is highly reflective, mirroring the people and the ambient lights. Large, white, outlined text reading "WOW" is positioned on the left, and "SOMEBODY™" is on the right. In the bottom right corner, a bottle of Turtle Wax Platinum Series Ultra Gloss Liquid Wax is displayed. The bottle is dark green with a white cap and a label that includes the Turtle Wax logo, the word "PLATINUM" in large letters, and an image of a silver car. At the bottom of the bottle, it says "ULTRA GLOSS LIQUID WAX" and "THE NEW STANDARD IN SHINE™".

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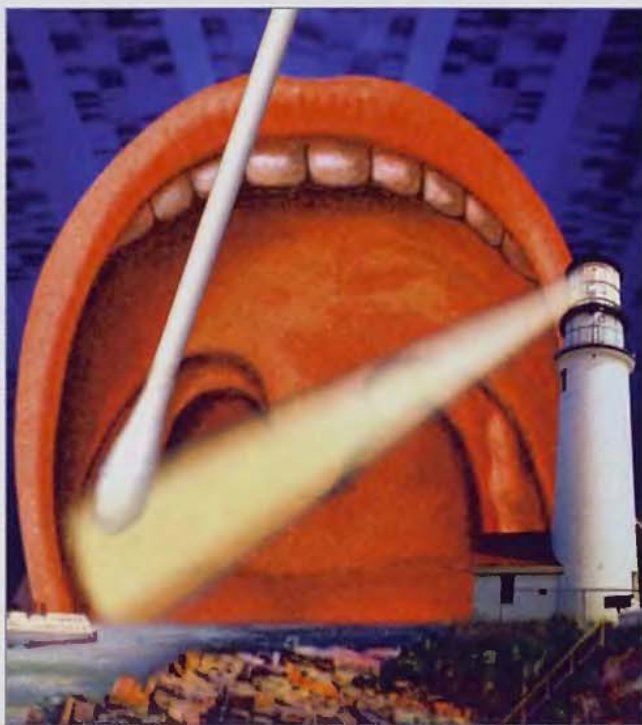
IN A SMALL MASSACHUSETTS TOWN, EVERY ADULT MALE WAS ASKED FOR DNA TO SOLVE A CRIME. ARE WE ALL SUSPECTS?

BY ROBERT SABBAG

American patriot James Otis, arguing against royal warrants authorizing general search and seizure, stood before the Massachusetts Superior Court in 1761 "in opposition to a kind of power the exercise of which in former periods of history cost one king of England his head and another his throne." Otis was unsuccessful, and the warrants, known as writs of assistance, led a list of indignities that cost the reigning king of England his American colonies. The ultimate subversion of the principle that a man's house is his castle, the writs also led directly to the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution: "the right of the people to be secure, in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures." Today in Massachusetts, just down the road from Otis's Cape Cod birthplace, what constitutes an unreasonable search is again being debated. This time the argument is shaped not by the equities of a royal tariff on imported molasses (a precursor to colonial rum) but by considerations of a domestic commodity for which the nation's appetite is at least as great: homicide.

In January 2002, freelance fashion writer Christa Worthington, 46, was found stabbed to death on the floor of her house in Truro, an outer Cape town of about 2,300. A sensational murder in a place where crime is rare, the homicide has already spawned one bad best-seller and possesses all the meretricious, tabloid-ready story points necessary to drive several equally awful movies of the week. Not least of what makes the murder newsworthy is that it remains unsolved. Last January, three years after the crime, police instigated what the American Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts refers to as a "DNA dragnet" to advance the stalled investigation, asking all Truro men over the age of 18, some 790 of them, to volunteer a genetic sample.

Responding to complaints from residents, the ACLU called for an end to the sweep, raising various Fourth Amendment concerns. First, it questioned whether the citizens' cooperation was in fact voluntary. Residents were approached by police in public, being asked, in effect, if they had anything to hide. (Police reported taking oral



swabs from 75 men the first day.) Public statements by authorities that those who refused to cooperate would draw suspicion amplified what the ACLU identified as "a particularly insidious form of coercion." The ACLU further questioned whether the dragnet had a legitimate purpose. The Fourth Amendment standard of reasonableness balances the government's interest against the intrusion on individual privacy. According to ACLU legal director John Reinstein, the government's interest is insubstantial, "knowing what we know about DNA sweeps in this country: They don't work." Only once in 18 attempts in the U.S. has such a sweep delivered results. Finally, the ACLU asked, once an individual was ruled out, what would become of the digital information derived from his DNA? Would it be retained, becoming available to law enforcement officials around the country? Would the samples themselves be retained? Anything kept would be subject to later testing for other purposes, and that, Reinstein says, represents the real danger to personal privacy. At the moment there are statutory restrictions against conducting certain tests, but those laws can change, and as long as the samples are retained, the possibility for such testing exists.

One of the more articulate defenders of the government's position, surprisingly, is noted New York civil rights lawyer Ronald Kuby, who sees nothing in the state's action to justify invoking the Fourth Amendment. "Everybody thinks this is a constitutional issue, but it really isn't," Kuby says. "Moral suasion on the part of the government is not the equivalent of compulsion for search-and-seizure purposes. There is no constitutional right to be free from police suspicion." As a constitutional scholar, Kuby says, he admires what police were doing by calling on the conscience of the community and asking people to step forward. He applauds it as a marriage of small-town Jeffersonian democracy and 21st century technology.

A not so admirable expression of the same Jeffersonian democracy, he grants, would be the prospect of townsfolk coming to one's door with pitchforks, ready to

tar and feather an innocent man who simply had a different notion of privacy than his neighbors and thus declined to contribute a sample. "That would be truly tragic," he says.

But there is nothing inherently unfair, Kuby says, about the use of DNA: "Not since the advent of fingerprint examination has there been a law enforcement technique with greater potential than DNA to free the innocent or convict the guilty, and with the most minimal invasion of privacy possible."

But however minimal the invasion, Reinstein argues, the historic ineffectiveness of DNA sweeps renders government interest that much smaller. "That's the problem, of course," he says. "If the sweeps are voluntary, they're probably not going to work." And if they do not work, they fail to meet the standard imposed by the Fourth Amendment.

The usual approach to criminal investigation, Reinstein observes, "is deductive. You find evidence and follow where it leads. This case is a reversal of that. If we give the government all the information about everyone, somewhere buried within it is the ability to solve crimes. Serious tension arises between that approach and the Fourth Amendment notion that there is some right to individual privacy."

Not surprisingly, universal testing has numerous advocates. Today, under the new King George, just about everything in the Bill of Rights seems up for grabs, and the government appears to be no less inimical to individual liberty than was the British crown. The president's lawyers, arguing before a similarly politicized judiciary, are making the very case made in 1761 by the king's attorney, Jeremiah Gridley, and they are using Gridley's very language, asking how the state, under the burden of a right to privacy, can protect itself against foreign enemies and subversives.

It is worth remembering that writs of assistance were aimed at enforcing the Acts of Trade. Smuggling, not sedition, was at issue when Otis argued against them on behalf of Boston merchants—a band of unruly bootleggers and tax evaders who believed a man's *warehouse* was his castle. And one does not have a constitutional right to commit a crime and get away with it. But it is worth remembering, too, that if the convenience of law enforcement had been of overriding concern to James Madison when he sat down to revise the Articles of Confederation, there would probably be nothing to argue about: There would be no Bill of Rights.

THE LAST DAYS OF LETHAL INJECTION

IS IT HUMANE, OR IS IT TORTURE?



By Dan Zegart

Witnesses saw nothing particularly disturbing during the execution of Edward Lee Harper on May 25, 1999 other than a healthy 50-year-old prisoner being killed on an operating table inside the Kentucky State Penitentiary.

At 7:16 P.M. the executioner squeezed a syringe that sent two grams of sodium pentothal through tubing into Harper's hand. Next came a dose of pancuronium bromide, designed to paralyze him, followed by potassium chloride to stop his heart. About 12 minutes after the first drug flowed, the warden pronounced him dead.

The problem is, Eddie Harper may never have lost consciousness. Instead, he may have spent his last minutes paralyzed and suffocating, with every nerve in his body on fire until the third drug caused a fatal heart attack. That, say death penalty opponents, isn't a quick, painless procedure. It's torture.

Other than Nebraska, which has stuck with electrocution, each of the 38 states with capital punishment has switched to lethal injection or added it as an option. The U.S. Supreme Court has never ruled any method of killing as cruel or unusual. Yet newly

released autopsy reports suggest that the deaths of Harper and other prisoners did meet any reasonable definition of cruel, casting doubt on the notion that lethal injection is the most humane way to continue a barbaric tradition. The evidence is so compelling that judges in a dozen states, including Kentucky, have halted lethal injections, while New Jersey has declared an indefinite moratorium. As long as the sodium pentothal knocks the prisoner out, he feels nothing. But the nature of the second drug, pancuronium bromide, which freezes every muscle, makes unconsciousness impossible to determine. And no one wants to be conscious for the third, fatal drug, potassium chloride.

Dr. Mark Heath, a professor of anesthesiology at Columbia Medical Center who has testified that lethal injection is inhumane, says prison officials seem unconcerned. "They say, 'This is what we do, and it has always worked,'" he says. "But they have no evidence of that because they paralyze them all." Heath and other physicians fear that some prisoners don't receive enough sodium pentothal, leaving them in a state of suspended animation similar to

Are
some
inmates
alert but
frozen
as they
die?

"anesthesia awareness," in which a patient awakens in the middle of surgery but is too drugged to move or speak.

All this has become the basis of an appeal by two Kentucky inmates who hope to stop their own executions. An autopsy on Harper performed by the state's chief medical examiner found 6.5 milligrams per liter of pentothal in the dead man's blood. Based on guidelines established for the state of Ohio by Dr. Mark Dershwitz, an anesthesiologist at the University of Massachusetts Medical Center, this indicates a 70 percent chance Harper was alert but paralyzed as he died. Toxicological tests in North Carolina show that of 11 inmates put to death between 1999 and 2002, three received so little sodium pentothal they were probably fully conscious. Of 23 executed prisoners autopsied in South Carolina, two were apparently awake. Of the others, it's estimated that one had a 90 percent chance of being conscious and three had a 50 percent chance.

Dershwitz says he has reviewed many autopsies of executed inmates (though not that of Harper) and believes improper methods were used to check pentothal levels in blood, making them appear lower than they really were. "My fundamental premise is that if the inmate has a working IV and the medications are given in the right order, there cannot possibly be suffering," he says.

But the only people who know for sure are dead. Doctors are ethically barred from participating in executions, meaning the qualifications of those who administer the injections leave much to be desired. During an execution in Maryland, so much of the drugs leaked out that they left a puddle on the floor; in Alabama the prison's medical "expert" suggested inserting the IV into a vein that doesn't exist; in Louisiana the exe-

cutioner needed help from another guard to push the syringes into the tubing because his hands shook so badly.

Oklahoma anesthesiologist Dr. Stanley Deutsch—credited with first suggesting, in 1977, that a large dose of a fast-acting barbiturate followed by a neuromuscular blocker would produce an "extremely humane" death—relied not on any research but only on his observations in the operating room. Deutsch remains confident in his formula.

But a number of judges have lost faith, such as the Tennessee court that found "no legitimate purpose" for using pancuronium bromide, a drug the American Veterinary Medical Association has said vets should not use to euthanize animals. Privately some doctors and even death penalty opponents wonder why prison officials don't follow the lead of Oregon, where at least 171 people have

legally and peacefully killed themselves under a doctor's supervision since 1998 with overdoses of secobarbital or pentobarbital.

Those who oppose the death penalty are hopeful that capital punishment will simply grind to a halt under this latest challenge, especially given other developments, such as the growing number of inmates exonerated by DNA, the arbitrary nature of death penalty sentencing and eyewitness accounts of botched chemical injections in which prisoners have convulsed violently or gasped for 10 minutes. Deborah Denno, a Fordham University law professor who has written extensively about the death penalty, says the public may begin to feel it's not worth the trouble. "Something similar happened with electrocution. They kept trying to fix it, and now it's almost nonexistent," she says. "Eventually people may say that capital punishment is never going to be fixed—enough is enough."



The death room at San Quentin. The injection manifold is seen on the door.

SHOULD DOCTORS HELP THE HANGMAN?

Each new execution device has promised to make the procedure more humane. Dr. Joseph Guillotin created the guillotine for that reason; he later grew disenchanted when it was used for political purposes. A dentist, Dr. Albert Southwick, is credited with originating the idea for the electric chair after seeing a man die when he accidentally touched the terminals of a generator. The concept for the gas chamber has been attributed to a toxicologist, who suggested the gas, and an Army medical officer, who recommended a sealed room. Despite con-



demnation from the American Medical Association, doctors assist in executions in a few states by locating the spot for the IV and/or declaring the inmate dead. The concern of the AMA and other groups is that "when the health care profession serves in an execution under circumstances that mimic care, the healing purposes of health services are distorted." One 2001 survey of doctors found that only three percent knew of the AMA's ethical restrictions; 41 percent said they would participate in an execution in some way if asked.

MARGINALIA

FROM AN E-MAIL

dated May 22, 2004
from the FBI's commander in Baghdad to headquarters, later obtained by the ACLU: "Since [redacted] and my arrival in Iraq, we have been careful to instruct our personnel to use only standard interview techniques that we would utilize back home in our regular work. We are aware that, prior to a revision in the military's operating procedures last week, an Executive Order signed by President Bush authorized the following interrogation techniques: sleep 'management'; use of MWDs (military working dogs); 'stress positions,' such as half squats; 'environmental manipulation,' such as the use of loud music; sensory deprivation through the use of hoods, etc. I have been told that all techniques authorized by the order are still on the table but that stress positions, MWDs, sleep management, hoods, stripping (except for health inspection) and environmental manipulation can be used only if very high-level authority is granted. We will not report these techniques as 'abuse' since we will not be in the position to know whether the authorization was received. We will consider as abuse any beatings or sexual humiliation or touching."

FROM COMMENTS by Senator Ted Stevens (R-Alaska) during a hearing about airport security: "Our screening that is taking place now is really driven so much by the past and not really in tune with the future. Now, for instance, I saw a display of a fellow with a deck of cards who stood about five feet away from a person holding a carrot, and he sliced off a piece of that carrot just by throwing a card. I saw another person take a credit card and cut through what would be the thickness of a person's neck in two seconds, much faster than a knife could do it. Yet we seem to be really zeroing in on, How can we pick up knives? Has any knife been the cause of an attempted hijacking since 9/11?"

FROM THE BOOK *What the Bible Really Says About Homosexuality*, by theologian Daniel Helminiak: "Only five texts clearly refer to male-male sex: Leviticus 18:22 and 20:13, Romans 1:27, 1 Corinthians 6:9 and 1 Timothy 1:10. Leviticus forbids homogeneity as a betrayal of Jewish identity, for male-male sex was supposedly a Canaanite practice. Romans presupposes Leviticus but mentions it to make the point that purity issues have no importance in Christ. Finally, with the obscure term *arsenokoitai*, Corinthians

(continued on page 67)



READER RESPONSE

THE SEATTLE SPLIT

Like Jonathan Raban, I currently reside near Seattle ("Town vs. Country," March). I also was born and raised here. I have wondered why people who live in the city tend to vote Democrat and those in the country tend to vote Republican. But I am also curious about why "concrete dwellers" support "environmental" causes when they don't live in the environment they claim to protect. They shout that we should be tolerant of others, yet they stereotype people themselves. Somewhere in the middle of the reds and blues are folks like myself: -gun-toting, meat-eating, hardworking suburbanites who are sick of concrete dwellers making decisions for them.

Casey Herrick
Auburn, Washington

It is ironic that Raban's article appeared only a few months after you had John Anderson calling for the Electoral College to be abolished. If we went to a popular vote, candidates would rarely leave the most populous states and almost never venture outside city limits. Raban implies that a popular vote



Seattle from a distance. Is it better that way?

wouldn't concern city dwellers all that much. That's because it would enable them to further marginalize rural areas.

Marcus Dyer
Blue Grass, Iowa

Raban isn't the only person who noticed the gap between red and blue. A Washington legislator, Republican Bob Morton, has proposed that a new state be established east of the Cascades that would include 20 of Washington's 39 counties. Like Raban, he argues that eastern Washington has its own culture and economy. Similar measures in Vermont, California and New Jersey have failed.

The illustration for Raban's article features an unjust stereotype. It depicts a supposedly red-state voter wearing a

flannel hunting jacket and cap, carrying a rifle and drinking a beer. First of all, not all red-staters are country bumpkins. Second, more magazine readers fall into the red-state, protect-the-homeland, reasonably conservative mentality than the blue-state latte drinker you depict.

Marc Casarella
Plainville, Connecticut

MONEY ART



In March we featured bills that had been altered to make political statements. We later came across a collection of currency, including Rasta and Pussy (pictured), painted by Amsterdam artist Kamiel Proost. You can browse his entire collection at kamielproost.com.

ABSTINENCE RESPONDS

It is not every day that our staff reads *PLAYBOY*, as you can imagine. Your article on our annual conference, held last summer in Nashville, brought quite a few laughs to our office ("Welcome to Virginland," February). We appreciate the creativity of your reporter, Daniel Radosh. How else would he be able to misconstrue the intentions and character of so many programs that are making a profound difference in the lives of students around the world?

What writers like Radosh and Camille Hahn of *Ms.*, who also attended undercover, do not understand is that the majority of American parents do not want their children to be adept at rolling condoms onto market-fresh produce. Many contraception education programs around the country already have condom races. What's next? Trophies for speed? Parents understand that telling kids that sex during adolescence can be perfectly safe and casual can be a death ticket. While Radosh and others mock the severity of those words, they are true and are spoken by the Centers for Disease Control regarding HPV, a dangerous STD

that can lead to a host of problems, including cervical cancer. It is only right that kids be taught the truth: Sex is best in marriage.

I am unsure what readers of your fine magazine believe about relationships. We know that Radosh's idea of a good time is to watch women involved with each other on a television screen. How intimate and fulfilling. Still, research conclusively proves that sex is best in marriage, where a relationship provides context and meaning for the enjoyable physical and emotional encounter. Should kids not be taught what history and science have proven?

If they are equipped to succeed, empowered teens can and do choose abstinence. It's not a fear-based decision; it's future-thinking. You are welcome to send a reporter to this year's conference, "Lights, Camera, No Action," which will be held August 4 to 6 in Hollywood. This time, please have him introduce himself.

Leslee Unruh
Abstinence Clearinghouse
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

KINSEY REVISITED

The attempt to discredit Alfred Kinsey is actually an attempt to discredit all scientific research on sexual behavior and sex education ("Last of the Kinsey Haters," March). With the support of



Kinsey: His research opened many eyes.

those who value scientific and intellectual inquiry we will continue to work toward understanding the complexities of sexual behavior.

Jennifer Bass
Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex,
Gender and Reproduction
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

E-mail: forum@playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

NEWSFRONT



Bumper Backlash

See something that offends you? Be a good American—call the cops. In Denver a man who took offense to a sticker on Shasta Bates's car—the one that reads FUCK BUSH—flagged down a patrolman, who told Bates to remove the sticker or face arrest. But the city attorney says there is no local law against profane stickers, and the department is investigating the officer. In nearby Westminster an elderly couple stopped an officer to complain that a driver had written FUCK YOUR BUSH with his finger on his dirt-coated SUV. The cop cited him for disorderly conduct, but the city prosecutor dropped the case when he couldn't locate the couple. In Clovis, New Mexico a detective told a man to remove stickers from his car showing she-devils (left) drawn by the artist Coop. Otherwise, the cop said, he'd be arrested for distributing sexual materials to a minor, specifically the officer's son, who first noticed the decals. A judge tossed the case.

Let's Get Physical

GUANTANAMO BAY—A former Army translator at the U.S. prison camp says female interrogators he worked with tried to break Muslim detainees with sex appeal. Erik Saar, co-author of *Inside the Wire*, says one civilian contractor wore only a miniskirt, thong and bra during interrogations of fundamentalist Muslims who consider contact with women other than their wives to be taboo. Another interrogator removed her uniform top to reveal a skintight one, then began touching her breasts, rubbing them against the prisoner's back and commenting on a bulge in his pants. When he responded by spitting on her, the interrogator wiped red dye on his face that she said was menstrual blood and turned off the water in the cell so he would remain "unclean" and be unable to pray. The detainee, Saar recalled, began to "cry like a baby." Saar says such tactics, which led to reprimands, concerned him because they could create the impression that the U.S. is fighting a religious, rather than military, war.

Gut Reactions

ATLANTA—In a series of studies dating to the Clinton years, researchers at Emory University found they could predict a person's opinion on hot political topics 80 percent of the time based solely on his or her views of the current administration, the GOP, the military and human rights groups. Overall, the study found, only 15 percent of respondents formed their views based primarily on facts. "In high-stakes, emotionally charged political situations people respond to ambiguity not by consulting the data but by consulting their prejudices," says psychology profes-

sor Drew Westen. "In this sense every act of cognition is simultaneously an act of emotional regulation." Westen next plans to examine how these biases influence jury decisions.

Keepers Gone Wild

WOODSIDE, CALIFORNIA—Two former employees of a simian-study center say its chief trainer asked them to lift their shirts to bond with a gorilla because the animal has a "nipple fetish" and had asked in sign language to see their breasts. The women refused, comparing the request to an act of bestiality. Later they sued, claiming sex discrimination.



The trainer, Penny Patterson, allegedly told the celebrated gorilla, "Koko, you see my nipples all the time. You need to see new nipples." The foundation denies the allegations, but the women's lawyer says "there's a history with this nipple thing," pointing to a 1998 online chat in which the gorilla supposedly signed the word repeatedly. A third woman who agreed to show Koko her breasts also sued.

Pot Priorities

LONDON—In the first year after the British government downgraded marijuana to a class C drug, arrests for possession fell by 36 percent, saving up to 199,000 police hours without any rise in consumption among young people.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 65)

and Timothy condemn abuses associated with homogenital activity in the first century: exploitation and lust. So the Bible takes no stand on the morality of gay relationships. In fact, it seems deliberately unconcerned about them. Understood in context, these passages make it clear only that abusive sex of any kind must be avoided."

FROM ADVICE in *The Idaho Statesman* about how to best photograph a deer: "Take photos immediately after the animal is dead. A photo of the animal in the field almost always looks better than one at camp or in the back of a vehicle. Make the animal look as natural as possible. Wipe away blood, and tuck in the tongue. Position the animal's body so it looks like it is lying down, not tipped over dead."



For a head shot, fill the whole frame with the heads of the person and the animal. You want to capture the hunter's big grin and the gleam in his eyes. Don't be afraid to move the animal into a more scenic spot, such as a ridgeline or an opening in the forest. You want to capture the beauty of the animal and the place it lives."

FROM A SPEECH by Supreme Court Justice Anthony Kennedy to the American Bar Association: "I can accept neither the necessity nor the wisdom of mandatory minimum sentences. Consider this case: A young man with no previous serious offense is stopped by Park Police for not wearing a seat belt. A search leads to the discovery of just over five grams of crack cocaine. He faces five years. If he had taken an exit and left the federal road, his sentence likely would have been measured in months. Few misconceptions about government are more mischievous than the idea that a policy is sound simply because a court finds it permissible. A court decision does not excuse the political branches or the public from the responsibility for unjust laws."

FROM THE BOOK *The Politics of Lust*, by John Ince: "Repeated exposure to porn can prompt erotic conditioning. This occurs when a person is repeatedly aroused while exposed to the same neutral stimuli, such as a yellow raincoat, high heels, lingerie, blonde hair or slim waistlines. The culprit here is not porn but its range. When most baby boomers were masturbating teens, the scope of porn was limited. The greater the diversity of porn in terms of the age, race, physical characteristics and personality of the actors, the less likely that such material will affect the sexuality of those who use it. As long as children are exposed to a range of imagery, and as long as it depicts healthy, ethical sexual behavior, they can avoid a narrowing effect."



THE MAN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT*

IN THE EVENT THE TOP DOG CAN'T SERVE, CONGRESS HAS A PLAN TO KEEP THE COUNTRY RUNNING. WHO'S ON DECK FOR THE JOB?

Not only is Michael Chertoff the new head of Homeland Security, he just got in line to become commander in chief. The Presidential Succession Act of 1947 established the order, with Cabinet members arranged by the date

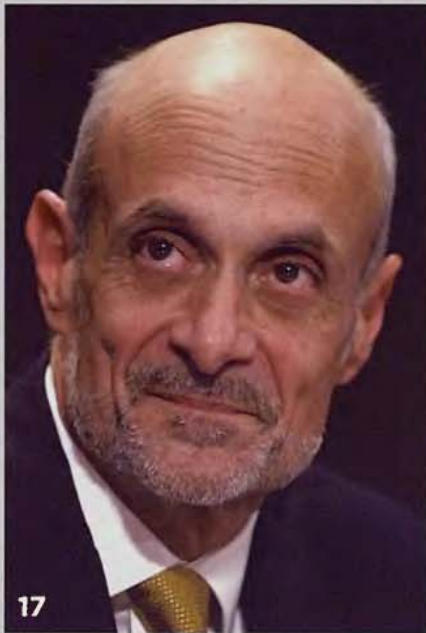
their agencies were created. If the president becomes incapacitated, dies or resigns, the first U.S.-born official on the list who is alive and well serves until the next national election. In these uncertain times, it's good to have backup.



1
PRESIDENT BUSH
Currently in top spot



2
PRESIDENT CHENEY
Former vice president



17
PRESIDENT CHERTOFF Former head of Homeland Security. "Never expected this."



3
PRESIDENT HASTERT
Former House speaker



4
PRESIDENT STEVENS
Former Senate pro tem



5
PRESIDENT RICE
Former sec. of state



6
PRESIDENT SNOW
Former Treasury head



7
PRESIDENT RUMSFELD
Former defense sec.



8
PRESIDENT GONZALES
Former attorney general



9
PRESIDENT NORTON
Former interior secretary



10
PRESIDENT JOHANNIS
Former agriculture secretary



CARLOS GUTIERREZ
Commerce; born in Cuba



ELAINE CHAO
Labor; born in Taiwan



11
PRESIDENT LEAVITT
Former HHS secretary



12
PRESIDENT JACKSON
Former secretary of housing



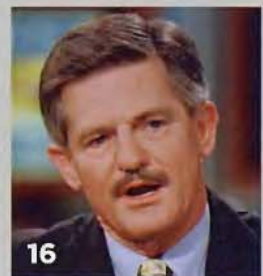
13
PRESIDENT MINETA
Former transportation sec.



14
PRESIDENT BODMAN
Former secretary of energy

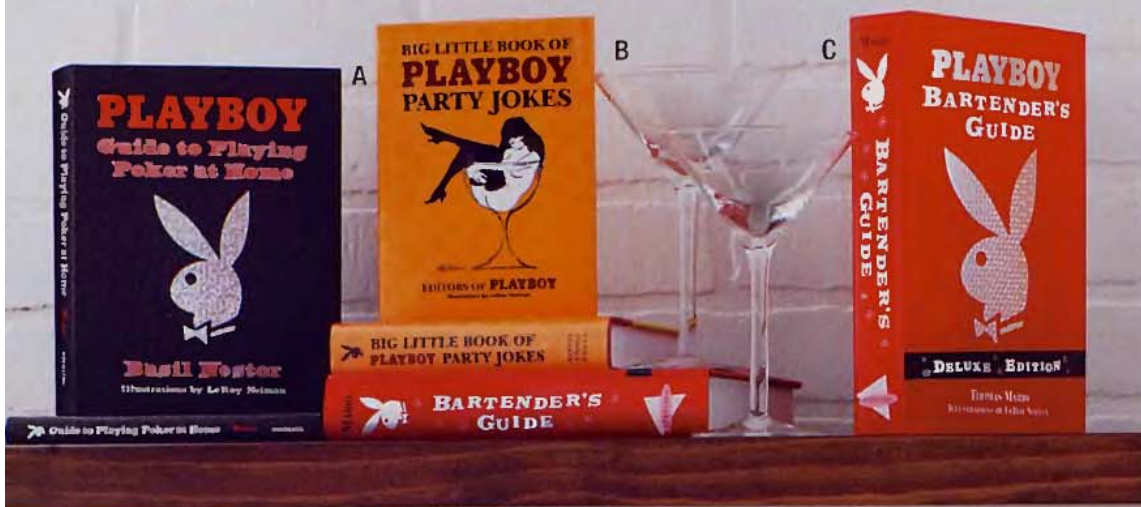


15
PRESIDENT SPELLINGS
Former education secretary



16
PRESIDENT NICHOLSON
Former veterans affairs sec.

*if a plane went down with the president, VP, congressional leaders and every other U.S.-born Cabinet member



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10057 Big Little Book of Playboy Party Jokes \$7.98

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D. As Hef likes to say, "My life is an open book. With illustrations." So too is this stylish volume in which, for the first time ever, Playboy's legendary founder provides advice and personal observations for men of all ages. Resonant photographs from his private archive illustrate Hefnerian policies relating to every aspect of a man's life—from love and ladies to family and dreams. Hardcover with a custom slip-cover case. 5" x 7¼". 192 pages.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LANCE ARMSTRONG

A candid conversation with one of the world's greatest athletes about those drug rumors, the 40 million yellow bracelets and his life with Sheryl Crow

The most dominant athlete on earth has survived a mess of bike-race crashes, the kind that have killed a few racers. Half a dozen times he has collided with a car and escaped with scratches—except for the time he broke his neck. And then there was the cancer in his testicle, his lungs and his brain. Lance Armstrong survived that, too, and went on to win the 1999 Tour de France, the first of his record six straight victories in cycling's Super Bowl.

It's an oft-told story but worth recapping: In 1996 Armstrong's right testicle ached and swelled. He coughed blood. Tests showed cancer had spread throughout his 25-year-old body. After the testicle was removed he had brain surgery, then months of chemo so aggressive he got burns on his skin—from the inside. His racing team dumped him. He nearly quit cycling but then rebuilt his body and career. His 1999 Tour de France—he was the second American ever to win—was hailed as a once-in-a-millennium Cinderella story, a heart-warming fluke. Then the cussedly fierce Texan, who is slightly more intense than nuclear fusion, reeled off five more Tours in a row, a feat that may never be matched.

Today Armstrong, 33, is one of the two or three top jocks in the world, known and admired by millions, if not billions. He is also reviled by a vocal minority who call him a dope-abusing slimeball. Never mind that he has taken hundreds of drug tests and

passed every one. His critics' reasoning goes like this: Cycling is famous for blood-doping scandals, and Armstrong rules cycling, so how could he be clean? His answer: "Test me!" It's hard to imagine any athlete who has given more pee and blood to prove his innocence. In fact, he invites the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency to test him 24/365. On the day we met him at the Hollywood Hills home of his girlfriend, rocker Sheryl Crow, he had given the USADA Crow's address in case the testers wanted to drop by.

Next month Armstrong goes for his seventh straight Tour de France win. The race is the most grueling challenge in sports: more than 2,000 miles over almost a month at speeds up to 70 miles an hour, up and down mountains in all weather. But he expects to win. Armstrong is coming off an epic year—his yellow LiveStrong bracelets are on wrists all over the world, and he bounced from a recent divorce into Crow's shapely arms. Betting against him is a loser's move.

We sent Kevin Cook to meet Armstrong. "I was impressed," says Cook, "and not just by Crow's imposing house and grounds. Armstrong is impressive: smart, funny and tastily profane. He oozes confidence without conceit. It's more like courage. He and Crow are clearly more than an item—they're a couple. They are renovating her house together, very much like husband and wife. Crow said hey and chatted

a minute when I arrived. She and her beau may be famous, but they see themselves as a Missouri girl and a Texan who just happen to be hanging in this Hollywood Hills palace.

"Armstrong and I talked while his masseur worked on his legs—female readers should know Lance was bottomless under a towel—and then poolside, overlooking L.A. as the sun went down over Santa Monica Boulevard."

PLAYBOY: Were the LiveStrong bracelets your idea?

ARMSTRONG: All my idea. No, I'm kidding—I had nothing to do with them. It was Nike. They'd made millions of rubber bracelets in different colors for basketball players and called them "ballers." So I'm sitting around one day, and someone says, "Let's take a baller, color it yellow and put Lance's LiveStrong on there." Kind of ironic, a baller—

PLAYBOY: After your testicle was removed, your buddy Robin Williams called you the Uniballer.

ARMSTRONG: They said, "We'll sell them for a dollar and donate the proceeds to the Lance Armstrong Foundation." I thought they were crazy. When they said Nike would make 5 million of them, I'm thinking, Right, sure. But they did, and they made a million-dollar donation, too.

PLAYBOY: When did you know those



"All I can say is thank God we're tested. When baseball players were charged with using steroids, what was their defense? Nothing. Whereas my defense is hundreds of drug controls, at races and everywhere else."



"What's really scary is crashing. I look straight ahead, just waiting for some kook in front of me to crash. The race goes on, and you add rain or cobblestones. Last year on the cobbles I was so scared I felt like a child, just terrified."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I don't live with Sheryl Crow, rock star. I live with Sheryl Crow from Kennett, Missouri, who still talks to her mother and father every day. She's not out getting trashed every night like some people in her profession."

bracelets were taking over the world? **ARMSTRONG:** Sheryl took one on the *Today* show—she was the first to do media with one. Then I went to Europe, and the Tour hit. You saw a lot of them then because they were sold as part of our Tour caravan. But it was at the Olympics when I thought, This thing is going off. Athletes from all countries and all sports were wearing them. Justin Gatlin won the 100-meter dash with one on. Then Morocco's Hicham El Guerrouj won the 1,500 with his on. Here's the greatest middle-distance runner of all time, a Muslim who had never won Olympic gold. He crosses the finish line, goes down on the ground, praying to Allah, and all you see is this yellow band. Oh my God, that might be the coolest thing I've ever seen.

PLAYBOY: Tens of millions of people wore the bracelets. Did all that support offset the criticism from people who say you must be a doper?

ARMSTRONG: Yeah. There are stories saying, "He's doped" or "What he does is not possible." There's a disgruntled ex-employee saying she found kryptonite or something.

PLAYBOY: You mean the allegations in *L.A. Confidential*, a book published in France that, with no evidence, calls you a blood doper.

ARMSTRONG: Yeah. That's out there. But there are also 40 million yellow bands in the world. That outweighs the negative publicity. As far as the negative stuff goes, all I can say is thank God we're tested. When baseball players were charged with using steroids, what was their defense? Nothing. Saying "It's not true." Whereas my defense is hundreds of drug controls, at races and everywhere else. The testers could roll up here right this minute. They knocked on my door in Austin last week. In a way it's the ultimate in Big Brother, having to declare where you are 365 days a year so they can find you and test you. But those tests are my best defense.

PLAYBOY: What are you expecting at this year's Tour de France?

ARMSTRONG: The course is different. There will be fewer uphill finishes and fewer time trials. Those are the two ways you win. If you ask, "How did Lance win six Tours?" the answer is "He put time on 'em in the mountains, and he put time on 'em in the trials." So if those get reduced, it's not working for me.

PLAYBOY: Are Tour organizers trying to Lance-proof the course to give other guys a better chance?

ARMSTRONG: Doesn't matter. The three

uphill finishes we'll have are super-demanding. The final time trial is really hard. So there's no excuse for not winning. I can't roll into Paris and say the course was too easy. I'll have my opportunities to kick ass.

PLAYBOY: But it'll be tougher this year?

ARMSTRONG: Only in the sense that I'm getting older. Gray hair, aches and pains.

PLAYBOY: Who's your prime competition?

ARMSTRONG: Same old, same old. Jan Ullrich, of course. Ivan Basso will be good.

PLAYBOY: Ullrich has finished second five times. He's Joe Frazier to your Ali.

ARMSTRONG: His T-Mobile team is strong. Ullrich, Andréas Klöden and Alexander Vinokourov—those three on one team are a force. But if you look at our Dis-



It's safe to say there's very little sex going on during the Tour de France, if any.

covery Channel team, with me, José Azevedo and Yaroslav Popovych, we have a triple threat too.

PLAYBOY: How much significance would seven wins have?

ARMSTRONG: None.

PLAYBOY: You're grinning. But six was the record breaker. Nobody had won more than five Tours, not even the great Eddy Merckx or Miguel Indurain.

ARMSTRONG: Six was huge. I tried to downplay it publicly, but it was heavy. It was history. I got superstitious and wouldn't talk about it. There's something about that record—so much can happen. A crazy spectator could run out and punch you.

PLAYBOY: That's what happened to Merckx

in 1975, when he was going for his sixth.

ARMSTRONG: Exactly. Thank God we live in a time when every second is filmed and photographed. At least nobody thinks he could get away with doing that.

PLAYBOY: Merckx would have won six if not for that sucker punch. But he didn't win the next year, in 1976. If you win your seventh, you'll top even the six he deserved to have.

ARMSTRONG: Right. Because it's fair to say he would have won six. It's also fair to say he was the greatest of all time, not me.

PLAYBOY: Americans know the Tour de France, but we don't follow other races. You're also in the Tour de Flanders.

ARMSTRONG: Yeah. There will be a million Flemish people on the side of the road.

PLAYBOY: Do we overemphasize the Tour de France?

ARMSTRONG: The sport does. They've done an amazing job building that franchise into a 500-pound gorilla leveraged with global TV and global sponsorships. It's the one race the riders have no say on. For other races we can dictate how long the time trials will be or how nice the hotels are. With the Tour they say, "If you don't like it, screw you."

PLAYBOY: If you win another Tour or three, will you retire, sit around on the couch and get fat?

ARMSTRONG: I'll be a fitness junkie forever, not out of shape like some guys. But I'm not naming names... *achoo-lemond!*

PLAYBOY: During that sneeze one side of your mouth mentioned Greg LeMond, your boyhood hero, who won three Tours but now rips you. He suspects you're a doper. What's your relationship with LeMond?

ARMSTRONG: None. What he did in 1989 and 1990 was phenomenal. But Greg's not even worth talking about today. And I don't need to hear from him—he'd only shove his foot farther down his mouth.

PLAYBOY: Why are great athletes motivated by grudges? Tiger Woods never forgets a slight. Michael Jordan carried a grudge against *Sports Illustrated* over a cover line—BAG IT, MICHAEL—that suggested he should quit playing baseball. He wouldn't talk to that magazine even after a later cover line read DON'T BAG IT, MICHAEL.

ARMSTRONG: It's good that somebody's got *SI* by the balls.

PLAYBOY: You're like that too, aren't you? Twelve million people say, "What a grand performance," but then one guy—

ARMSTRONG: Yeah, one prick says, "He's not so hot," and that's fuel. That's motivation. Whenever I come across that stuff I hit SAVE and store it on the hard drive.

PLAYBOY: Were you always that way?

ARMSTRONG: No. Not at 10, 20 or even 25. Through my illness I learned rejection. I was written off. That was the moment I thought, Okay, game on. No prisoners. Everybody's going down.

PLAYBOY: In one of the worst corporate moves ever, your sponsor, the French company Cofidis, dropped you when you were sick.

ARMSTRONG: And they'd been there when I announced the diagnosis. They said, "We're going to stand by Lance, support him, nurse him back to health and see to it that he wins the Tour de France." So you take those words literally. You say, "That's great—I've got support." And then—boom.

PLAYBOY: Later, after you won a stage on your way to a Tour title, you cruised past the Cofidis team's director and said something.

ARMSTRONG: I said, "That was for you."

PLAYBOY: How has Cofidis been doing since then?

ARMSTRONG: [Smiling] They haven't done much.

PLAYBOY: Would you have won six Tours if you hadn't gotten cancer?

ARMSTRONG: I would have won zero.

PLAYBOY: You've beaten all the other guys, but what would happen if the 1999 Lance Armstrong rode against you? Who would win?

ARMSTRONG: If I'm in race shape, I think today's Lance wins. More experience, better tactics, more calmness in the race. And a team that's 10 times stronger.

PLAYBOY: It's a team sport. There are time trials in which the whole team's time counts, not just yours. And in the racing pack, the peloton, your teammates protect and pace you, often riding just ahead so you can draft behind them.

ARMSTRONG: Our 1999 team was the Bad News Bears, but in 2004 we were stacked, just unbeatable.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite Tour de France?

ARMSTRONG: My most aggressive race was in 2001. That was the one I wanted most, and it was probably the most fun. The fake-out on Alpe d'Huez—

PLAYBOY: You faked exhaustion. Ullrich and his Deutsche Telekom team thought you were toast and zipped ahead. One reporter said they were "hammering like the hounds of hell." Then you took off.

ARMSTRONG: And made up two minutes on Ullrich. That was my best day on the bike, hands down.

PLAYBOY: But now you're less aggressive, more methodical.

ARMSTRONG: More selective. Last year, for example, I couldn't get rid of Basso on the climbs. But we had an individual time trial ahead, and I knew he'd give back time there.

PLAYBOY: He's better at climbs than sprints. And you're more patient than the Armstrong of 1999.

ARMSTRONG: The riskiest thing you can do is get greedy. You learn that your tank

Lance by the Numbers



Tour de France victories	6
Most Tours won by anyone else	5
Americans who won Tour de France before Armstrong (Greg LeMond in 1986, 1989, 1990)	1
Annual income	\$16 million
LiveStrong bracelets sold for \$1 each	more than 40 million
LiveStrong bracelets bought by Nike	8 million
Top price on eBay of a LiveStrong bracelet autographed by Armstrong	\$40
Employees of Lance Armstrong Foundation	48
Testicles (making him "more aerodynamic," according to Armstrong's friend Robin Williams)	1
Tumors in body in 1996	12
Chance of survival in 1996, optimistic estimate	75%
Chance of survival in 1996, private estimate by his oncologist	3%
Drug tests taken (career)	300 (approximately)
Positive drug tests	0
Times hit by cars (career)	6
Typical training session	5–6 hours, 100–130 miles
Finish in first pro event, 1992 San Sebastian Classic	111th
Riders who finished 1992 San Sebastian Classic	111
Grammys won by girlfriend Sheryl Crow	9
Famous boyfriends of Sheryl Crow (Eric Clapton, Kid Rock, Owen Wilson, Armstrong)	4
Distance of 2004 Tour de France	2,106 miles
Typical speed during Tour descent	60–70 mph
Fatalities in modern-day Tour de France (Fabio Casartelli, who hit a brick wall in 1995)	1
Pounds Armstrong lost after chemotherapy	18
Weight of bike	16–17 pounds
Retail price of bike	\$5,169
Number of bikes Armstrong owns	12
Time to fix a flat tire during a race	9 seconds
Distance between Armstrong's bike and a competitor's if he is drafting ("wheel sucking")	6 inches
Energy saved by a wheel sucker	40%
Daily miles fifth-grader Lance ran after school	6
Top speed fast-driver Lance has hit while driving a van	100 mph
Armstrong's resting heart rate	32
Average heart rate during a race	125
Average heart rate during a time trial	190
Pedal rpm during a time trial	100
VO ₂ max*	84
Average male VO ₂ max	40
Pedal strokes by Armstrong in 2004 Tour	about 465,000
Heartbeats during the race	2.1 million
Daily calorie intake during training	6,000
Body fat during race season	5–6%
Body fat during off-season	10–11%
Calories burned during 3 hours of racing	3,150
Calories expended during the race	132,000
Number of Big Macs represented by 132,000 calories	236

*Maximum amount of oxygen (in milliliters) lungs retain during a minute of exercise per kilogram of body weight—a measure of physical efficiency

is only so big, and if you just keep burning you'll run out of fuel. In 2000 I cracked and lost a lot of time, could have lost the Tour. I'm more respectful of that possibility now. Over time you develop a feel for when you're going into the red. There are times you have to do that, but not always. What's best is when you're going faster than anybody else but you're not killing yourself, not subtracting from what you can do the next day. Like last year—not once was I ever totally in the red zone.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you're ready to win again.

ARMSTRONG: It's hard to know in advance. In 2003 it was all red, all suffering.

PLAYBOY: You've said you like suffering.

ARMSTRONG: There are different kinds. There's the kind you get when your tank is empty and you look up and see 100 guys in front of you. That's devastating. That's just rusty pain. But when you're hurting and you hear on the radio that you've got 10 seconds on your biggest rival, and now it's 20 seconds, or in 2001 two minutes on Ullrich—that's a true sporting high. You're numb to pain. You can't feel the lactate in your muscles, and you just go faster and faster, which is not what I felt today.

PLAYBOY: You had a training run, Hollywood to Pasadena.

ARMSTRONG: I'm not in shape yet. I go out to suffer—my pain threshold is low and my body weight is high, which makes for a nasty mix of suffering and heaviness. And I know how it feels to ride fast. Today is one of those "Damn, why do I do this?" days.

PLAYBOY: The leader in the Tour gets a yellow jersey. What happens to the jersey after you ride? Do you wash it?

ARMSTRONG: You get a new one every day, but I like to keep wearing the first one. It feels better once you break it in, like a favorite old T-shirt you've worn a thousand times. On the last day I'll take it off and save it. All six of my last-day jerseys are up on my wall. If they weren't glassed in, they'd be stinky.

PLAYBOY: Can you ask for extras?

ARMSTRONG: Yep. They know you'll give a few away. Maybe I shouldn't say, but I've got about 400 of them.

PLAYBOY: There's an interesting etiquette in pro cycling. The whole peloton slows down and waits if a rider stops to pee. And when you were struggling in 2000, two riders from the Vini Caldirola team let you draft off them. Weren't they hurting their own chances?

ARMSTRONG: Their team wasn't going to win, so they had no real skin in the game. They just had a certain respect and empathy for me. That's part of our sport. It happens in NASCAR, mostly between teammates. Who's to say it doesn't happen in the NFL? Every year there's some goofy scenario—some bullshit team trying to get a wild card beats a team that

has a spot in the playoffs locked up.

PLAYBOY: Is cycling etiquette dying? Tour stars often let lesser guys win stages if they're no threat in the overall standings, but last year you went all out. Your approach was *pas de cadeaux*, no gifts.

ARMSTRONG: Last year was unique. The run-up to the Tour was stressful. I'd been written off 30 different times, my obituary written every day. That just built up in the hard drive until I was thinking, All right, dudes, let's go!

PLAYBOY: Grudges again.

ARMSTRONG: I was excited. And there were so many sprint finishes. For me a four- or five-man sprint finish is just too intense to pass up.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about crashing. On one training ride in France you zoomed into a blind corner and hit a truck coming the other way.

ARMSTRONG: Hit it head-on. The bike split in three pieces. My helmet just melted. And the driver got belligerent. French guy. He was mad that I'd bent his little piece-of-junk truck, and I'm lying there with a cracked C7 vertebra, a broken neck. What's really scary is crashing

If you're in the middle of 50 guys, they don't care who you are. They don't care if you've won the Tour six times. Everybody's desperate. We're all killers to some degree.

in a race. The first week of the Tour is the worst. You've got 200 guys who want to be at the front, and it's aggressive and gnarly and windy. I look straight ahead, just waiting for some kook in front of me to crash. Then the race goes on, and you add rain or cobblestones. Last year on the cobbles I was so scared I felt like a child, just terrified.

PLAYBOY: People think you're immune to fear.

ARMSTRONG: Two things scare me. The first is getting hurt. But that's not nearly as scary as the second, which is losing. If you're caught behind a crash in a windy section with 50 guys in a pile in front of you—game over.

PLAYBOY: Don't they give you some leeway? You're a six-time champ.

ARMSTRONG: If you're in the middle of 50 guys, they don't care who you are. They don't care if you've won the Tour once or six times. Everybody's desperate. We're all killers to some degree. It's easy to get quacked—that's what we call it when a guy comes into you without looking.

PLAYBOY: Worse than getting quacked is getting flicked.

ARMSTRONG: That's when it's intentional.

Direct from the German *flicken*. It means you got fucked.

PLAYBOY: The sport is more colorful than people think. When French fans booed and whistled at you and your U.S. Postal teammates, you responded by booing each other. You had team jingles, too—chants you'd repeat before a stage, like "Somebody's going to be my bitch today, bitch today, bitch today."

ARMSTRONG: There's less of that now that our team has gotten more and more international.

PLAYBOY: That would be hard to put into Esperanto.

ARMSTRONG: Yes, it's tough to tell a Portuguese guy what you mean by "Who's going to be my bitch today?" I might have only one other American with me this year, George Hincapie. I'll have to talk smack with George.

PLAYBOY: You're even more famous in Europe than you are here. Do you like being a celebrity?

ARMSTRONG: *Celebrity* and *fame*, those words make me uncomfortable. Some athletes are addicted to fame, but that's not what gets me off.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you courting it by being with Crow?

ARMSTRONG: She's no stranger to the public eye. But I don't live with Sheryl Crow, rock star. Okay, she lives in Los Angeles, and she's arguably the queen of rock and roll. But I live with Sheryl Crow from Kennett, Missouri, who still talks to her mother and father every day, a girl who's funny, likable, smart and athletic. She's not out getting trashed every night like some people in her profession.

PLAYBOY: You're also buddies with Bono of U2 and Lyle Lovett. Whose music is better, Crow's or theirs?

ARMSTRONG: Ha. It's different. I will say I like her music, and I'm not saying that just because she pays me to.

PLAYBOY: You and she kissed after you won a Tour stage last year. One reporter described it as "fiery, impetuous and nearly unending." Was that your best career kiss?

ARMSTRONG: I don't remember that one. We have a lot of long, juicy kisses. Kissing's good for relationships.

PLAYBOY: Are you two very much alike, or are you opposites?

ARMSTRONG: Similar. We're type A people who can't sit still. Sheryl couldn't sit here and talk to you for an hour. She'd be shaking her foot the whole time. Sometimes I'll be talking to her and say, "Calm it with the foot!"

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing you and she said to each other?

ARMSTRONG: We talked about trading guitar lessons for bike-riding lessons. But to be honest, I wasn't much concerned about the guitar lessons.

PLAYBOY: Lovett married and broke up with Julia Roberts. Did he give you any advice on celebrity romance?

ARMSTRONG: Lyle's about as down-home

as they get. He still lives on the ranch he grew up on, and he's trying to reconstruct it. He never left Texas. He did spend time in L.A. and New York with Julia, but I think that was tough on him. To some degree it's like that for me. I miss Austin. I miss my three kids, who live there with their mother.

PLAYBOY: You have a cat named Chemo—

ARMSTRONG: Not anymore. I lost the cat in the divorce. What's up with that? It was my cat!

PLAYBOY: Do you still have a house just a couple doors down from Kristin, your ex?

ARMSTRONG: No, that wasn't a good thing. Too close. I'm building a new house about a mile away. I'm trying to spend more time in Austin, and that'll happen soon enough. When cycling is over, my main commitments will be to my kids and to Sheryl. I'm still learning how to live in a relationship. I wasn't successful the first time.

PLAYBOY: Crow took you to the Grammys last winter. Melissa Etheridge was there—she'd lost her hair after chemo for breast cancer. Did you talk to her about that?

ARMSTRONG: We sat together in the front row. She's done with treatments now. She's in that phase when you wait to see what the next scans show, what the next set of blood work reveals. Melissa looked great. I thought she was mighty coura-

geous, rolling out with no hair, performing onstage and just killing. I was nearly crying.

PLAYBOY: Not too many bike racers get front-row seats at the Grammys.

ARMSTRONG: Someone behind me yelled "Lance, Lance!" I turn around and it's James Brown, and the Godfather of Soul has a yellow band around his wrist. That was wild. It's a three-hour show, and I was dying, just jonesing for a cold beer, when this lady walks out and hands me one. In the whole Staples Center, I'm the only one with a beer. Sheryl says, "Who gave you that?" Then Melissa sings, comes back and says, "Did you get your beer?" She'd heard me groaning, "God, I need a beer," so she had someone find me one. Sweet lady.

PLAYBOY: When you were sick you got involved in every medical decision. Now you tell other patients to be the same way.

ARMSTRONG: You've got to ask questions, get second and third opinions. That can be tricky because people feel loyal to their doctors. A cancer diagnosis is devastating news, and they develop a bond with the doctor who tells them. But you've got to act in your own interest. Do some politicking, not just with doctors but with nurses, administrators, the hospital pharmacist. Tell the pharmacist, "Dude, give me the good batch, the fresh stuff." Ask the nurse how she's doing: "How'd you sleep last night? Did you

have a good breakfast? Oh, and make sure my dose is right." I was highly aware of their importance. That's where I learned to build a team.

PLAYBOY: In the hospital?

ARMSTRONG: Right. Saying, "Craig and Larry, you're my head doctors. LaTrice, you're my head nurse." It's critical to know the nurses. They're working for you 90 percent of the time, while the doctors are there 10 percent of the time.

PLAYBOY: It's been more than eight years since your diagnosis. The chemo damaged your kidneys, didn't it?

ARMSTRONG: Some. I was on 24-hour hydration because they changed the drug protocols at the last minute. The first one I'd been on was tougher on the lungs. If I was ever going to race again, I needed something different. Now I'm supposedly in the clear. I still get nervous about relapsing, but everything seems normal.

PLAYBOY: Any other lasting effects?

ARMSTRONG: Sterility.

PLAYBOY: Is that permanent?

ARMSTRONG: It's about 50-50. I might get it back.

PLAYBOY: What if you and Crow want to have a child?

ARMSTRONG: That's possible. We've talked about it.

PLAYBOY: You had a sperm sample frozen in 1996. Does it have a particular shelf life?

ARMSTRONG: It's tougher to use sperm



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that's been frozen for eight years. I don't know how many there are in the sample. Ten million, maybe. That sounds like a lot, but it's not.

PLAYBOY: Have you been tested lately?

ARMSTRONG: No. Going to the lab for that test is not the most glamorous thing in the world. Going into that little room in 1996, that was no fun. And I'd just had surgery to remove the bad testicle. That's a big cut—I could barely walk.

PLAYBOY: You had the testicle cut out before donating the sperm?

ARMSTRONG: Two days before. Painful? Dude, it was terrible. But I had to do it if I was ever going to have kids.

PLAYBOY: How did you get in the mood to... donate?

ARMSTRONG: No choice. I didn't have a wife yet or anybody to have kids with. Sure, it was awful, but now I have three healthy little miracle children. I'm glad I limped down to that lab in San Antonio.

PLAYBOY: They give a guy some ammo for that. Magazines.

ARMSTRONG: I don't think it was **PLAYBOY**. For that kind of ammo **PLAYBOY** is sort of a slingshot. You can read it. That's why we're talking. But there are some shoulder rockets in that field—if **PLAYBOY** were one of those weapons of mass destruction, I wouldn't be doing this interview.

PLAYBOY: After you lose a testicle, does the other one stay where it was or does it move to the middle?

ARMSTRONG: It stays. Mine stayed left. You also produce less testosterone. The one that remains picks up a bit of the slack for his buddy who's gone, but not all of it. Since 1996 I've had chronically low testosterone, and I can't do anything about it.

PLAYBOY: It's a banned substance. You couldn't race if you replaced the testosterone you lost.

ARMSTRONG: I have to wait until I retire. It's not a question of being manly or being a sexual god, but I worry about osteoporosis. Chronically low testosterone leads to brittle bones.

PLAYBOY: Does it affect your sex drive?

ARMSTRONG: [Smiling] Not yet.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of drug testing in other sports?

ARMSTRONG: Baseball is the hot topic. Look at Jason Giambi and the Yankees. They need to test for steroids. In the future I think franchises and sponsors are going to hold the athletes responsible. If they're not clean, sponsors and teams will go after their money—not just to stop paying salaries but to get back previous payments. And that's serious because we all spend our money when we get it. If you're a baseball player who tests positive and your team wants your salary back from last year, can you get it back and repay them?

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Giambi. How about Barry Bonds?

ARMSTRONG: I'm not one of those cynics who think there are 10 different unde-

tectable compounds. I'm not going to say Barry Bonds has something under the table. But then BALCO was all about making something undetectable.

PLAYBOY: Do drug scandals in other sports hurt your cause?

ARMSTRONG: No. My first line of defense is that I've been competing for a long time, and my body looks the same. I won the world championship when I was 21, the youngest ever. It's been a steady progression from there. The drug spotlight has been shining on me since 1999, and my performances have not diminished. But when that light hits some athletes they disappear.

PLAYBOY: Suddenly the guy goes from 44 home runs back to 15.

ARMSTRONG: Or he doesn't run as fast. My second line of defense is that while some sports haven't had testing, I've been tested for years, in and out of competition. And third, I've always pushed the International Olympic Committee and the Tour de France to increase testing. What other athlete do you know who has donated money to his sport's governing body to pay for drug controls?

I've been competing for a long time, and my body looks the same. The drug spotlight has been shining on me since 1999, and my performances have not diminished.

PLAYBOY: How many pro cyclists use performance-enhancing drugs?

ARMSTRONG: I don't know. I like to think the sport is cleaner than its reputation. The head medical inspector for the Tour de France tells our team, "Guys, you're so dominant, I'm suspicious too. But I'm the one screening the blood and urine samples, and they are pure as driven snow." If we can do it, why can't everybody else? But you'll always find athletes looking for shortcuts. It's ironic that cycling has done more than any other endurance sport to test them, and when you test you're going to catch some guys. But every time you do, some fucker is sure to write, "Look how dirty the sport is!" That's the risk of testing.

PLAYBOY: Is your Discovery Channel team the only clean one?

ARMSTRONG: The whole roster is 28 guys. Someone could be at home doing something that's not clean, but I don't think so. We screen our guys and pick the ones with integrity and talent. When you've got those two things, you don't need to take risks, and cheating would be a huge risk. It would jeopardize the entire program, our \$15 million-a-year

baby. If one of us gets popped, we all go home. Nobody wants that.

PLAYBOY: How many drug tests have you taken?

ARMSTRONG: Maybe 200 in the past six or seven years. Not as many before that because I wasn't as successful. Maybe 100. So the total is around 300.

PLAYBOY: For the record, how many of those tests were positive?

ARMSTRONG: Zero.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about sabotage? Could somebody spike your blood or urine?

ARMSTRONG: I worry about that every day. They could spike your food or the water you drink.

PLAYBOY: Some cyclists train by sleeping in an "altitude tent" with thin air that helps thicken the blood. It's a legal way to make your blood more efficient. Have you got one?

ARMSTRONG: A tent's not big enough. I've got an altitude cubicle.

PLAYBOY: You sit in there and work on a computer?

ARMSTRONG: No, you sleep in it. We sleep in it. We can get Sheryl's whole bed in there.

PLAYBOY: So in a virtual sense you've joined the mile-high club.

ARMSTRONG: Oh, I've joined that club in a literal sense.

PLAYBOY: Boxers avoid sex before a fight. But the Tour de France lasts almost a month. What happens?

ARMSTRONG: It's safe to say there's very little sex going on during the Tour de France, if any. Coaches and team directors would prefer you didn't have sex all year.

PLAYBOY: Your coach, Chris Carmichael, has said you're not unique as a physical specimen but that you're pretty special. Isn't your heart 30 percent bigger than normal?

ARMSTRONG: It's bigger. And my muscles supposedly produce less lactic acid. But you know what's interesting? There's a big artery that runs from the middle of your body to your lower half, down to your legs. I had some scans done, and the doctors couldn't believe it: My artery is three times the size of a normal person's.

PLAYBOY: You used to play a lot of golf, but then you quit. Why?

ARMSTRONG: Why? Because I suck.

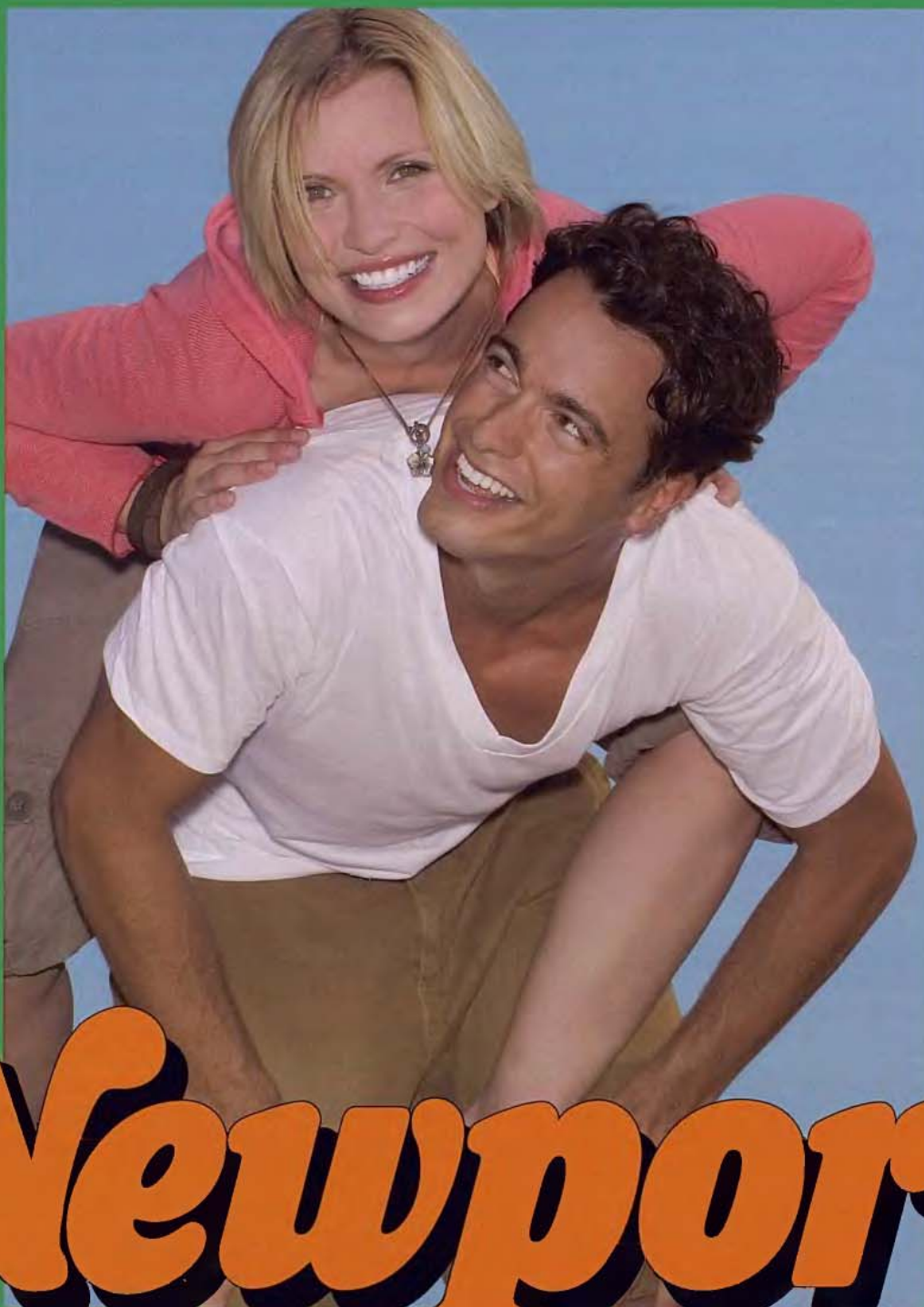
PLAYBOY: You alluded earlier to your divorce. Do you see it as a failure in your life?

ARMSTRONG: Yes.

PLAYBOY: The biggest one?

ARMSTRONG: Yes and no. Our marriage and divorce wasn't a total failure, because we wanted children, had children and love them deeply. Kristin and I aren't husband and wife, but we'll always be mom and dad, and we work on that.

PLAYBOY: She's a devout Catholic, and you're not religious. You also differ in
(concluded on page 170)



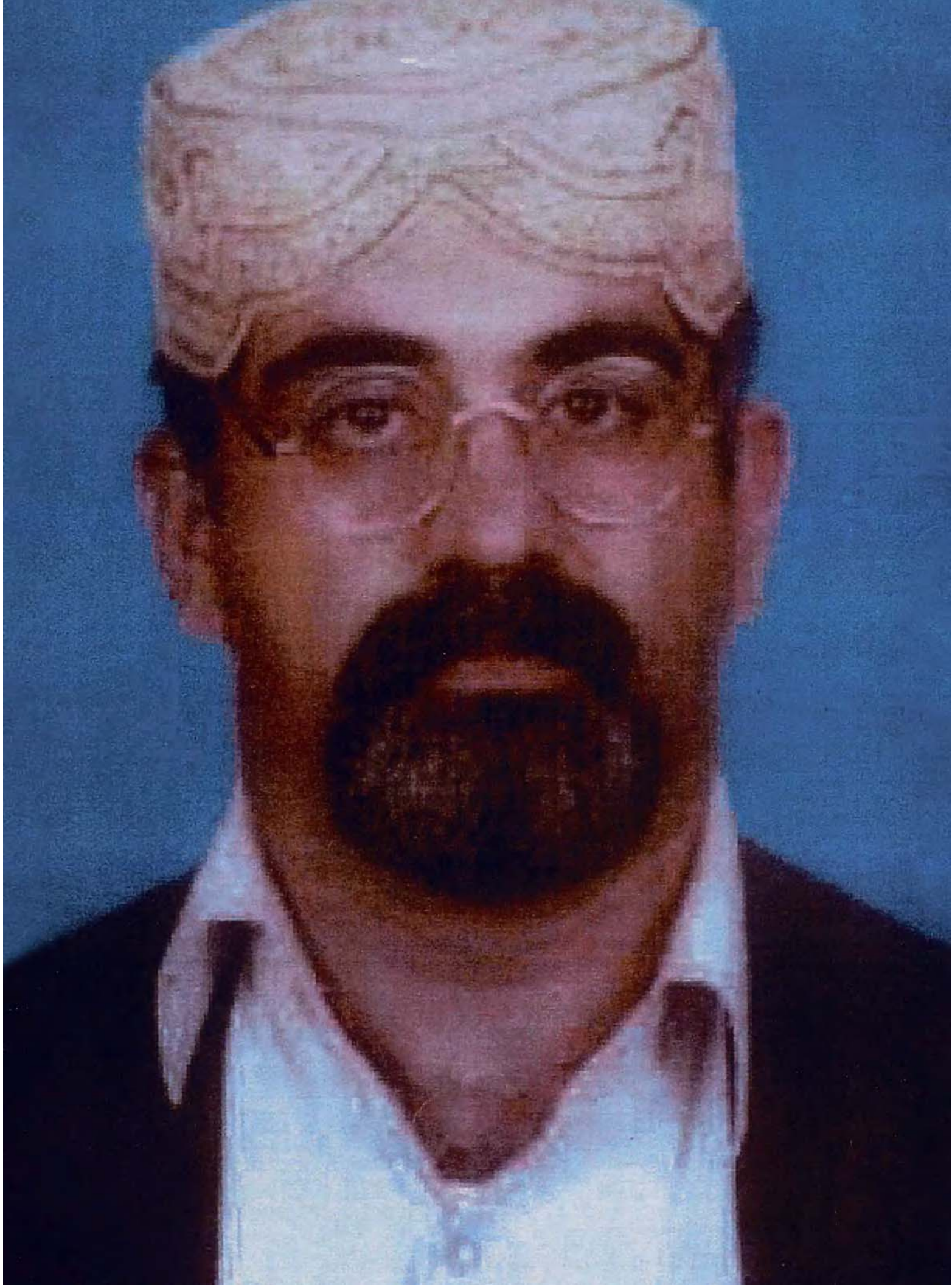
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KHALID SHEIKH MOHAMMED

the Brain

BY ROHAN GUNARATNA

AS MASTERMIND OF 9/11 HE WAS AN ORGANIZATIONAL GENIUS WHO OUTSMARTED INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES FOR DECADES. BUT NOW HE'S A GHOST DETAINEE IN JORDAN. A LOOK INTO THE AMAZINGLY WORLDLY LIFE OF A FANATIC

Each day for Khalid Sheikh Mohammed is like every other. It's hard for him to distinguish Monday from Tuesday. His life has regularity now, an intentional changelessness that stands in contrast to his years on the run. He has lost a lot of weight since he's been inside, and his interactions are limited to the same small group of Americans. By now, two years into his imprisonment, the man who devised the 9/11 attacks has to realize who holds the upper hand. His days of first-class travel are over. The Central Intelligence Agency now defines his life. The man known to investigators as KSM is one of 11 high-value detainees held in a secret location—possibly Al Jafr prison in Jordan's southern desert.

The prize catch in the war on terrorism, KSM quickly cooperated with his onetime foes and gave up the names of a dozen Al Qaeda operatives. The CIA had been granted dispensation to use such interrogation methods as simulated drowning, sleep deprivation and



extreme temperatures, but these were unnecessary. KSM preferred to be questioned by Americans and not by Jordanians, Saudis or Egyptians—all known for their harsh interrogation methods. Of course, a man with such an ego would also be quick to explain his accomplishments to his captors.

In exchange for a consideration or small favor—a plate of dates, perhaps—KSM talks with his CIA questioners. His circle of contacts is kept small so that he relies on his captors and feels comfortable with them. Even the congressional 9/11 commission investigators were not permitted to speak with him, though they had access to a number of his interrogation reports. The time and duration of the questioning varies, to keep him from anticipating questions and preparing answers. He is awakened at the proper time each day so he can pray to Allah.

I've never met the man, but I've spoken with many who have—people who



IMAGES OF A FANATIC

1. KHALID SHEIKH MOHAMMED, seen here in a photograph posted on the FBI's most-wanted list, represents a new breed of terrorist capable of moving between cultures. **2. KSM** attended engineering classes in **MCNAIR HALL** on the campus of North Carolina A&T, from which he graduated in 1986. **3.** The experience of living among disenfranchised immigrants in **FAHAHEEL**, an oil town outside Kuwait City, radicalized the young KSM. **4.** This image of *Wall Street Journal* reporter **DANIEL PEARL** was e-mailed to the media on January 30, 2002. Pearl was murdered by KSM in Pakistan.

were closely involved with him inside and outside the international intelligence community. What follows comes from a variety of sources both public and private. Some information will be familiar to readers of *The 9/11 Commission Report*. Yet a great deal of it has never before been made public. As a counterterrorism analyst, I've had access to privileged information in preparing this article. This is the most comprehensive portrait to date of the most brilliant and cunning terrorist the world has ever seen.



Khalid Sheikh Mohammed's arrest on March 1, 2003 was a devastating blow to Al Qaeda. Because he was so expert at changing identities and so thorough in his security, his capture came as a surprise. Intelligence agencies have identified at least 50 aliases that KSM used. He had fraudulently obtained passports from Sudan, Saudi Arabia and Pakistan. For years he eluded international security, intelligence and law enforcement agencies. He traveled the world, organizing the most diverse terrorist network ever assembled. "No one," concludes *The 9/11 Commission Report*, "exemplifies the model of the terrorist entrepreneur more clearly than Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, the principal architect of the 9/11 attacks."

As head of Al Qaeda's military and operations committees, he was the third-highest-ranking member, behind Osama bin Laden and Ayman al Zawahiri—both of whom are supposedly hiding in the lawless tribal lands of Pakistan. Al Qaeda became a notorious organization because of KSM. Without him it would never have been able to strike the U.S. mainland. Neither Mullah Omar, former Taliban leader of Afghanistan, nor Bin Laden could have planned and executed such an attack. (Contrary to press reports, Bin Laden has never traveled beyond the Arabian Peninsula, the Horn of Africa, the Balkans, Pakistan and Afghanistan.)

KSM is a postmodern terrorist—a man with multiple faces and identities—whose theology is subordinate to technology and whose pragmatism trumps his puritanism. Physically unimposing at five-foot-six, he nevertheless hatched an extraordinary range of terrorist schemes, from crashing fuel trucks into gas stations to poisoning reservoirs. He was the linchpin of Al Qaeda, its ringmaster, its organizational locus. He was involved in the bombing of the *USS Cole* and in financing the nightclub bombings in Bali. Known as al Nukt

or Mukhtar (Arabic for "the Brain," an honorific Bin Laden bestowed on him), he is the only man connected with Al Qaeda whom intelligence sources have described as a genius, a terrorist genius.

Fluent in Arabic and Urdu, KSM also speaks flawless English. His facility with languages allowed him to be taken for an Asian, Arab or American Muslim. "If I didn't know who he was," one person who has met him told me, "I wouldn't have been able to guess his origins. He could pass easily for an Arab, a Pakistani or an Iranian."

KSM is an engineer, not a theologian. He used to watch TV news and listen to radio reports but didn't seem especially interested in religion or politics. "He never struck me as a man of Allah," I was told by one person who had met him before his capture. "He struck me more as a man of action." From the time he got up in the morning until he went to bed, he worked. His only pleasure was work. "He would sit in a corner with his mobile phones and text-message people," says a person who had seen him working. "He would handle three or four mobile phones at the same time."

KSM would regularly break his routine, vary his schedule and change his plans, trusting no one with personal or organizational details. He communicated via couriers, using an array of identities. His secrecy kept intelligence agencies from recognizing his role in various 1990s terrorist operations. The U.S. government took months to recognize his full involvement in the 9/11 attacks. After his March 2002 arrest, Abu Zubaydah, Al Qaeda's operational director, told American interrogators of KSM's importance, but the Americans didn't fully believe Zubaydah until the arrest of Ramzi Binalshibh, the logistics coordinator of 9/11. Many Western intelligence agencies belittled KSM's significance. Nearly everyone underestimated his ability to plan and execute low-cost but effective operations.



Born Khalid al Sheikh Mohammed Ali Dustin al Blushi on April 14, 1965 in Ahmadi, Kuwait, KSM grew up in nearby Fahaheel, a grimy town between Kuwait City and the petrochemical complex near the supertanker port. Built by British oil companies in the 1950s, the town has more recently been inhabited by oil workers from Egypt and Pakistan. KSM's family came from Baluchistan, a desert region in southwestern Pakistan. Being born (continued on page 162)



"It'll work out tonight. She has no pants on."

TIFFANY FALLON IS PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 2005



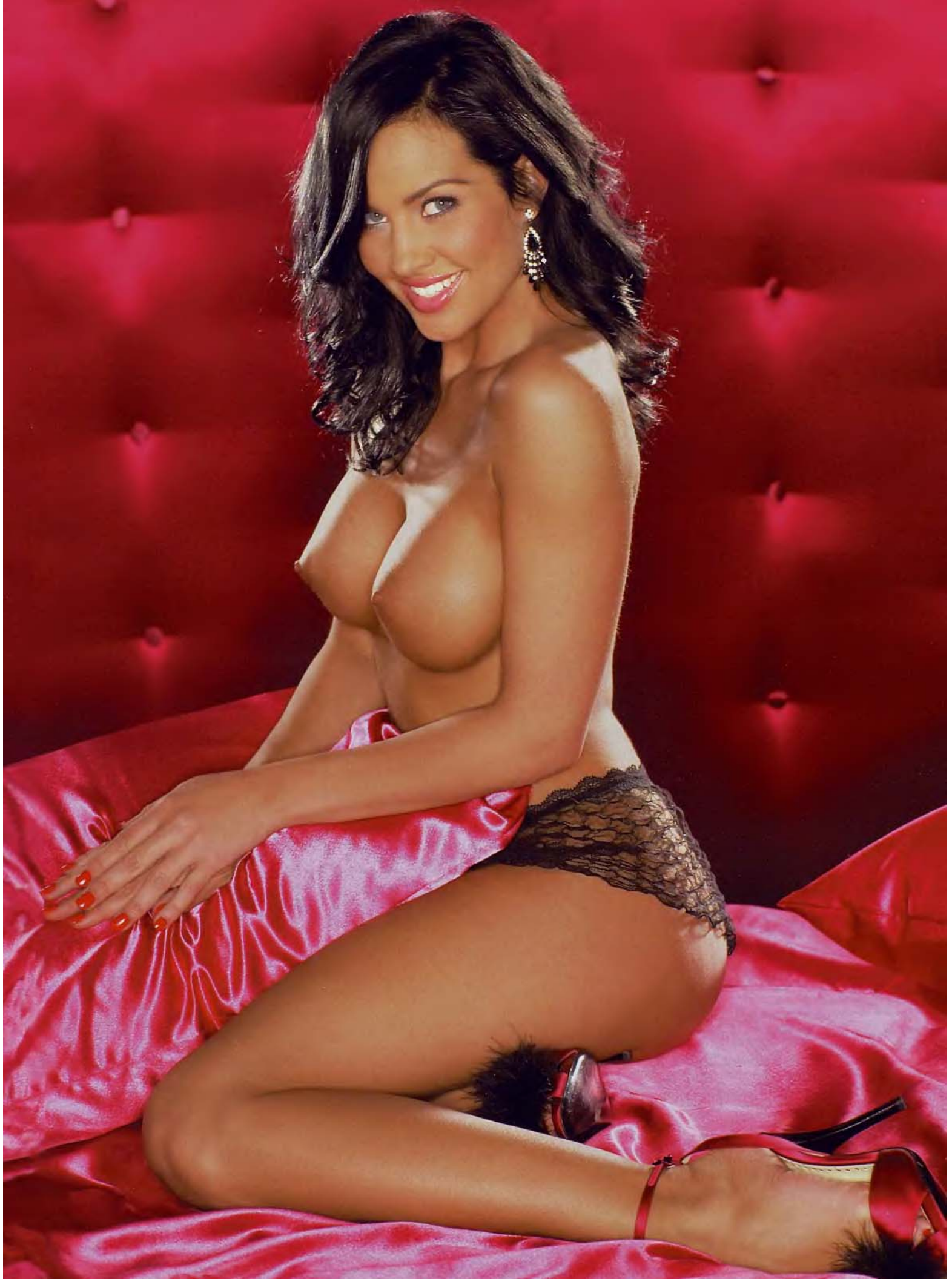
Nashville's finest was your
overwhelming choice

With her raven-black hair, electric blue eyes and racecourse curves, Tiffany Fallon is a modern version of the classic pinup. Now, thanks to your overwhelming support, she is also Playmate of the Year 2005. Fresh off the plane from her home in Nashville, she is warm and even bubbly as she describes how her life has changed—or hasn't changed—since she became a Playmate. "I like to stay grounded," she says. "I've found that if you kill people with genuine kindness, you're going to get more results. I try to bring that approach to L.A. and my work. I love going out to parties, but I also like the quality of life in Nashville. When I'm home, I'm square."

Square perhaps, but hardly boxy. Tiffany plays up a

sexpot image on the Spike TV sketch comedy series *The Lance Krall Show*. "I've played a cheesy porn star, an evil schoolgirl and an oversexed secretary—it's always over-the-top," she says. "In some ways it fulfills one of my early ambitions, to be a Bond girl." In real life Tiffany has other roles—among them, ardent football fan. "I grew up a Miami Dolphins fan, and later I cheered for the Falcons," she says. This year she was able to combine that love with another role, roving ambassador for PLAYBOY, when she got to represent the magazine at the Super Bowl. "It's just one of the great things we can do as Playmates," she says. Tiffany is particularly pleased to belong to the class of 2004: "We're like a family or a sorority. I'm happy to represent all the girls as Playmate of the Year."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA













See Tiffany's original Playmate pictorial at cyber.playboy.com.

"When I'm home, I'm square. But I also
enjoy being able to show the glamour that comes
with being Playmate of the Year."



into the drink

The sun's hot.
So is your girl.
Just add the
perfect summer
cocktail for a
round of after-
noon delight

I arrived at the bar at Maui's Kapalua Bay Hotel an hour behind schedule, having spent the morning on a dive trip. Surveying the grassy knoll that rolls out from the row of bar stools and slices into the sea, I saw a woman lying on a beach chair in a black bikini, looking about as hot as the Polynesian sun hanging over my shoulder. She had sunglasses on and a drink in her hand, and there was an empty chair next to hers. I walked over.

"Come here often?" I asked.

"You're late," she said.

"You know how it is."

"You've got to try this drink," she said. "It's amazing."

I waved at the bartender, pointed at the woman's glass and flashed two fingers. A minute later I was sipping the finest cocktail I've ever had—the hotel's mai tai. Granted, I was on my honeymoon, so you might argue that I am biased. But I've made this drink myself a dozen times now, and it has never failed. The environment is as important as the ingredients. It wasn't just the flavor that caught me off guard that day. It was the kind of repose that is particular to a reclining chair, a perfect sipper, a warm sun and the right girl.

Since that time I've spent countless sunny afternoons re-creating that sensation, keeping it fresh with a variety of summer drinks. When you're poolside or on a beach, you need a cocktail that can multitask. It's all about the mix. You've got the liquor, which delivers the *joie de vivre*; the mixer, which keeps the jelly lining your brain from drying up on you; and the ice, which makes the world go around post-Memorial Day. The following menu represents the drinks I've poured on the finest summer days I can remember—my greatest-hits collection. The list features little-known classics, some new twists and one staple everyone gets wrong. I've included the backstory on each drink. Knowing the juice on the cocktail you serve is like matching a great suit with a fine alligator belt and shoes. Anyone can pull something off the rack, but the guy who puts

thought into the presentation is the one who gets the girl. Already got a girl? Trust us, you can get her again and again.

Kapalua Mai Tai ▶

Many bartenders have claimed responsibility for the mai tai. "This aggravates my ulcer completely," the real father, "Trader" Vic Bergeron, once said. Fact is, it doesn't matter anymore, since today's mai tais are different everywhere you order them and almost never resemble the original: gold rum, lime juice, orange curaçao, rock candy syrup and French orgeat. I tasted this revision at the Kapalua Bay Hotel in Maui. (They've since changed the recipe to something completely different for some ungodly reason, but this is the gem I remember.)

1 ounce gold rum

1 ounce dark rum (such as Gosling's or Myers's)

½ ounce Bacardi 151

Fresh pulpy pineapple juice

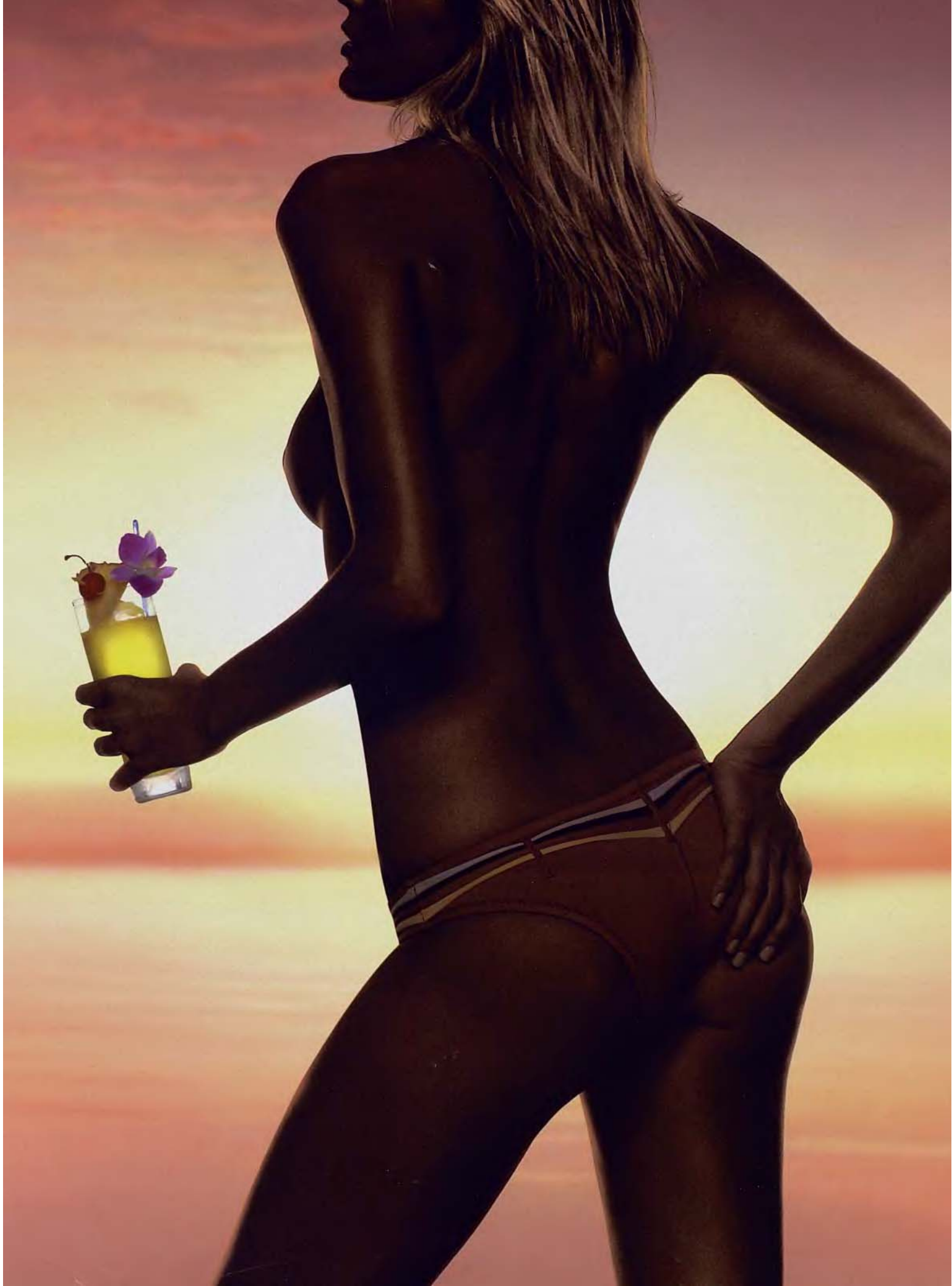
Stick a peeled, cored ripe pineapple into a blender for 30 seconds. Fill a highball glass to the top with cracked ice, pour in all the rum, then top off with the juice. If you're hungry, throw in a chunk of fresh pineapple.

• Blood and Sand

This elegant scotch-based number is likely named after the 1922 bullfight-

ing movie starring Rudolph Valentino. The drink's color is that of sand when blood is spilled on it. No need for any experiments at the beach—you can take our word for it. Use a light blended scotch whiskey such as Dewar's or the Famous Grouse, and keep your eye





on the fuel tank. These babies go down really easy.

- ¾ ounce scotch
- ¾ ounce cherry liqueur
- ¾ ounce sweet vermouth
- ¾ ounce orange juice

Shake all the ingredients with cracked ice and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with a piece of orange peel.



•Eden

Julie Reiner, mixologist extraordinaire and co-owner of the Flatiron Lounge in Manhattan, knows a thing or two about sunny-day cocktails. She grew

up on Oahu, and she's best known for mixing liquor with exotic tropical ingredients. Her latest creation, now on the Flatiron's menu:

- 2 ounces Plymouth gin
- ½ ounce Campari
- 1 ounce fresh lemon juice
- ½ ounce rose syrup (available at specialty stores)

Shake all the ingredients with cracked ice, then dump into a double rocks glass full of cracked ice. Toss in a lemon twist and you're good to go.



•The Real Margarita

By some accounts, the margarita is the most popular cocktail in America (we'll put our money on the rum and Coke, but anyway...). Problem is, most bartenders don't know how to make it. What's with all the sour mix and polysorbate 80? The real recipe has

three simple ingredients:
2 ounces blanco tequila
1 ounce Cointreau
½ ounce fresh lime juice
Stir all the ingredients in a mixing glass and pour into a highball glass packed as high as possible with cracked ice. Garnish with a slice of lime, then "let it lie down" (as Sinatra used to say about his Jack rocks) so the ice waters down the booze. If the drink is too strong, hit it with a dash of agua.



•Moscow Mule

Vodka was introduced to American drinkers en masse in the late 1940s thanks to an entrepreneur named John Martin, who'd purchased a defunct Russian brand called Smirnoff for \$14,000. (He used profits he'd made selling a certain steak sauce called A.I.) Since few Americans had heard of vodka at the time, Martin needed a slogan ("Smirnoff White Whiskey—No Taste, No Smell") and a signature cocktail. This is what he came up with:

- 2 ounces vodka
 - 5 ounces ginger beer
- The original called for a copper mug, but a double rocks glass will do you fine. Fill it with ice, add the vodka, and top with ginger beer. Garnish with a lime wedge.



•Caipirinha

A delicious Brazilian export, the caipirinha is best sipped with tanned, wet-haired women wearing bikinis made of dental floss. The main ingredient, cachaça (kah-

SHAH-sah), is a Brazilian liquor distilled from sugarcane juice and similar to white rum.

- 2 ounces cachaça
- 1 ounce simple syrup (equal parts sugar and water, boiled and cooled)
- 1 lime, quartered

Muddle the lime pieces with a pestle in a mixing glass. Add the other ingredients with a large handful of cracked ice and stir. Pour into a chilled old-fashioned glass and you're halfway to Rio.



•Hemingway Daiquiri

You've got it all wrong about the daiquiri. Served the way it should be—very chilly and without Day-Glo—it's as classic as they come.

An American named Jennings Cox invented the drink in the 1890s and named it after the coastal town in Cuba near where he was living. The original features a shot of white rum, a teaspoon of sugar and the juice of half a lime. This

slight revision was Hemingway's favorite breakfast during the Havana years.

- 1 ounce white rum
 - ¼ ounce maraschino liqueur
 - ½ ounce grapefruit juice
 - ½ ounce simple syrup
 - ½ ounce fresh lime juice
- Shake the ingredients with cracked ice and strain into a chilled cocktail glass.



•Chartreuse Cocktail

This sweet-and-sour cousin of the margarita uses Chartreuse in place of Cointreau. Chartreuse is the only liqueur that has a color named after it. It's made by monks in the French Alps,

and though it has no alcohol burn, it's a stiff 110 proof. Beware: This drink can be a handful.

- 1½ ounces blanco tequila
 - 1 ounce green Chartreuse
 - ½ ounce fresh lime juice
- Mix as you would the margarita listed on this page. Use a rocks glass packed high with cracked ice and garnish with a thin slice of lime.

Music is the secret ingredient for any get-together. Burn the playlist below to add an extra kick to the cocktails here. It's 80 minutes of poolside bliss: horn fills, tropical beats and sunny samples to keep heads bobbing, sure to maintain your buzz without pumping things up to full-on party mode. That comes later.

playboy playlist

- "Una Musica Brutal," Gotan Project
- "Smoke on the Water," Señor Coconut
- "L'Eau à la Bouche," Serge Gainsbourg
- "Beatbox Cha Cha," Ursula 1000
- "Tijuana Taxi," Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass
- "Tres Delinquentes," Delinquent Habits
- "Right Now," Mocean Worker
- "Since I Left You," The Avalanches
- "Dy-Na-Mi-Tee," Ms. Dynamite
- "Save Me," Jem
- "Ladyflash," The Go! Team
- "Horehound," MF Doom
- "(Don't Worry) If There's a Hell Below...," Curtis Mayfield
- "Latino," Deep Throat Anthology
- "1976," RJD2
- "Nice With It," Northern State
- "Galang," M.I.A.
- "Cha Ching (Cheq 1, 2 Remix)," Lady Sovereign
- "Too Tough to Die," Martina Topley-Bird
- "Bossa Moon," S.S. Binns
- "Black Lead," Death in Vegas
- "Fish Eye," Ming + FS



"A penny for your thoughts...!"

Olivia

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE

STAR WARS

GALAXY

A COMPENDIUM OF LORE, TRIVIA AND OFF-THE-WALL INFO ABOUT THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT, CULTURAL AND REVENUE-GENERATING FORCE SINCE SHAKESPEARE

BY SCOTT ALEXANDER AND JOSH ROBERTSON

The 2002 movie *Reign of Fire* depicts a time in the near future when gigantic fire-breathing dragons have conquered the world and the few human survivors struggle to stay alive. In one scene a couple of adults, bereft of modern entertainments, seek to amuse the children by reenacting *Star Wars*.

It is a smart choice. The *Star Wars* saga has entertained hundreds of millions, rewritten the way Hollywood makes movies and generated billions of dollars. More important, it has become a modern myth, a tale that will be as emblematic of our era as *Hamlet* was of Shakespeare's. With the release of *Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith*, George Lucas completes his labors. Here, as a kind of tribute, we share this trove of information that all *Star Wars* fans, casual or zealous, really ought to know.

THE MAN

Lucas is many things—enfant terrible, drag racer, überdork, USC film school graduate, shaper of modern myths, launcher of a thousand Gungan raiding parties, audiophile, FXophile, Francis Ford Coppola familiar, Steven Spielberg producer, Hollywood outsider, Thalberg award winner, renegade, dreamer, entrepreneur—but he is not

a great director. In artistic terms he isn't in the same league with Coppola, Spielberg, Scorsese or any of the giants of his generation, but in cultural currency he has surpassed them all. Without Lucas there is no Harrison Ford, no Darth Vader, no *American Graffiti*, no Pixar, no *Jurassic Park* dinosaurs, no exploding Death Star. The opposite of most directors, Lucas values background more than foreground, texture more than taste. The operative lesson here: If you can convince people they're on another planet, they'll listen to what you have to say if they think you can get them a ride home.

HIS CREATION

The *Star Wars* saga is a six-part movie serial whose final installment (the third in the cycle) appears this month. Over the years the films have grossed \$3.4 billion, and the revenue from ancillary products has reached \$9 billion. Lucas's personal fortune has been estimated at \$3 billion,

good for 194th place among the *Forbes* 400.

IN THE BEGINNING

Lucas's original text-cum-sketch of what he then called "The Star Wars" involved two Jedi—Luke Skywalker and Annikin Starkiller—who help rebel princess Leia of Aquilae escape Darth Vader with the aid of their "lazer-swords." In reading this crazy blenderized version of themes, characters and places from what would become the *Star Wars* saga, we see the series's roots in the flamboyant Saturday-matinee science-fiction tradition.

THE KEY INFLUENCE

Joseph Campbell was a master of comparative mythology who explored common elements of the myths held by cultures across the globe.

These components, discussed in Campbell's 1949 book *The Hero With a Thousand Faces*, heavily affected Lucas's conception of the *Star Wars* story.





Among the key elements: the call to adventure (Leia's message to Obi-Wan), supernatural aid (the Force, Obi-Wan), temptation away from the true path (the dark side), the meeting with the goddess (Leia) and atonement with the father (Anakin and Luke's reunion).

MULTICULTI SPICE

Lucas also borrowed heavily from Asian myth in his construction of the Jedi order, with particular analogues to samurai culture in the master-apprentice relationship, the importance of mental discipline, nonviolent warriors, an emphasis on swordplay and an all-pervading mystic force that can be accessed through intense training.

THE DARK SIDE

Okay. We have universal myth and bushido influences. What's missing? How about Nazi imagery? Consider how the high-collared gray uniforms worn by Imperial officers resemble those of the SS. Note how the flared bottom edge of Vader's helmet resembles the Wehrmacht's distinctive headgear. Geez, the term *storm trooper* itself comes from *Sturmtruppen*, as members of the Nazi militia *Sturmabteilung* (storm division), or SA, were called. Even the good guys find themselves touched by a Nazi: *Episode IV's* final scene, the ceremony in which Luke and Han are honored for their heroics, uncomfortably recalls some of the Nuremberg rally footage in Leni Riefenstahl's 1935 Nazi propaganda film *Triumph of the Will*.

BUT WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

At the climax of *The Empire Strikes Back* Vader utters the line that connects the lasers and Wookiees to living rooms around the world: "I am your father." Once Vader (*father* in Dutch, by the way) gurgles this shocking revelation, the saga is exposed as a traditional father-son generation-gap story. Vader wants Luke to join the family business. Luke refuses to sacrifice his youthful idealistic values ("I'll never join you!"). Vader is frustrated with Luke's inability to understand that Death Stars, TIE fighters and fawning minions all cost money and that you can't support a family, let alone an

empire, on what you're paid to be a monastic hippie space cop. For his part, Luke's rejection masks his anger that Vader never dropped by with offers to rule the galaxy when Luke was lubing droids on Tatooine. Then Luke tries to kill Vader. Is Dr. Freud in the house?

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

The key to the original movie's success resided in Alec Guinness's restrained, nuanced performance. His mere presence brought this juvenile science-fiction film credibility. After all, what's more credible than a British Oscar winner? And his performance infused the story with an underlying seriousness. With the pups around him doing dinner theater, Guinness played Chekhov, breathing subtlety, sadness and grace into his portrayal of an aging remnant of a dying order. His surprising death gave the film sudden depth, yet Lucas reportedly claims he killed off Obi-Wan only because there was nothing for him to do in the second half.

UNSUNG HEROES

For a generation raised on *Sesame Street*, the obvious puppetry at work in the first three films was nothing new. Sure, Yoda's bobbing gait is very Kermit the Frog, and Jabba's pal Salacious Crumb flaps about like a forgotten cousin from *Emmet Otter's Jug Band Christmas*. But in retrospect it's clear these foam rubber creations (brought to life by many of the same people who performed the Muppets) provided a volume and texture sadly missing in *The Phantom Menace* and *Attack of the Clones*, in which Lucas opted for the computer-generated imaging of the day.

SUNG HERO

John Williams's theme for the original film is at once stirring, uplifting, hummable and campy. It proved so durable, it has survived middle-school orchestra concerts, a disco version and Bill Murray's immortal lyricization on *Saturday Night Live* ("Star wars/ Nothin' but Star wars...").

ATTENTION TO DETAIL

The breadth of Lucas's imagination is astonishing; the depth seems to suggest a neurosis that psychology has yet to name. In the series's various group scenes Lucas actually took pains to name the many background figures who have few or no lines. So let's raise a glass to Yrael Poof, Plo Koon and Sae-see Tiin (members of *Episode I's* Jedi Council); to Shu Mai, Po Nudo and Passel Argente (*Episode II's* separatist leaders); to Ponda Baba (Walrus Man), Momaw Nadon (Hammerhead), and Dr. Evazan (all cantina creeps in *Episode IV*); to 4-LOM, Dengar and Zuckuss (*Episode V's* also-ran bounty hunters); and to Droopy McCool and Max Rebo (Jabba's entourage in *Episode VI*). Guys, without you, the *Star Wars* saga would just be *Daddy Dearest* with lasers.

WHERE'D HE THINK THIS STUFF UP?

Does Yoda look like the great journalist and historian Theodore H. White, or what?

REVISIONIST THINKING

Luke seems just as intrepid as he did on first viewing, and Han just as dashing. For some reason, though, what now stands out about Leia is how much of a ballbuster she is. It's one thing to hail the nefarious Governor Tarkin by saying, "I recognized your foul stench when I was brought on board." But why is she so cranky with Han? "Why, you stuck-up, half-witted, scruffy-looking nerf herder," she says. She's harsh when he (correctly) suggests she's attracted to him ("Captain, being held by you isn't quite enough to get me excited"), when he suggests a smooch ("I'd just as soon kiss a Wookiee") and when he (absolutely correctly) suggests she loves him ("I don't know where you get your delusions, laser brain"). Han looks happy to be going off with her at the end of *Return of the Jedi*, but after a decade or so of wedded bliss she'll have worn him down to a nub.





IS THAT A SPROCKET IN YOUR POCKET, OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?



INTERESTING KINK

The budding romance between Luke and Leia in *Episode IV* and *Episode V* provided many young filmgoers with their introduction to the subject of incest.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Reading for a role in *Star Wars* seems to have been a rite of passage for actors of the era. Competition was stiff. But for a wiggle in the Force, Luke might have been Robby Benson (*Ice Castles*), William Katt (*The Greatest American Hero*) or Andrew Stevens (*The Bastard*). Leia could have been Cindy Williams, Amy Irving or Berlin lead singer Terri Nunn. And Han might have been Kurt Russell, Frederic Forrest (Chef from *Apocalypse Now*) or Perry King, who ended up playing Han on the radio.

AN EVEN NEARER MISS

Editing, man—it's a bitch. Young British actress Koo Stark might have hoped great things would come from her days spent on the set in Tunisia, playing Camie, a friend of Luke's who calls him Wormie. But Lucas left Camie on the cutting-room floor, and Stark was left to find fame via other avenues—performing in super-soft-core movies, then dating Prince Andrew.

That combo finally, if briefly, got her name in the headlines.

BUT WOULD IT HAVE MATTERED?

Harrison Ford, of course, achieved stardom. The others? Mark Hamill has become a voice-over actor. Carrie Fisher writes semiautobiographical novels and gets cameos in movies that need the boost only a Carrie Fisher cameo can provide. Billy Dee Williams pitched malt liquor. Even Lucas fizzled, making *Howard the Duck* and abandoning directing until he revived the franchise. One theory is that Ford won everyone else's career in a poker game. But how do you account for his past six films?

CAN YOU GO HOME AGAIN?

After a 16-year gap Lucas resumed the *Star Wars* saga in 1999. Although the two films that followed did well, he may have waited too long. The new movies suffer from a certain solemnity and CGI coldness. Worse, Lucas siphoned the poetry from the concept at the heart of his universe. Instead of leaving the Force as an inchoate mystery, Lucas got all CSI: *Tatooine* and revealed that there are tiny creatures called midi-chlorians that live in our blood. The more you have, the more magic you can perform. In Jungian terms, he turned the Force from a symbol (an archetypal expression that can mean many things to many people) into a sign (a closely defined concept). It was better when we didn't think the Jedi had some form of galactic scabies.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT

Undoubtedly the most egregious, exploitative and obscure *Star Wars* entertainment is 1978's *Star Wars Holiday Special*. In it Han tries to get Chewie home for the queasily saccharine Life Day, but that's irrelevant. The point is that this youth-oriented smash film was turned into an exhausted 1970s variety show featuring such warhorses as Beatrice Arthur and Harvey Korman. The low point? Five minutes of Wookiee-to-Wookiee dialogue—without subtitles.

FANS WAIT...

The saga has inspired many people to lay their life on the line, literally. Devotees have camped out for months for tickets to early screenings. Jeff Tweiten of Seattle has been waiting since January 1 for the opening of *Revenge of the*



Sith. And yes, he's blogging it (at waitingforstarwars.blogspot.com).

CREATE...

The saga has spawned a film festival's worth of fan tribute movies. Among the best is one of the first, Kevin Rubio's 1997 *Troops*, a Cops-style ride-along with storm troopers on Tatooine. Luke's Uncle Owen and Aunt Beru, it turns out, are prone to domestic violence, particularly when she drinks. See these films at theforce.net/fanfilms.

...AND ACCUMULATE

Star Wars, the film series: big. *Star Wars*, the licensing deal: phenomenal. Inevitably, however, scarcities emerge. The original rarity is Blue Snaggletooth, the action figure for a minor character in the cantina scene. The Kenner toy company sculpted it with only a head shot for

(concluded on page 162)



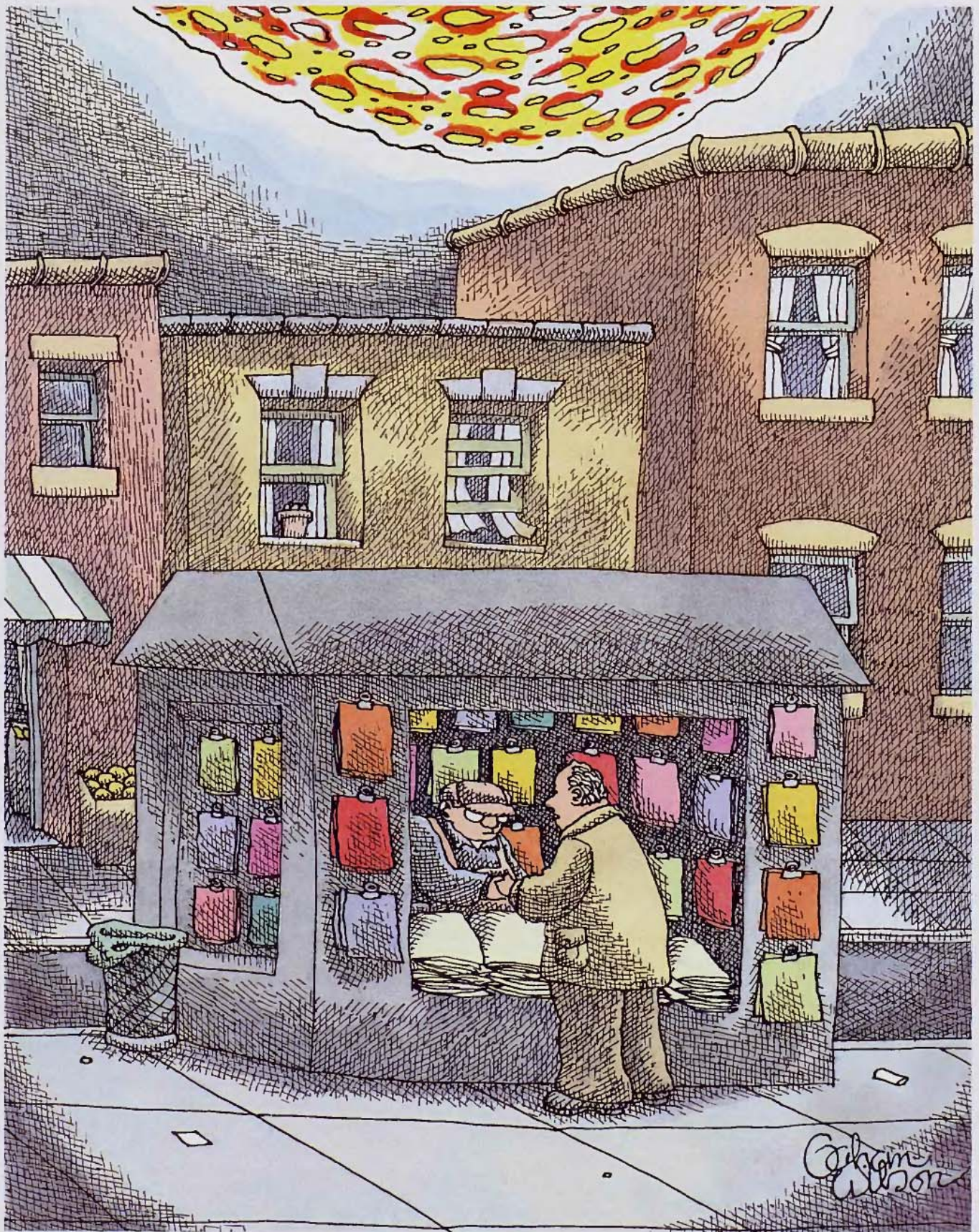
DARTH MAUL VS DARTH VADER

¿Quien es mas macho?

DM	CATEGORY	DV
	Costume	✓
✓	Makeup	
✓	Sex appeal	
	Remote choking	✓
✓	Athletic ability	
	Force ability	✓
	Evil quotient	✓
✓	Loyalty to master	
	Not being cut in two	✓

5 TO 4. VADER ES MAS MACHO.





"Anything new on that meteor?"





SUBURBAN JIGSAW

LUCILLE WANTS PAVEL AND PAVEL WANTS LILY AND
LILY WANTS EVERYONE.
SOME NEIGHBORHOOD

FICTION BY
ROBERT COOVER

Lucille is obsessed with love's great mystery. When she and Larry first moved to this pretty neighborhood, her notion of love was inextricably tied up with marriage and family. Larry, whose business career had taken off when he cornered the market on disposable wearables, was feeling ecstatically full of himself (Top of the world, Ma! he liked to exclaim, rearing high above her when about to have his orgasm, which was always a thrilling moment for her as well and brought on an orgasm of her own, or something like one), and their lovemaking was delightfully spontaneous and lighthearted. One of the products he had in his portfolio was candy panties, of which he was sent samples, and not only did he like to eat them off her, he also wore them (he was so cute in those thin little things!) and let her do the same. They tasted like cotton candy, and licking them off seemed both very sophisticated and like being a child again at the circus. They simply had fun and, almost as an afterthought, had children, whom they also loved, and she thought this was how it would be until they got old and loved each other in another, quieter way and devoted themselves to their grandchildren.

But then she met Pavel the handyman. He came to clean out their gutters, and he quite bluntly, and quite excitingly, said he'd like to clean out hers. She became flustered and resisted—this would not do at all—but the next thing she knew, she was into something quite different from anything she had ever experienced before. She doesn't even know if she should still call it love. It is certainly full of passion and desire and is incredibly erotic, but there's not much of simple fun or tenderness in it. It's closer to the bone than that, an expression that, when she used it, made Pavel laugh. Pavel calls what they do *fucking*, a word she has never used before, not out loud, but that's just what it is, something that brings out the animal in her, overriding mind and heart. And conscience. And good taste. Vulgar, yes, it is. Though she knows it is wrong and dangerous and has tried to stop it, she can't. He feels like a giant in her; whichever way he takes her, he completely fills her up, and now she knows what an orgasm really is, and she suffers from an insatiable desire for more and more. Pavel teases her about this as she invents job after job for him to do, and

he often takes off his pants while he does the jobs and makes her wait and wait, staring at his big hammer, as he calls it, and his strong, handsome bottom while he changes a washer or paints a patch of ceiling or gets down on his hands and knees to rewire a wall plug.

This mad obsession with the handyman has caused a great deal of turmoil and remorse in Lucille, for she loves Larry and the little family they have made together and she knows he is true to her and worth all the Pavels in the world and she really doesn't want to hurt him, while at the same time the fun they were having in bed together isn't really all that much fun anymore. She is talking about this in a somewhat coded way (she pretends to be talking about a book she has read) one afternoon in the local bookstore coffee lounge with her young friend Rick from the neighborhood literary society, a gentle fellow who works in the bookstore and writes poems about the sadness of life for the Sunday supplement of the city newspaper. He reminds her of several books they have read together in the literary society, which celebrate love in all its varieties, from the merely physical to the most pure and transcendent, and he gets down a copy of *Madame Bovary* and reads a passage from it to her, and while he is doing that he takes her hands in his and interrupts his reading to tell her he adores her, he has since the moment he saw her when she first came to one of their Tuesday-night meetings, when they were discussing *Women in Love*. When I saw you, it was like a miracle, he says. And so, well, something else gets started, and again it is something quite different.

Lucille's husband, Larry, is also suffering pangs of turmoil and guilt, though they don't show on his face because he is by nature such a happy fellow. Larry's success in life, as in business, has been due to his singular focus, which was how he made his fortune on disposable wearables. When Larry sets his mind on something, he sticks to it and stays by it, and that includes his relationship with Lucille, who is his sexy, loving helpmeet and the mother of his children. He knows that such lifelong relationships risk being stifled by routine, so he works hard at enlivening theirs with novelty and romantic surprise. But Larry is also a kind and generous man touched by the pain and sorrow of others, so when their neighbor Opal, a demure widow living alone since the tragic highway death of her husband (the perils of commuting!), asked him for help in opening a stuck window in her bedroom and then fell into his arms sobbing, he felt somehow humanly obliged to help her alleviate her terrible loneliness. After all, what did it cost him? Another disposable. And she was so profoundly grateful, weeping afterward like a happy child and holding him tight and saying he was the loveliest man she had ever known. She has often had things that needed fixing since then, and Larry has found much gratification in being of service to a fellow being in need, but

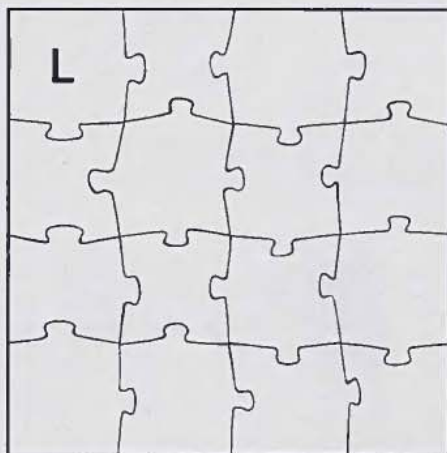
also a certain anguish. He is not a man who keeps secrets well and fears for the moment when dear, faithful Lucille finds out. Already he is practicing what he might say to her should that happen.

Victor, who lives on the other side of the widow's house with his little homebody wife, Evelyn, has fewer scruples. When the widow asked him for help with a stuck window, he didn't even bother to take his tools with him, other than the one he knew she really wanted. She was passionate and tender and grateful, if somewhat straitlaced (there are many things she hasn't done and won't do), but it was better than fucking a prostitute, which, since he moved here at his boss's urging (a good place to raise children, he said with a smirk around his bobbing cigar), has been his usual fare, other than Evelyn, who seems to get little pleasure out of it and gives little. Victor, though frustrated by the widow's entrenched naivete, is also grateful and takes what she

offers him, treating her like the proper lady she is. Victor is a top-rank insurance salesman who has known many women in his day, though he has found himself somewhat cut off from the action in this neighborhood, so he is glad that at least the widow is available, and when he hasn't been sent off traveling by his boss, which is all too often these days, he visits her at least once a week to unstuck her windows. At one point Victor met with his boss to ask about cutting back on the travel—it was taking the starch out of him, and he wasn't seeing enough of his kids—but his boss said he was doing a great job, raised his pay and sent him out on the road again. Victor knows there's a lot going on out here in the suburbs, there always is, these places are made for it, just a matter of getting your tab in the right hole, but he and Evelyn are apparently living on the wrong street. His boss is a

generous guy to work for, but he is a fat, ugly old fart reduced to fucking whores (he passed a phone number on to Victor) and no longer appreciates the subtler things in life. Victor keeps his eye on the housing ads and stays in touch by phone with Homer, a local real-estate agent with the style of a fagged-out undertaker. Victor has told him what he's looking for, but the dismal creep never seems to get the picture.

He is a creep, but Irene is attracted to horny, melancholic losers like Homer as long as they are not married (married guys are pushovers but always have the same irritating hang-ups); they are fun to seduce, and because they have no will of their own they are usually ready to play any game she proposes. For Irene love is exciting only when it's theatrical and transgressive. Her unsuspecting lovers are really supporting actors in a licentious drama of sexual outlawry starring Irene. Sometimes quite literally: She has videocams mounted in her bedroom, where there is only a big black mat on the floor, and she has hired professional (continued on page 151)



Embedded in this story are clues to a puzzle. Each character fills a piece of the jigsaw; their relationships and personalities define their position. The illustration on the previous two pages provides a key, and we've spotted you the first letter of the first character's name. Fill in all pieces, then read the acrostic. Hint: The answer is not necessarily read left to right.



*"I must confess I found it more exciting when you were at your window
watching me with my husband."*



A warm and sunny Miss June brightens the Sunshine State

PRINCESS MONACO



Since Kara Monaco appeared last August in our *Women Behind Bars* pictorial featuring sexy bartenders, guys wandering near her watering hole in Orlando, Florida have been unusually thirsty. "People come in every night wanting me to sign something for them," she says. "The owners loved it, and while I thought it was sweet, it got a little overwhelming." Kara, who describes herself as "a bit shy and reserved until you get to know me," found a way to deflect some of the attention. "I have a co-worker who looks enough like me that people think we're sisters," she says. "At one point, when someone came in and asked, 'Are you Kara from PLAYBOY?' I said, 'Oh no, she's right over there.' She got to play my body double. It was funny."

Such shyness, however, is seldom more than a temporary condition with Kara. Though the petite 22-year-old starts out quiet, her emerald eyes light up before long, and her friendly laugh turns into an exuberant cackle. This is especially true once you get her going about life in the Sunshine State. Tourists, she says, are easy to spot "because they're always sunburned"—a detail she first noticed while fulfilling a tour of duty working in Mickey Mouse's playground. "I dressed as seven different characters, including Cinderella, Snow

White, Alice in Wonderland and the Little Mermaid," she says proudly. Kara also danced in the Disney World parades, a not unexpected distinction on a résumé that includes years of dancing and gymnastics and a stint coaching a competitive dance team. "It was a jazz-funk, hip-hop kind of thing," she says. "That's what I do best."

One thing you won't find Miss June doing much is hanging out in bars after work. "After being in that environment all day I'm done with partying," she says. "I love going to Miami, where these pictures were taken, but the city is a little crazy for my taste. I'm more of a homebody now."

A homebody but not boring. Kara never lets her relationships become routine and predictable. "Being spontaneous always helps," she says. "Surprise your significant other by making dinner or preparing a bubble bath for both of you. I try to keep things spicy." So when this bartender is finished pouring shots at work, does she then call the shots in her relationships? "I'm in charge, but I make him think he is," she says with a sly grin. "The one thing I won't tolerate is cheating. I warn guys I date that they get one chance with me, and if they cheat it's over. I've never cheated on anyone, and I want the same respect."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND JARMO POHJANIEMI



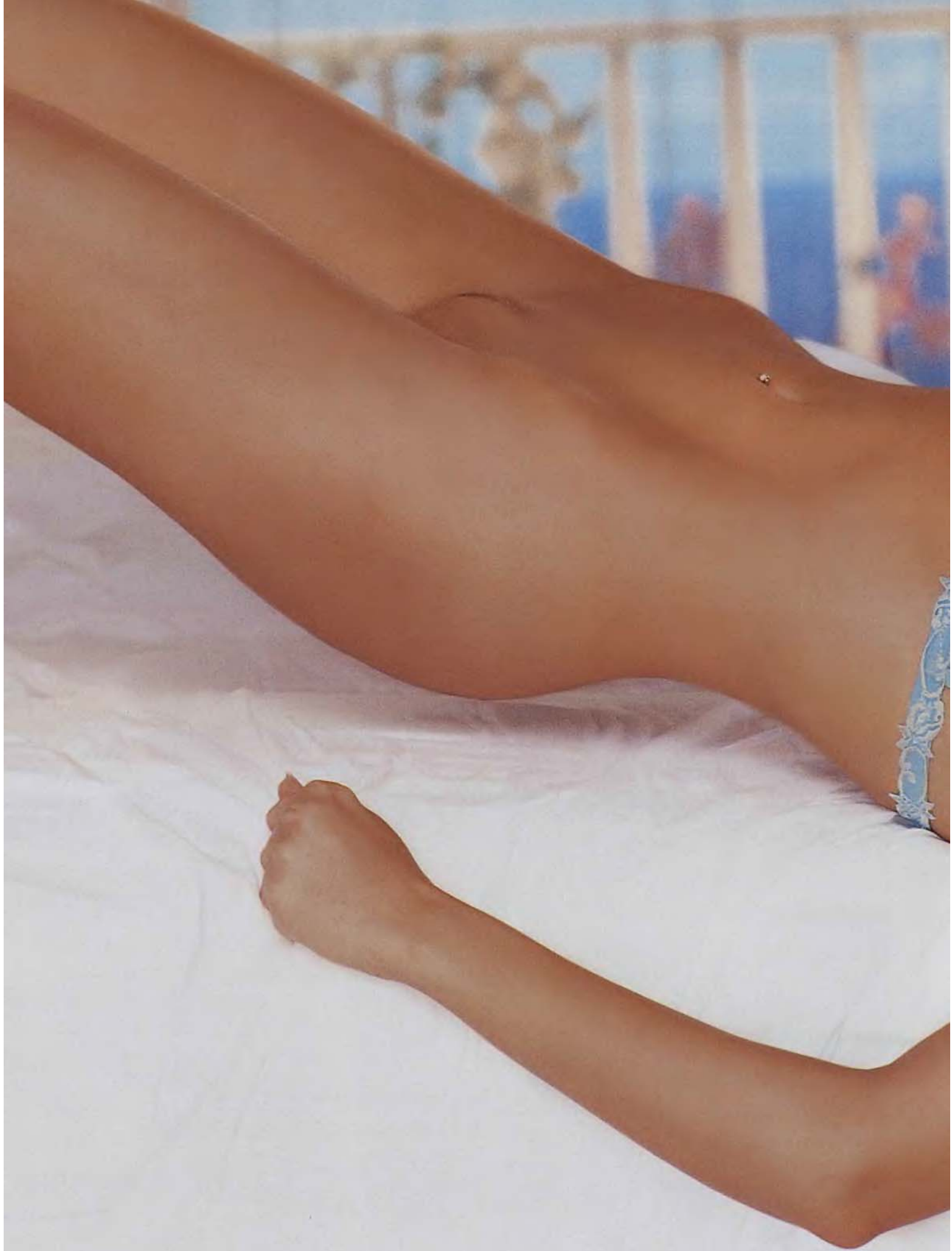
This summer Kara wants to learn how to wakeboard, a sport that will separate her from her constant companion, Chloe, a teacup Chihuahua she carries everywhere in a pooch purse. Their relationship is very L.A.—a city to which the aspiring actress is thinking of moving. “I’ve set goals, and I hope within five years I’ll be doing something actingwise, whether it’s a film or a TV show,” she says. “I would love to do something totally opposite from myself that even downplays my looks, like Charlize Theron’s role in *Monster*.” Her five-year plan is hardly a deadline, however. “I don’t think I would give up after a certain amount of time,” she says. “I’ll just keep trying.”

Kara is one of a number of Sunshine State sweeties who have become Playmates recently, including Miss May, Jamie Westenhiser. The two girls are actually friends who met on modeling assignments prior to appearing in *PLAYBOY*. Unlike Jamie, who wants to make her home in Florida, Kara has more wanderlust. “I might use some of my Playmate money to finance my trip west, after I visit somewhere I’ve never been before,” she says. “Right now I live with my mother, who raised my sister and me all by herself. I’m trying to convince her to move with me. She’s a personal hero and someone whose advice I take to heart. My mom has been very supportive. When I first asked her what she thought of my being in *PLAYBOY*, she kind of gave me a push and said, ‘Go for it.’ I always try to.”

Kara’s first nude photo shoot was for the *Girls of Summer Special Edition*. “At first my lips and whole body were shaking,” she says, “but everyone makes you feel at ease.” Kara then wet our whistle last August as one of America’s 10 sexiest bartenders. “There have been a lot of Playmates from Florida recently. We have a lot of pretty girls here.”











See more of Miss June at cyber.playboy.com.



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kora Tuck

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kara Monaco
 BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
 HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110
 BIRTH DATE: 02-26-83 BIRTHPLACE: Lakeland, FL.
 AMBITIONS: To become a successful
model/actress.
 TURN-ONS: Intelligence, a sense of humor,
someone tall, dark and handsome.
 TURNOFFS: Hairy guys! Cheaters! Jealousy
and possessiveness.
 PLACE I'D LIKE TO TRAVEL: Anywhere in Europe,
Japan, Hawaii, Australia & Tahiti.
 FAVORITE SPORTS: Surfing, wakeboarding,
snowboarding and basketball.
 WHAT I DRIVE/WISH I DROVE: A '99 BMW 328i/
Mercedes SL500.
 THE SEXIEST SCENE IN A MOVIE: Ethan Hawke &
Gwyneth Paltrow in Great Expectations.



My first job!
(14 yrs.)



Halloween
(20 yrs.)



First commercial!
(21 yrs.)



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man went to his doctor and said, "When I got up this morning I instinctively put on a pair of white gloves and called my wife Minnie. On the way to work I couldn't help singing, 'Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work I go.' And at the office I called my boss Grumpy. What's the matter with me?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the doctor said. "You're having Disney spells."

How do you know you're in a church that welcomes homosexuals?

Only half of the congregation kneels.



BLONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde decided to rent her first porno. She went to the video store and picked out a tape with a title that sounded sexy. She drove home, lit some candles, took off her clothes and placed the tape in the VCR. But nothing appeared on her screen except static. She called the video store and complained, "I just rented a porno from you, and there's nothing on the tape but static."

The clerk said, "Sorry about that. Which movie is it?"

The blonde replied, "Head Cleaner."

Two guys were hiking up a mountain when they came upon some people bungee jumping. One said to the other, "How about it?"

The other replied, "No way. I came into this world because of a broken rubber. I'm not leaving it the same way."

A mother took her young daughter to an art museum. They came across a statue of a naked man. The daughter pointed to its penis and asked, "What's that?"

The mother said, "That's something boys have and girls don't."

Her daughter said, "But I want one."

Wanting to end the conversation as quickly as possible, the mother said, "Well, if you're a good girl you'll have one when you grow up."

Her daughter asked, "And what if I'm bad?"

A security guard who overheard the conversation mumbled, "Then you'll have lots of them."

Hollywood executives are working on a new movie about Amelia Earhart's fatal ride over the Pacific. The working title is *Never Findingland*.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A young woman went to confession. She knelt before the priest and said, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

The priest said, "Tell me all your sins, my daughter."

She replied, "Last night my boyfriend made love to me seven times."

The priest thought for a moment, then said, "Take seven lemons and squeeze the juice into a tall glass. Then drink it."

She asked, "Will this cleanse my soul of my sins?"

"No," the priest said, "but it will wipe that smile off your face."

A new sexual position has been invented. It's called the Rodeo. A woman gets on all fours, and a man enters her from behind. Then the man wraps his arms around her waist. He whispers, "You've got the fattest ass I've ever seen," and tries to hold on for eight seconds.

What has 180 legs and no pubic hair?

The entire front row at an Ashlee Simpson concert.

A man walked into a sex shop and asked for a blow-up doll. The clerk asked, "Christian or Muslim?"

The man said, "What's the difference between the two?"

The clerk said, "The Muslim one blows herself up."



A Texas oil tycoon stormed into his lawyer's office and demanded that he immediately start divorce proceedings against his wife. He said, "I want to sue that adulterous bitch for breach of contract."

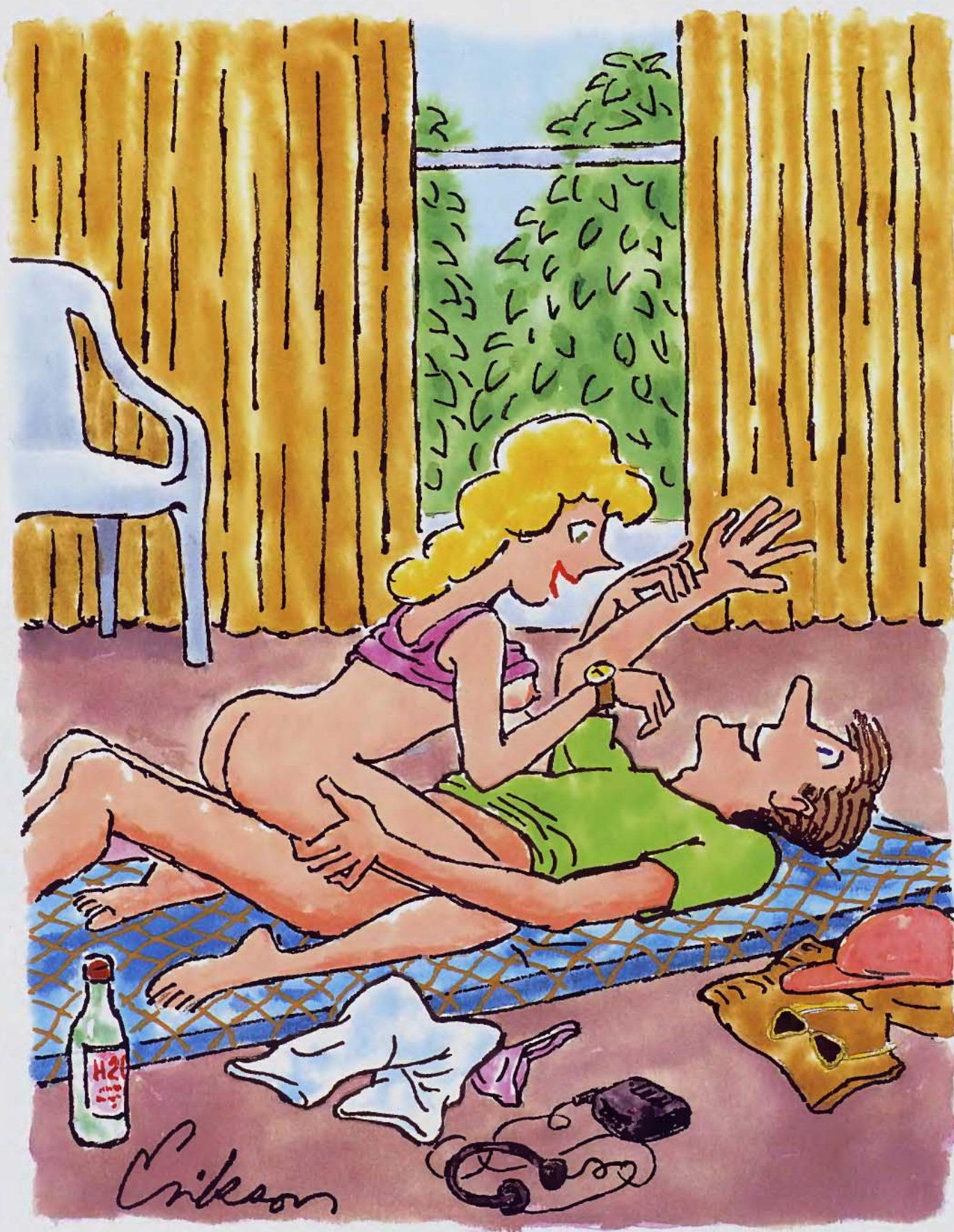
The lawyer said, "I don't know if we'll have a case. Your wife isn't a piece of property. You don't own her."

"Maybe you're right," the tycoon said. "But I sure as hell expected exclusive drilling rights."

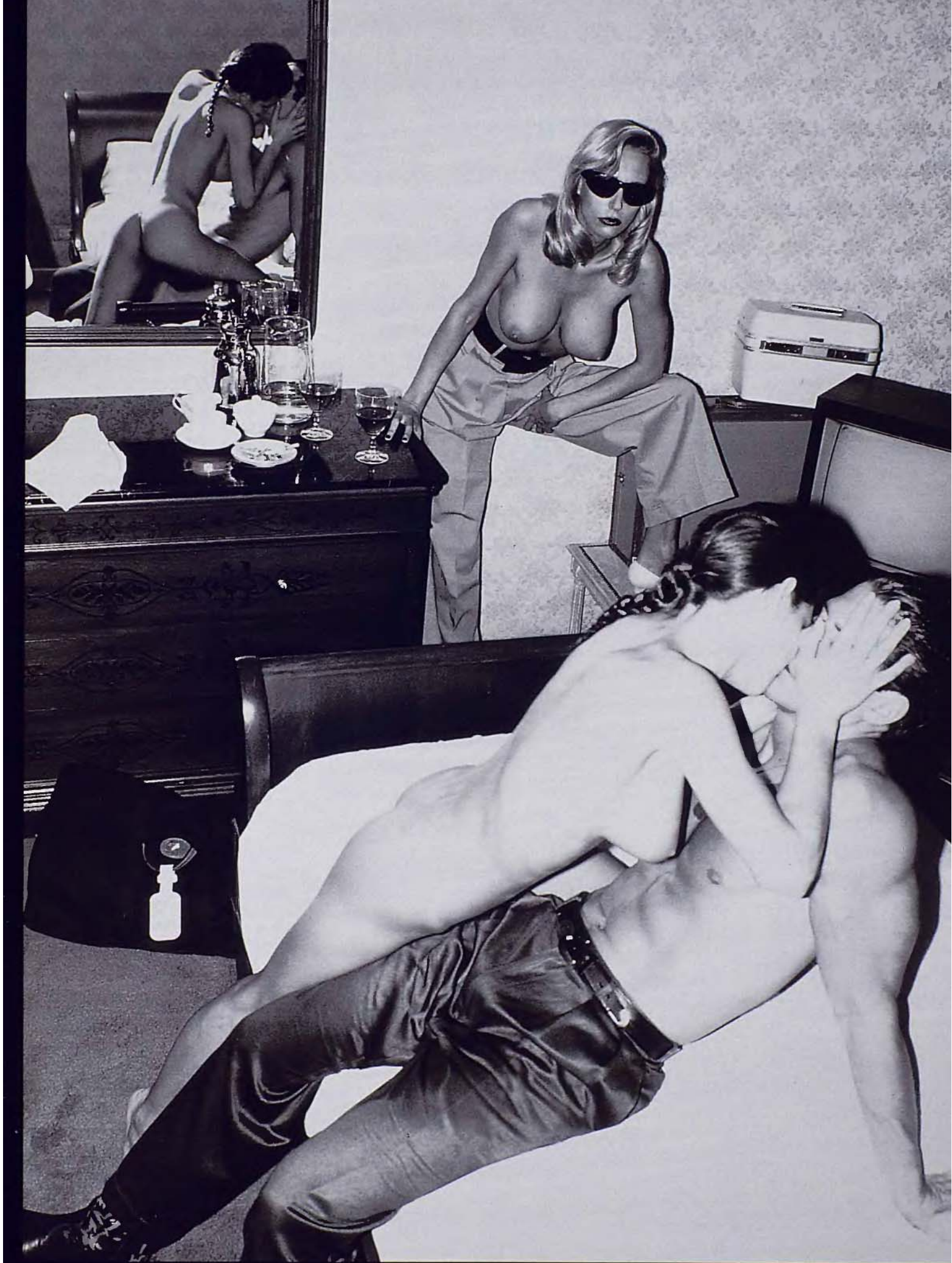
What's the best thing about a nudist wedding?

It's obvious who the best man is.

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected.



"Perfect! This is right where your pulse rate should be when you finish my aerobics class."



the playboy fidelity survey

secret

sex

why one
in five
Americans
strays

WE ARE BESIEGED by images of infidelity. Turn on the television and you can feast on betrayal. Desperate housewives play into a national mania as they fool around with pool boys, pipe menders, clients and their neighbors' husbands. On Maury Povich's show, the betrayed rant, rave, throw chairs or discuss the results of DNA tests. On *Cheaters*, suspicious lovers hire goon squads to track down errant partners. If it weren't for adultery and fooling around, television would be ESPN and the Weather Channel 24/7.

Your e-mail is overloaded with spam for "hot housewives who crave strangers." Websites such as Philanderers.com give advice on how to fool around. At the checkout counter you can read about the sins of others in tabloids and glamour mags. Even scientific journals weigh in with articles on the possibility that nonmonogamy can be explained by a Casanova gene, as opposed to the Calvin Klein type.

What are the facts? To find out, PLAYBOY commissioned a unique survey on sexual exclusivity. At our request, Sovereign Marketing Research, a respected online polling firm, contacted 1,432 Americans (643 males, 789 females) and asked them to take a blind 30-question survey. The subjects came from every state in the union and represented every age and social status. (Unless otherwise noted, all statistics will refer to this group.) Once we had a snapshot of mainstream American attitudes, we turned to PLAYBOY's online audience (a group admittedly younger and more likely to be male, single and comfortable with sex than the average sample). We asked more than 15,000 visitors to describe both fidelity and infidelity in their own words. Finally we posted a second version of the poll, for adulterers only, to create a candid profile of those who stray.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELMUT NEWTON

the facts on fidelity

Seventy-five percent of the men and **82** percent of the women surveyed said they had never cheated on their partner.

Almost half the men and **two thirds** of the women said they had never even considered having sex with someone other than their partner.

Sixty percent of the men and **77** percent of the women said they wouldn't cheat even if they were guaranteed not to get caught.

The vast majority of our subjects (**85** percent of the men and **93** percent of the women) said they prefer exclusivity.

But these pillars of society may have cracks. Like teenagers, adults have come to define sex strictly. Most but not all consider acts of penetration to be cheating. The rest of the behavior leaves room for fun.

The myth of infidelity is pervasive. When asked to estimate how many men and women have affairs, people overestimate: The most frequently cited figure was 50 percent, more than twice the actual number. If nothing else, the hype contributes to an unpleasant paranoia. About half our sample had suspected their partner of having an affair.

Without a doubt, extramarital sex is the unfinished business of the sexual revolution:

About half our subjects (**49** percent of the men, **58** percent of the women) view adultery and infidelity as sins.

More than half (**57** percent) view adultery and infidelity as neurotic, a symptom of a personal problem on the part of the one who cheats. **Almost three quarters** see cheating as a danger signal, a sign of deeper problems in the relationship.

Men were twice as likely as women (11 percent versus 5 percent) to believe that cheating is inevitable because monogamy is unnatural. Those who cited this option were the most inclined to act on their belief (four in 10 said they had strayed).

We will return to the faithful at the end of this article. First we'll focus on those who fool around. According to the confessions offered by our Playboy.com sample, the unfaithful are doing it in parking lots outside bars, caught in the glare of floodlights. Risking discovery, they stay late at the office to couple atop desks, conference tables and copy machines. They hook up with old friends at high school reunions and weddings and allow wisdom to rewrite memories of young lust. They listen—to telephone calls, for the sound of a key in a lock, for the rising wail of a stereo played full volume in the apartment next door, the signal that the spouse and kids are away.

When we broke down the numbers of those who said they had strayed (25 percent of the men, 18 percent of the women) by marital status, the incidence of fooling around remained constant. Among the married it was 24 percent and 17 percent; among the supposedly exclusive, 27 percent and 20 percent.

Is there such a thing as the seven-year itch or a midlife mistress? Sort of. The incidence of fooling around does go up with age: 18 percent of males and 14 percent of females ages 18 to 34 had had partners outside their primary relationship. Among those over the age of 44, 30 percent of the men and 18 percent of the women had strayed.

A surprising finding: Those who cheat do so almost immediately, within the first six months of a relationship. Of the cheaters who answered the Playboy.com poll, four of 10 said they had fooled around within the first year of a relationship.

why we stray

Why do you seek sex outside the relationship? It's the million-dollar question—or whatever amount you work out in binding arbitration. This is where survey design comes dangerously close to what lawyers call "leading the witness." We suspect our list of options may not have captured the true flood of details that goes into sexual decision making. And we believed a multiple choice question might play to stereotypes. Not surprisingly, that's what we discovered.

Men cited excitement (50 percent), variety (42 percent), emotional needs (37 percent) and spontaneity (36 percent). One in three men cited the President Clinton line "I did it because I could."

Women cited emotional needs (57 percent), reassurance of desirability (48 percent), a desire for companionship (40 percent) and excitement (39 percent).

We found significant gender differences with almost every option. Men seemed to explain their actions in terms of autonomy and turn-ons, women in terms of connectedness. About the only things men and women agreed on in similar numbers were curiosity (23 percent of males, 22 percent of females) and the desire for better sex (21 percent of males, 17 percent of females). Women were twice as likely as men to say they fooled around because they were looking for a way out or seeking revenge.



in their own words

We asked our online participants to provide us with examples of their experiences. Here are a few of their first-person reports:

"My lover used to call me at two in the morning on any random night. I would jump into a black cab and go straight through his door and into his bed. We would have fantastic, animalistic sex until dawn, and I would leave in the morning—no discussions about feelings or the future, only pure sex. Which was great." —female, formerly married, now single

"I met my lover in an online chat room. I was 20 and he was 46. I knew he was married and that his children were older than I was. We met at a hotel, and the only thing on our minds was sex. He undressed me seductively and caressed every part of my body. He sucked my nipples until they were rock hard. He performed oral sex on me as no other guy ever has. I had such an orgasm, I couldn't stop shaking. It felt so great." —female, never married

"We met at a somewhat dangerous roadside hotel where the check-in clerk worked behind a caged window. We did a wide range of sexual activities and shot Polaroids of each other as we did." —male, formerly married

"She was spending the night in a nearby hotel, and I was in and out in about an hour—we never spent the night together despite seeing each other for several months. This time we ripped up the sheets with our lovemaking. You might think that as the man I wanted no commitment, but we'd always do our thing and then she would hint for me to leave. We did socialize from time to time, but emotional intimacy was never our thing." —male, married

"My married lover was up-front about everything when we met at a club. No strings, no commitments. I liked the idea of a man not getting clingy, because I like my freedom. Yet I want a man who can fuck. We do lots of wild things. I'll dress up like a prostitute, and we'll meet at my second

home and fuck outside during a thunderstorm. Discretion keeps us from acting on more public fantasies. The sex is incredible. He has a fantasy come true, we both have our own lives, and I get to fuck whomever else I want."
—female, never married

it's the sex, stupid

Today nearly everybody does nearly everything—and we have the statistics to back it up. We asked our mainstream volunteers what sorts of acts they had done with their regular partners. Both sexes reported almost unanimous participation in kissing and intercourse; 85 percent had indulged in oral sex, with a similar percentage having taken showers together. More than half had participated in mutual masturbation, while a smaller percentage had watched pornography together (41 percent of males, 49 percent of females) or used sex toys (28 percent of males, 41 percent of females).

On virtually every measure, more people did it with their spouse than with their lover. Note in particular the discrepancy of participation in oral sex.

People who had cheated were significantly different from those who hadn't on almost every measure. They were more likely to have participated in oral sex, mutual masturbation, sex toys and porn with their regular partner. In addition, they were more likely to have watched themselves having sex in a mirror, had sex in a public place, made videotapes, posed for nude pho-

In the past 12 months, which of the following have you done with your primary partner and with an outside lover?

	with regular partner		with other lover	
oral:	75%M	70%F	57%M	55%F
anal:	30%M	37%F	27%M	30%F
toys:	32%M	38%F	20%M	27%F
porn:	38%M	41%F	22%M	26%F

Source: Playboy.com.

tographs or invited another person to join them and their partner for sex.

It was a question worth exploring further. We asked our online volunteers to report on the same list of behaviors but to put a time frame on them. What had they done with their partner in the past 12 months? What had they done with their outside lovers in that time? (The two questions allowed us to get at an old wives' tale—the notion that a second sex life somehow detracts from the first.)

Some of the behaviors—watching yourself in the mirror, watching and appreciating the way your partner undresses, taking a shower together—were easily understood as something you do with an intimate. There used to be a notion that spouses looked outside their marriage for sex acts a partner would not perform. That's the polite way of saying men sought blow jobs—the stock-in-trade of prostitutes—or things too kinky to hoist on the missus. It was the stuff of foreign films.

We tested this notion back in 1983 in the first *PLAYBOY Readers' Sex Survey* and came away puzzled. Oral sex was a predictive factor but not in a way that made ready sense. Those who got and gave oral sex frequently or not at all were less inclined to stray than those who got and gave every now and then. At first glance it's not the need for specific behavior that causes partners to seek their satisfaction outside the fam-

ily home. So why should they run the risk? When we asked the Playboy.com panel to describe the difference between sex with their regular partner and sex with their outside interest, the results were eloquent, articulate and occasionally painful.

attitude is everything

"A lover is like flying first-class; a wife is like flying in the baggage section."
—male, married

"Sex with my husband is like balancing my checkbook. I know it needs to be done, but doing it doesn't excite me in the least. I know exactly what he'll do, when he'll do it and how he'll do it. With my lover it's spontaneous and we're both nervous to be caught, so we work in as much as we can sexually until we meet again. And he's a lot rougher than my regular partner—not physically but more in a way that he knows what he wants and gets it."
—female, married

"My lover is more aggressive. She gets turned on quickly, and she gets wet just from a kiss or any touch. It's more fun and a great change. They're completely different people in bed. My wife likes to have fun, but it's too much work to get it out of her. With my lover our sex seems to be the most important thing in her life, so we make the time and really enjoy it."
—male, married

"The sex is good, but the foreplay really gets me going. He gives back rubs and other things my husband finds boring. My husband and I have had sex so many times in so many different ways that it's almost expected. With my outside partner it's still a challenge to go all the way."
—female, married in open relationship

"My outside lover is more willing to wear risqué

Have you ever had to explain any of the following to your regular partner?

Male	Female
Scratches or marks on your body:	
25%	25%
A phone call to your house:	
32%	33%
E-mails:	
26%	26%
Being seen by a friend:	
20%	23%
Smell of your lover's perfume or cologne:	
22%	19%
Photo or souvenir:	
15%	19%
Hotel or phone bill:	
18%	19%
Item of clothing left behind:	
14%	13%
Visiting sexual websites:	
26%	17%

Source: Playboy.com.



clothing and have sex in places outside the bedroom—including classrooms, public bathrooms, the woods, movie theaters and parked cars. And my outside lover is more willing to try different things in bed—fetish toys, S&M, bondage, anal. My regular partner is conservative, interested only in missionary sex in bed. Good but boring.”—male, married

“Different people, different sex. My wife is more open and adventurous—she’s also bi—so there are few fantasies she’s not willing to satisfy. Other lovers are learning experiences. Even at the age of 33 there are new things to discover about sex. And since I share everything with my wife, including partners occasionally, it’s an enriching experience for both of us.” —male, married in open relationship

truth and consequences

Do you think cheating is easy? Passion clouds the mind. Consider this question: Have you ever called a lover by the wrong name? Among those who responded to our Playboy.com survey, 18 percent of the men and 23 percent of the women had, and about half of those were cheating. So on its own it’s not conclusive evidence of cheating.

Avoiding discovery is in the details. Subjects who got caught told us about text messages left on cell phones, bank statements detailing visits to an escort service, an unused condom left in the cab of a truck, a stain on the carpet after a wild night of chocolate

Have your lover and regular partner or spouse ever been in the same place?

Male Female

No:

43% 38%

Yes, but my spouse/regular partner didn't know:

35% 35%

Yes, and both knew:

22% 27%

Source: Playboy.com

syrup, the experience at Starbucks that you just had to write down in a diary, the sexy letter from a lover who confessed she shaved her pussy just for you, plus other lovers caught in the shower, spread-eagled on the conference room table, half naked in the car parked in the garage with a lover still primed for action. One online poll question dealt with close calls.

Do cheaters take precautions? About half know that discretion is the better part of ardor: 57 percent

How long were you in primary relationship before having an affair?

	Male	Female
Less than a year	41%	45%
One to two years	23%	25%
Three to five years	16%	15%
More than five	20%	15%

How many outside partners have you had since entering primary relationship?

	Male	Female
One	26%	30%
Two to five	33%	29%
Six to 10	9%	10%
More than 10	11%	11%

Source: Playboy.com



of the men and 44 percent of the women had told no one else about the affair. When confronted, one man relied on denial:

“Of course I’ve never been caught, nor do I plan to be. Isn’t that the idea? There’s a thing in politics we call plausible deniability. Deny, deny, deny. It did not officially happen until the moment you admit it.” —male, married

the mrs. robinson effect

One fact we found to be remarkable is what we dubbed the Mrs. Robinson Effect. We asked our national audience if, while single, they had ever knowingly had sex with a married person. One in three men and one in four women answered yes. This could be the most compelling finding in our survey: Males and females who had sex with a married person at a time when they were single were far more likely to find sex outside their marriages (38 percent of the men and 39 percent of the women, compared with the average 24 percent of men and 17 percent of women in the mainstream group).

A follow-up question asked subjects to characterize their married lover. Half the singles who had been “the other man” loved that their married partner was “more focused on sex.” Thirty percent of the singles who as the other woman had enjoyed a married man liked the obsession with sex. More than a third of men and women said their married lover was “more appreciative.” A significant number (23 percent of males, 15 percent of females) found married lovers to be more experienced than single partners.

For some (25 percent of males, 21 percent of females) the need for secrecy was a turn-on, but others (19 percent of males, 30 percent of females) found the skulking about stressful. The notion that there is no time for foreplay or talk or nagging or balancing the checkbook underscores the affair’s sex for sex’s sake. And indeed, the most frequently cited positive aspect of such affairs was “no commitment hassles” (62 percent of males, 53 percent of females). One third liked that there was no pressure and none of the typical escalating courtship questions. (concluded on page 173)

“Sex outside of my serious relationship is like a fresh taste of what other women have to offer. With my lover it is very risky, and I think that adds a lot more excitement. We are not afraid to try new things with each other, and we don’t care about feelings. All we care about is how to have the best sex every time.”



"So, briefly, that's Darwin's theory of natural selection, and it helps explain why I'm here banging your wife...."



Somewhere in all the myths and misinformation
we've lost the real story of Norma Jeane's transformation

MARILYN REVEALED

BY NEAL GABLER

Even now, more than 40 years after her death, Marilyn Monroe is the vamp who just keeps on vamping—the enduring gold standard of sex appeal. Of course, Marilyn was never just a sex symbol, any more than she was just a star, just an image or even just a cultural icon. She was, to use a term that is often applied metaphorically to celebrities but has a literal application to Marilyn, a goddess—the goddess of a near-religious cult (in the film *Tommy*, the Who posits a Church of Marilyn Monroe) with relics (Christie's auction house sold her driver's license for \$145,000), a hymn (Elton John's "Candle in the Wind"), apocrypha and a biblical text that practically everyone in the world knows by heart. She even has her own crucifixion (her mysterious death in 1962 at the tender age of 36) and an ongoing resurrection. New caches of photographs are always being discovered, and new biographies are always being written. In fact, there is so much Marilyn effluvia that one compelling new book, *The Many Lives of Marilyn Monroe*, by Sarah Churchwell, an American-born scholar teaching in England, is a biography of the biographies, a text of the texts. As Marilyn once said of herself in what Churchwell uses as her epigraph, "You're always running into people's unconscious." Obviously Marilyn still does.

In analyzing Marilyn biographies and Marilyn-inspired novels, such as Norman Mailer's masturbatory meditation *Marilyn: A Biography* (1973) and Joyce Carol Oates's *Blonde* (2000), Churchwell essentially shows how, since her death, Marilyn has come to be viewed retroactively—the death read into the life so the entire life has become a prelude to tragedy. Seen this way Marilyn's story is one of exploitation and victimization. She was used by the men who allegedly loved her but really only desired her, used by the studios that employed her, used by the public that worshipped her and then discarded her, used even by herself. Her death, whether suicide, accident or, as many want to believe, the result of a nefarious conspiracy, was the

inevitable consequence of her life. Once the pinup of sex, Marilyn is now our pinup of tragedy.

At least that's the way it has been: Marilyn is a victim for all seasons. Feminists who hated the way the studios and magazines exploited her body, left-wing anticapitalists who hated the way she was packaged as a product, right-wing moralists who hated the way she was turned into a sex object, macabre conspiracy theorists who hated the Kennedys (with whom Marilyn was allegedly entangled romantically) and even one of her ex-husbands, Arthur Miller, who hated the way Marilyn had to wrestle with her image—all have piled on to purvey the portrait of a woman in extremis, lost to herself and the world.

But in trying to differentiate this tragic ideal of Marilyn Monroe from the real woman who captivated the public, one can read Marilyn's life another way, not backward from her death but forward from her birth, and it yields a very different picture—a less burdened Marilyn than the Marilyn Agonistes of the biographies and novels. In this view Marilyn can be perceived as powerful rather than helpless, controlling rather than manipulable, self-aware rather than oblivious. Not least of all, she can also be sexual without being tragic. She's a brand-new Marilyn, or rather, she's the old Marilyn now being rediscovered.

In the traditional Book of Marilyn the sex and the tragedy are closely associated. Marilyn's childhood was dreadful. She was born in Los Angeles in 1926 as Norma Jeane Baker or Norma Jeane Mortensen—Baker and Mortensen were two ex-husbands of her dotty mother, Gladys—but Norma Jeane, named for the actress Norma Talmadge, was illegitimate. She never knew any father, and several biographers believe she spent her life searching for surrogates. Since Gladys was both financially and mentally incapable of caring for her daughter, Norma Jeane spent her youth in foster care, including two years at the Los Angeles Orphans Home. By some accounts, during a brief stay (text continued on page 126)



"It was drafty," said Marilyn of the 1949 photo shoot that yielded one of modern culture's most enduring images, as well as PLAYBOY's first Centerfold. Photographer Tam Kelley offered her \$50 to pose on red velvet, the amount she needed to liberate her repossessed car. "It's not true I had nothing on," she said later. "I had the radio on."

The seven pictures on this page are from the Kelley session. Using the latest digital technology, Dream City Photo undertook a painstaking restoration of Kelley's original transparencies, repairing the aging images and imparting a vivid clarity. It also separated the double exposure, creating the arresting new image on the opposite page. "It's uniquely intriguing," says PLAYBOY Photography Director Gary Cale of the photo. "It's the only one in which she's looking directly into the camera."



with a close friend of her mother's, the friend's drunken husband sexually abused Marilyn one night, which added both another horrifying scene to the Dickensian tale of childhood woe and an element of sexuality. Meanwhile her mother, always fragile, had suffered a breakdown and been sent to a mental institution, where she would remain for most of her life, providing Marilyn's biographers with a genetic strand for the star's eventual demise.

Naturally the movies beckoned. According to the Book of Marilyn, to escape from the drudgery of her life and the feeling of being unwanted, Norma Jeane harbored fantasies of movie stardom, especially imagining herself as another Jean Harlow. What she initially got instead of fantasy was a marriage at 16 to a 21-year-old aircraft-factory worker named James Dougherty—a marriage effectively arranged for her by her mother's friend so that she would be taken care of. (Norma Jeane called her young husband Daddy.) After Dougherty went off to service during the war, Norma Jeane was working at a factory inspecting parachutes when a crew of Army photographers singled her out for a shoot of girls manning the assembly line. One of the captivated photographers described a "luminous quality to her face" and encouraged her to apply to a modeling agency. Soon she was appearing in ads and on magazine covers and had gained entrée to 20th Century Fox. Shortly afterward she divorced Dougherty. A Fox executive promptly renamed her Marilyn Monroe—Monroe for her mother's maiden name and Marilyn because she reminded the executive of the stage and film star Marilyn Miller.

Then came the sex. As a contract player Marilyn, according to most biographers, in essence slept her way to the top, having sex with various executives and talent agents. She landed bit roles as cheesecake and then larger roles, finally getting the female lead as a demented babysitter in the 1952 thriller *Don't Bother to Knock*, supposedly because her onetime paramour, 20th Century Fox mogul Joseph Schenck, insisted on it. It wasn't the perfect role for her talents, but it didn't matter. She was a star now—in part, it seemed, because the process of her stardom was palpable in her performances. Just as she had sold sex to the moguls, she sold it to the audience, in a more titillating way than anyone else on-screen.

But Marilyn was more than the latest avatar of sex. Like all stars' lives, hers became a movie too. Regarded in the 1950s as the most desirable woman in the world, she married former baseball star Joe DiMaggio, linking one national icon to another, then divorced him and married playwright Arthur Miller,

linking herself to yet another, very different icon. Her fame grew as her story did. Indeed she loomed so large in the culture that rumors of a conspiracy immediately arose when she died; to say she died from either a deliberate or accidental overdose of barbiturates didn't seem commensurate with the centrality of her place in the American psyche. The conspiracy theorists assumed there had been an affair between Marilyn and President John F. Kennedy, the biggest icon of all, which most likely did occur, as well as one between Marilyn and the president's brother Robert, which is a bit more problematic. Depending on the theorist, she was killed either by a right-wing cabal that wanted to embarrass the Kennedys or by the Kennedys themselves, who staged her death to silence her. Whichever, it was all of a piece with her victimhood—the tragic youth, her mother's insanity, the rapacious men and now her political inconvenience. Marilyn was just a candle in a gusty wind.

Marilyn took the open, playful, flirtatious, winking attitude of the pinup and mainstreamed it into the movies. She always seemed to be having innocent fun.

Still, victimhood is a result rather than a meaning, and if Marilyn's death needed a conspiracy to justify it, Marilyn's posthumous curse was that her life needed a message to justify the inordinate interest in her—a theme to the text. In effect, Marilyn had to become a parable. Almost all the cultural diagnosticians who have examined her life have settled on the idea that Marilyn was a prime example of the confusion of identity in modern culture and that this confusion was a major source of her tragedy. Norma Jeane and Marilyn Monroe simply were not compatible. As she transformed herself, and let others transform her, from the natural, girlish, wistful Norma Jeane to the made-up, womanly, worldly Marilyn Monroe, she lost herself and wound up adrift in the horse latitudes of celebrity, neither Norma Jeane nor Marilyn Monroe. Divided between these selves, she could never be whole and ultimately died for it, allowing her exegetes to turn her into a cautionary tale of what

happens when one is not true to oneself. Or as Churchwell puts it, "She will be destroyed by the struggle between innocence and cynicism, love and sex, light and dark, Norma Jeane and Marilyn...."

According to her apostles, the second great lesson of Marilyn's life and her second great tragedy is that in metamorphosing from Norma Jeane into Marilyn Monroe, she turned herself, or allowed others to turn her, into a commodity rather than a human being. By this analysis "Marilyn Monroe" was not only a separate identity; it was an entirely new and totally artificial thing—a creature of platinum blonde hair (Marilyn's actual color was honey blonde), lacquered nails, Technicolor lips and a seductive, breathy whisper of a voice. Even her nose, jaw and teeth were enhanced.

Once refurbished she went about selling herself, particularly her sex, which turned her into yet another cautionary tale—this one about what happens when one thinks of oneself as an object, specifically an object for the delectation of the opposite sex. What happens, at least as Marilyn's feminist admirers viewed it, is that one ceases to exist except as a fantasy. One loses oneself. Every man's woman, Marilyn was finally no man's woman. Thus, as Clare Boothe Luce observed ironically in one of the many postmortems, the very symbol of happy sexuality in the buttoned-down 1950s died alone on a Saturday night: "The girl whose translucent beauty had made her the 'love object' of millions of unknown lonely or unsatisfied males had no date that evening."

That, in a nutshell, has been the standard interpretation of Marilyn Monroe for nearly half a century—a victim of her genes, of her childhood, of her profession, of her image. "If ever there was a victim of society," Ayn Rand said, sounding the theme succinctly, "Marilyn Monroe is that victim." But there is one big and inescapable problem with this view. Whether or not it is true, it speaks only to the dead Marilyn; it explains nothing about what made Marilyn the colossus she was in her lifetime. While Marilyn lived, while she was one of the world's most popular movie stars and its reigning sex queen, her life was obviously not informed by her death or even by any sense of ongoing tragedy. Yes, there were divorces (three of them), miscarriages, a breakdown, rumors of drug abuse and bouts with her studio over the money she was paid and the projects she was strong-armed into, but these are the sorts of stormy passages that stars routinely undergo; they are the stuff of celebrity

(continued on page 148)

Hot Dog



JUAN ALVAREZ • JORGE G

SHORE THINGS



*Let the colors, prints
and plaids of summer
beachwear add to your
own bronze glow*

Fashion by
**JOSEPH
DE ACETIS**

THIS PAGE: The trunks are by Brioni (\$185), and his fedora is by Bailey (\$54). THAT PAGE: His yellow shirt with embroidered floral details (\$405), cotton sweater (\$285) and swim trunks (\$106) are all by Iceberg. She's in a swimsuit by Gottex (\$180) and shoes by Casadei (\$470). Out of the water, adding a hat, dressing up your feet or throwing on a shirt scores major style points.

**PLAYBOY
FASHION**

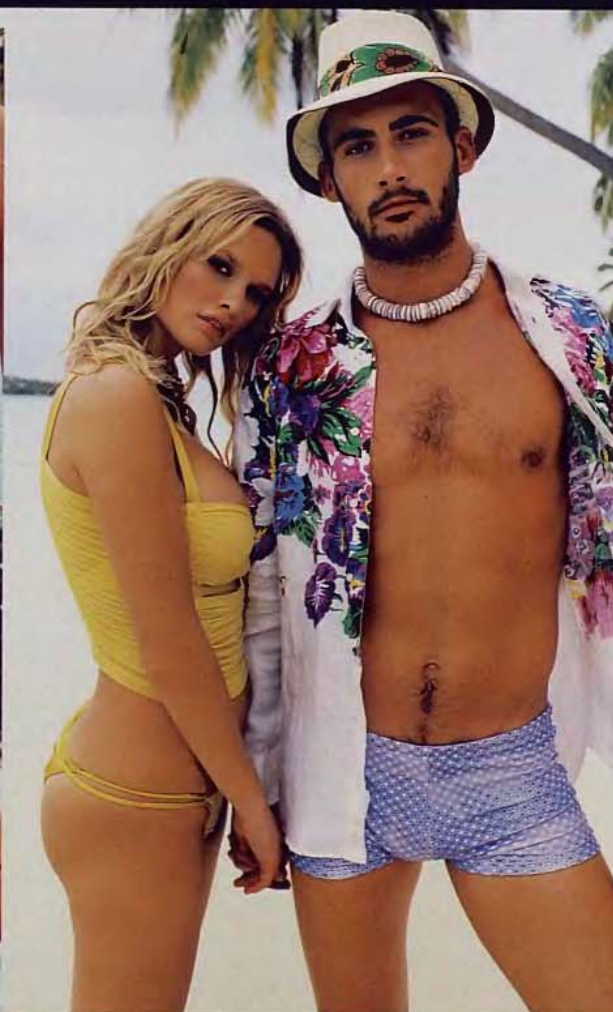
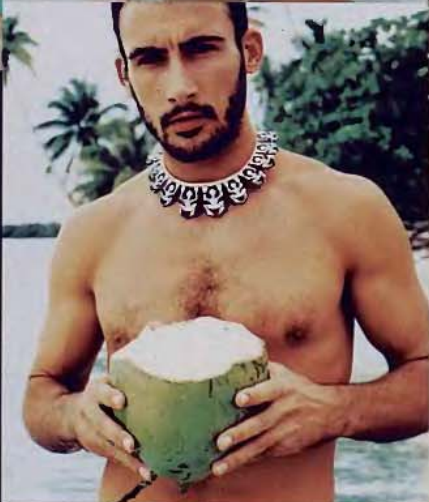
**PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ANTOINE VERGLAS**

PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES





THAT PAGE: His shirt (\$495) and swim briefs (\$125) are by Michael Kors. His pants are by Iceberg (\$285), and the belt is by Paul Smith Accessories (\$140). Her suit is by Aubade (\$75). **THIS PAGE:** He's in a shirt by Gran Sasso (\$235), swim trunks by Etro (\$150), sneakers by Brooks (\$80) and glasses by Paul Smith Spectacles (\$275). Her bikini is from Rosa Cha by Amir Slama (\$145).



TOP AND BOTTOM STRIPS:
His swimsuit is by Boss Hugo
Boss (\$125). Hers—with silver
hook closures—is by Aubade
(\$174). ABOVE LEFT: His suit
is by Tommy Hilfiger (\$45);
hers is by Playboy Swim
(\$85). FAR RIGHT: His linen
shirt is by Etro (\$350), his
swimsuit by Iceberg (\$165)
and his straw hat by Paul
Smith Accessories (\$225).





SUMMER SNAPS



RIGHT: He's spearfishing in swim trunks by Timberland (\$40). His shirt is by Paul Smith (\$240). When it comes to looking good in a beach town, it's all about showing a little effort as opposed to walking around in just your trunks.



NEAR RIGHT: The yellow floral-print bathing suit is by Brioni (\$185). **FAR RIGHT:** His polo shirt is by Michael Michael Kors (\$70). Paul Smith Accessories offers his straw fedora (\$225). Her bikini is by Gottex (\$160). **OPPOSITE PAGE:** The light blue string bikini is by La Perla Mare (\$379), as are the yellow tank top (\$374) and yellow string bikini bottom (\$325).



THIS PAGE: The striped tank top is by Versace (\$270), the swimsuit by Tommy Hilfiger (\$45) and the pants by G-Star (\$320). Her bikini is by Playboy Swim (\$85).

THAT PAGE: His black trunks—with green car detail—are by Paul Smith (\$185). She's in a gold sequined bathing suit by La Perla Mare (\$524).





20

BY STEPHEN REBELLO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JIM WRIGHT

Paul GIAMATTI

THE CRANKIEST GUY IN MOVIES DISCUSSES HIS FAMOUS DAD,
WHY ORDINARY GUYS GET THE GIRL AND MASTERING FLATULENCE ON COMMAND

Q1

PLAYBOY: Many moviegoers first noticed you in the role of Pig Vomit, Howard Stern's explosive program director, in *Private Parts*. Since then, especially after you won so much acclaim for *American Splendor* and *Sideways*, you've become even more famed for your great pissed-off screen persona. Do you spend much time being angry offscreen?

GIAMATTI: Really, do I seem like a guy who's pissed off? I spend a large part of my life pissed off. Simple, mundane things drive me out of my mind—any sort of technology, for instance. My wife, who goes through life sending back food in restaurants, saying, "This isn't cooked right," claims I have some kind of weird electrical charge because the computer goes fucking haywire when I sit near it, like sparks suddenly fly out the back. I shout at politicians on TV, which probably makes me not much different from other people. Anything can piss me off. Maybe because of my appearance I've liked playing people who are, well, not unpleasant but misanthropic or pessimistic—people not trying to be happy all the time. I find it interesting to see people being a little unpleasant on-screen.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You're pretty much becoming Hollywood's go-to star when a script calls for a normal-looking guy who can

also believably get the girl. In *Sideways* your role as a failed writer and wine connoisseur could have been played by a guy with more traditional good looks.

GIAMATTI: When I got that part I thought, Who's going to believe Virginia Madsen would fall for me? But it was great that my looks weren't used as a gag, gimmick or joke. Hey, I could probably lose some weight and get my teeth fixed, but I don't want to. I almost feel like it's part of my job now to look normal. *Sideways* harks back to a lot of 1970s movies, and in movie terms Jack Nicholson was odd-looking then.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Whom would you switch bodies and faces with?

GIAMATTI: I honest to God think it would be interesting to be Paris Hilton or Cameron Diaz, just to see what it's like to be one of those hottie glamour women. Or Jessica Simpson or Britney Spears. It sounds strange and warped, but I think it would be fascinating. What would it be like to walk down the street and be that person? The world must literally look different. I'd definitely sign up for that.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What's your biggest concession to vanity?

GIAMATTI: Keeping my nose hairs trimmed, although I think I'm sporting a

few right now. I don't make many moves to assuage my vanity. There's certainly a lot I don't like about myself physically, but I don't do anything about it, and that's emphasized when I see myself on film. I find myself strange-looking. In real life I don't see that so much. There was the time I said, "Jeez, I have no chin. I think I'll grow a beard and make it look like I have a chin." I think I look better with facial hair, if that's a concession to vanity.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Growing up, were you an irritable, misanthropic little kid?

GIAMATTI: I wasn't out there on the pep squad, but I wasn't a strange, miserable, pulling-wings-off-flies type or somebody who threw small furry animals into barrels of acid. I had a bit of a morbid sensibility. I was a comic-book kid. I was a little twisted, very much into weird creature-feature films, like Hammer horror movies with Christopher Lee as Dracula or Fu Manchu. My dad was into the film noir kinds of things, but I always thought those weird, colorful guys on the side, like Peter Lorre and Elisha Cook Jr., were the best things in those movies. Wherever Walter Brennan was seemed more interesting to me than whatever else was going on.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Your father, A. Bartlett Giamatti, was

(continued on page 160)

BAI,



BAI, BABY!

By Erik Hedegaard



Blessed with a beauty and screen presence that have helped her overcome other handicaps, Bai has already built a varied Hollywood career, playing a daamed young lover in *Anna and the King*, a pragmatic lawyer in *Red Corner* and villains in *The Crow*, *Wild Wild West* and *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*. She recently filmed opposite Ben Affleck in *Man About Town*.

A member of the People's Liberation Army. A mental patient. A senator in the new *Star Wars* movie. A sensuous woman. Ponder the identities of Bai Ling

Not long ago tawny Chinese actress Bai Ling opened her eyes on a new sunny day, in her own bedroom, in her own house in Santa Monica, California, which is not far from the ocean, and lay there, perfectly naked, listening to birds. She was 34 and a fixture on the L.A. party scene, always dressed in as little as possible. Back in China she had once been in the People's Liberation Army. She'd also once been in a mental institution. More recently, as an actress, she'd played a villain in *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*. Shortly she would appear in *Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith*, the last of the series; *The Beautiful Country*, opposite Nick Nolte; and a new Ben Affleck vehicle, *Man About Town*. At the moment, though, she was telling a little about herself, speaking rapidly in fractured English, and it was, in all ways, quite revealing because that's just the way she is.

"Most of the time in my room I'm naked, and sometimes here I talk to my agent or producers or directors, and they don't even know I'm naked," she said. "Oh yes, I'm completely naked in my room!"

"Oh my God," she continued brightly. "Last night I went to this party. I met somebody, a man, and we hit it off. Can I talk to you freely? It was two A.M., and we're at his place. He said, 'Are you sure you want to drive home now?' I said, 'Are you going to be nice to me?' He said, 'Yes.' So I stayed until morning."

She paused. It was early in the afternoon. Outside, the birds were still singing.

"I feel like right now a one-night stand and a lifetime commitment are the same thing," she said. "I'll tell you why. If anybody can make you feel that excitement—as you Westerners say, butterflies in the stomach, that fever in the forehead—then life is so much more beautiful than normal. Things have their own destiny. And for as long as it lasts—a night, two nights, a month or a lifetime—I feel that it's a gift. Some people say you have only one soul mate. For me there's probably 52 or 68. I see a lot of beauty in everyone."

Surrounded by red sheets, she giggled throatily and said, "Because I'm Bai Ling, my name in English means 'white spirit.' I have such a free spirit. There's no law or rule. I love butterflies. I put them on my hair once in a while. They are so precious. But why? Because their life is so short. But the visual impact you remember forever. There is no death. It's just a transformation in how you look at it."

Her part in *Star Wars Episode III* will also feature a kind of transformation. Playing a senator, she will appear mainly in the nude, mainly covered with tattoos, and is entirely thankful to have gotten the job. "People ask me how the *Star Wars* experience was," she said. "I feel like basically it is its own real world and I'm the alien dropped in from the sky, through the ceiling, to their city to visit for a while. It's an inverse feeling. You know what I mean?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





Not really. But no matter, because really there was no time for it to matter. Gliding from one subject to another, she began to remember life in China. She recalled that up until the age of 10 she spent much of her time cavorting around courtyards in the nude, chasing things. "I chased after a dog, a chicken or a goose, a sheep or a squirrel or a butterfly," she said. Even so, she felt repressed by school and by her parents—her dad was a music teacher, her mother a dancer—and in her 14th year she joined the USO-like entertainment division of the Chinese army. She went to Tibet. She drank too much, smoked too many cigarettes, danced too wildly, wore her skirts too short, got in lots of trouble. "Constantly I was writing apology letters," she said, "to my teacher, my parents, my leaders, the soldiers, the governor, to everyone." She is writing a book about her experience, to be titled *A Cloud Falling From the Sky: Dreams of Tibet*. She is on page 310, with more to go. "My book is very sexual," she murmured. "Very provocative, very cruel, very sad, but very beautiful—oh, so many words tangled together!"

And then, sitting up, she proceeded to tangle with many words herself. "The most powerful, simple way to reach a Zen state is by orgasm," she said dreamily. "When you reach orgasm, you're not aware of anything. You've become a part of nature. It makes me feel like I'm in heaven. It's like everything is muted. That's the only word I can think of. I tell my lovers, 'You mute me.' Inside of love-making I am dissolved.

"You know," she went on, "I just discovered that I have these eight little spirits in me—a wise one, a mischievous one, a sexy one, a provocative one.... When I go to parties people always ask me, 'Why do you dress so sexy?' Well, it's just at that time the sexy girl has taken over. A part of me is asking, 'Is that skirt too short? Is that too see-through?' And she's like, 'You have your underwear on. Everything's covered. Let's go party!'"

She thought about that for a while and finally said, "Do you think I'm crazy?"

•

After leaving the People's Liberation Army she began suffering from depression and was committed to a mental hospital. She was sedated and may have undergone electroshock therapy. She was locked in strange rooms, shower rooms, bathrooms, hallways. Frozen in one position for hours on end she watched the snow outside her window and thought,

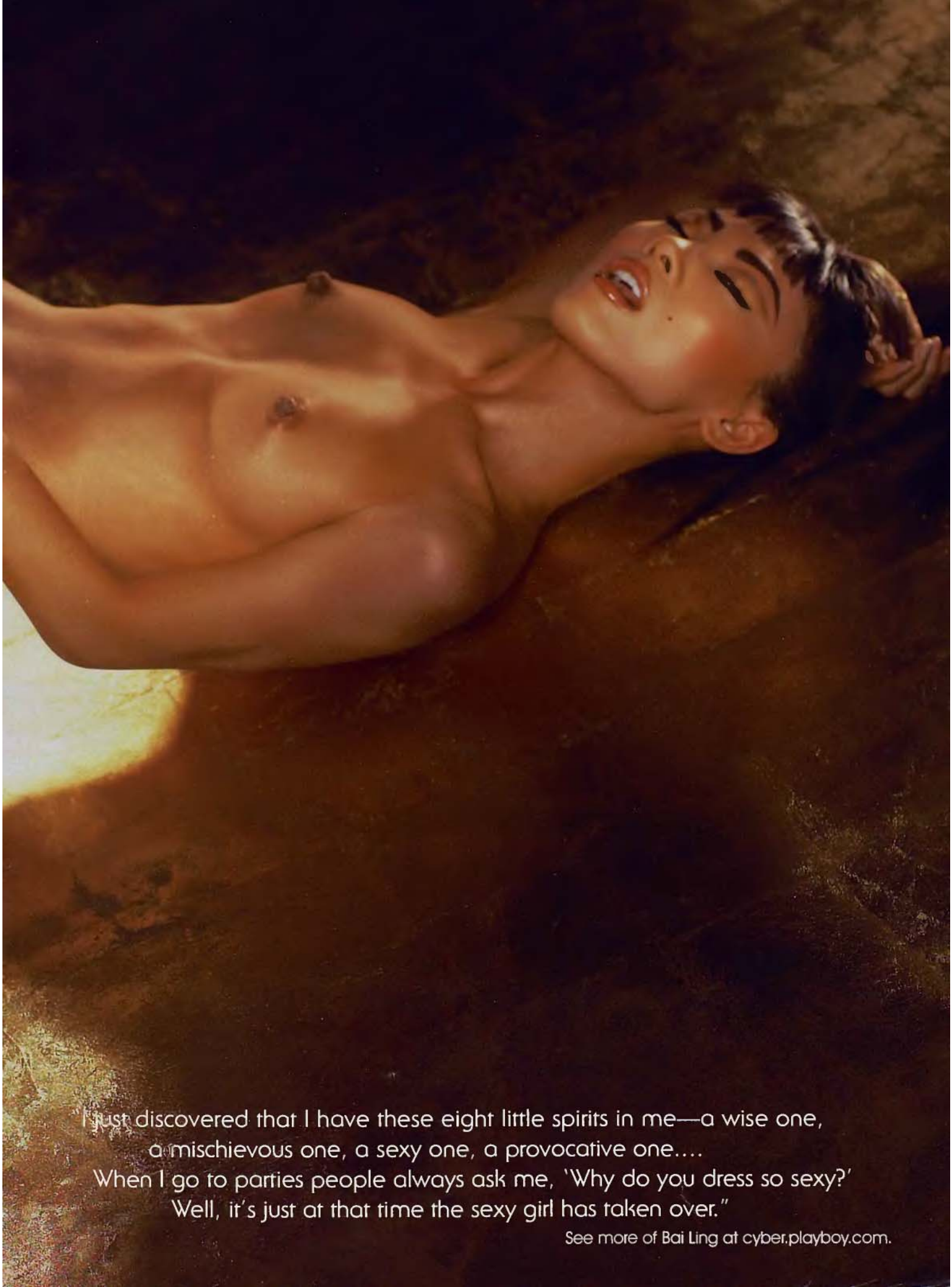
(text concluded on page 150)











"I just discovered that I have these eight little spirits in me—a wise one,
a mischievous one, a sexy one, a provocative one....

When I go to parties people always ask me, 'Why do you dress so sexy?'
Well, it's just at that time the sexy girl has taken over."

See more of Bai Ling at cyber.playboy.com.



"I love it when we do the crossword puzzle together."



Scarlett Keegan

Scarlett Keegan

Centerfolds On Sex

Scarlett's Sex Secrets

When I want to turn a man on, I light candles and put on a rock CD. Then I dress up in lingerie, garter hose and knee-high boots. I take off everything but the boots and then undress my man. I kiss him softly at first, then start using more tongue. A lot of my friends don't like giving blow jobs, but I love it. Exciting a man excites me. It does more for me than having him perform oral sex on me. I'm selfless. I can't handle it when a guy goes down on me for longer than 15 seconds. I just want to have sex. So I'll hop on top of him and start grinding. I love it when a man plays with my nipples while I'm riding him. It's a simple, effective way to get extra stimulation.

Instead of an After-Dinner Drink...

A good after-dinner activity is browsing around a sex shop. I love to see how guys react to being in that atmosphere. It's a fun way to break the ice. It's like a grown-up version of taking a trip to Toys R Us. You play with the toys on display and have a laugh. I'm always picking up toys, turning them on and saying, "Whoa, look at this." Then the guy turns red. And I love trying on the stripper clothes they sell at adult stores. I like simple dates, too. I wouldn't complain if a guy gave me roses, but I'd much prefer he cook me dinner. I recently went on a great date. All we did was go out for Indian food, then drink at some pubs. It was perfect.



MARILYN MONROE

(continued from page 126)

narrative, not of celebrity misfortune or calamity. Just think of Elizabeth Taylor.

Only when one looks at Marilyn not as a holy ghost but as a woman who lived can one begin to appreciate the important questions about her. The very things her apostles now interpret as tragic, her fans, and Marilyn herself, regarded as triumphant. Take the great dichotomy between Norma Jeane and Marilyn that is said to have destroyed her. During Marilyn's lifetime, the press portrayed the transformation of Norma Jeane into Marilyn Monroe less as a crippling loss of identity than as a powerful example of the great American theme of reinvention. Through hard work and cunning, an illegitimate girl who had bounced from foster home to foster home, a girl some claim wasn't all that beautiful to begin with, turns into the most coveted and famous woman in the world—a real-life Cinderella. So while she was a dream girl in the conventional sense of fulfilling fantasies, she was a dream girl in another sense as well: Marilyn Monroe was the

American dream come true—a living monument to the country's promise of self-realization.

Similarly, what so many of her biographical apostles saw as her commodification Marilyn and her fans saw as a form of liberation in the sexually repressed 1950s. It was self-evident that much of the attention Marilyn Monroe garnered was focused on her voluptuous body. Early in her film career, when she was between jobs and before she was famous, she posed for pinups. One of the photos—Marilyn posed against red velvet—emerged as a calendar in 1952, the same year she made *Don't Bother to Knock*. A controversy ensued—major stars at that time did not pose nude—which Marilyn defused by admitting, against her own studio's judgment, that it was she in the photograph. (This photo, of course, became the first PLAYBOY Centerfold.) "I don't want to be just for the few," she told UPI reporter Aline Mosby, disarmingly turning her nudity into an egalitarian gift. "I want to be for the many, the kind of people I come from." She was funny, too. "It's not true that I had nothing on," she quipped when asked if she was really nude. "I had the radio on."

Marilyn's reaction said something important about her appeal. At a time of enormous circumspection about sex, she didn't try to hide her participation in the photo session or act as if she had outgrown these youthful indiscretions, which even now is the typical gambit when an actress's allegedly unsavory past is revealed. Expressing her comfort with nudity—she would later relate a dream in which she entered a church wearing a hoopskirt and nothing underneath as the congregants lay beneath her—Marilyn embraced the photo and for years afterward would gladly sign it. It was, in fact, part of what made her so popular even as it now drives feminists crazy: Marilyn Monroe helped redefine sex by letting people know she was fully aware of her commodification and accepted it as a kind of joke. "I don't look at myself as a commodity," she once said smartly, "but I'm sure a lot of people have." In effect, just as she had defused the controversy over her posing, she defused the idea of sex as a danger in 1950s America and became more popular as a result.

Though the famous calendar photo shows Marilyn with heavy-lidded eyes and half-open mouth, this was not the way she would come to project herself to her fans. She was not a siren, a temptress, a seductress or a femme fatale, though she played one in one of her early films, *Niagara*. Marilyn was something new and different. She took the open, playful, flirtatious, winking attitude of the pinup in less arty magazines and mainstreamed it into American movies. Seemingly intoxicated by her own sexuality, as Mae West and Jean Harlow had been, but also naively bemused by it and at times even oblivious to its effect, as West and Harlow had not been, Marilyn Monroe always seemed to be having innocent fun. (It was what cultural analysts meant when they called Marilyn a child-woman.) She wasn't distant or self-regarding. She was available—so much so that near the end of her life, when she was a megastar, she removed the flesh-color body stocking she had been wearing for a scene in her last, unfinished film, *Something's Got to Give*, and appeared nude again. Her very last photo shoot was also a nude session with photographer Bert Stern. It wasn't degradation. It was joy—Marilyn's gift.

The real duality, then, for Marilyn Monroe was not the cosmic one between Norma Jeane and Marilyn but the much more parochial one between the Marilyn on-screen and the Marilyn off it, and far from being a source of tragedy, the recognition of the difference between these two was one of the major sources of her popularity. Marilyn played the dumb blonde on-screen; she practically invented the role in movies such as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *How to Succeed in Love and How to Marry a Millionaire*. But offscreen Marilyn made it clear that, while she was uninhibited and libidinous, she



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was not stupid. She created the image; it didn't create her. And she resisted anyone, even her own husbands, who tried to force her into the Marilyn mold. "They think they arrange me to suit themselves," she once said about photographers in what could generally have served as an expression of Marilyn's *modus operandi*, "but I use them to put over myself." Because audiences knew this about Marilyn from her interviews, knew that she wasn't really a bimbo, she became a subtle symbol of power—a woman who fully understood her wiles and who had learned how to use them to navigate a difficult world. Her strength, which she deployed so strategically, far more than her much-discussed vulnerability, let people know they were laughing with her, not at her, and that made Marilyn the icon she was. As Rupert Allan, Marilyn's longtime publicist, once put it, "Under all

the frailty was a will of steel."

If at the end of her life Marilyn may have seemed a mess—and this is by no means an established fact—there was nothing inevitable or emblematic about it. Contrary to the biblical Marilyn, she wasn't a victim or a divided self or a commodity—at least not to her fans. If anything, she was an aging and disappointed actress who was trying to assert her control over a tough, misogynistic system. And to understand her popularity now, one has to see her not as a tormented, doom-laden goddess enshrouded in Freudian analysis but as a tough-minded star who, through the force of her personality and will, managed to seduce the world—and rather enjoyed doing so. That may not be the Marilyn Monroe the biographers want, but it is the Marilyn Monroe everyone loved.



BAI LING

(continued from page 141)

How gently the snow touches the ground. Other patients stole her food. She stole food too. She was always hungry. Soon life became meaningless, and she thought about committing suicide. Once, she went up to a nurse and said, "I'm not a patient; I'm an actress! I'm here to experience things for a role!" She was taken back to her room and locked in again.

Upon her release she joined the Szechwan Theater Company. She began making movies; in 1988 she broke through, playing a mentally ill woman. The next year she took part in the Tiananmen Square protests and witnessed the massacre. At the age of 21 she came to New York and took classes at the Lee Strasberg Institute. In 1997 she played a Chinese lawyer opposite Richard Gere in *Red Corner*. The film took on China's human-rights abuses, and China responded by revoking her passport. She has dated singer Chris Isaak and French director Luc Besson. She has made love to women, as well as men; as the joke goes, she is Bai.

Lounging around her bedroom, she said many curious, fantastical things. She said, "I sometimes feel so strange in L.A. I feel like there are no people here during the day, only freeways and the big open sky. But then in the evening, when you go to a party, everybody just emerges from the pavement." Concerning desserts she said, "My favorite is hot, hot, burningly hot apple tart, with cold ice cream. Just somehow it's extremely exciting." Concerning fondue she said, "The cheese is so soft and warm and it's like you're lost in it, and that's sexy." Concerning cigars she said, "I like everything extreme. So when you smoke, let's smoke something big and strong."

A while later, drifting away from her sheets, she said, "I want to tell you some crazy stuff that I forgot. It's something very interesting." But the time for remembrance was past. Soon she would go out and then return home again, to sit on her terrace and listen to the wind. Right now, though, she was standing in front of a mirror, gazing at her slender, naked, reflected self.

"Sometimes I can be a little confused," she said. "The journey here could have completely messed me up, but I'm telling you the truth of my experience. I am much more simple now, much more beautiful, much more wise." Finally she looked at herself much more closely and said, "I really like my breasts and my nipples when it's hot and they're kind of big and kind of—how do you say it—upwonged? Upnoxious? Pernoxious? Unctnoxious? Oh, what's the word! No, no, not obnoxious. More like oblonxious. Anyway, it's something full of sexuality. I see this kind of animal. I see the animal in me."



"...Er...make that two scoops."

relax responsibly





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JIGSAW

(continued from page 100)

photographers and filmmakers to follow her on some of her public escapades, posting the results on the Internet. She hangs out in the corner bar where she picks up her co-stars, as she calls them, and one night she picked up Homer there. She sat down beside him at the bar and started talking with him about the utter madness of the so-called civilized world, striking a chord with Homer, and pretty soon she had his pants open and his sex in her hand, thumbing him off. She spun him on his stool to send his spunk flying into the midst of the patrons standing around the bar, with the consequence that they dragged Homer off his stool in disgust and thumped the daylights out of him while Irene sat watching from her perch, clutching herself between her legs with both hands, dizzy with ecstasy and trying not to fall off her stool.

Homer had had a few that night and was never quite sure what happened or how, except that he remembered thinking when she pulled his dick out that it was both completely insane and the most glorious thing that had happened to him since he got dumped out of puberty. The end result was seriously depressing, but then so was much of his life, so he hasn't been able completely to disavow it even though it cost him a tooth and a shiner. When Homer is down in the dumps, which is most of the time, he tries to look up cheerful Lily with the golden curls, who will sleep with just about anybody in the neighborhood, even a fucked-up depressive like himself, the only problem being to catch her when she's free. He had her to himself for a while when she was house hunting, a lost golden age he mourns. They tried out every place he took her to, sometimes on kitchen counters or the odd carpeted floor, mostly standing up on bare boards against a freshly painted wall beside curtainless windows (once he saw crazy, beautiful Irene passing by, dressed only in a wide-brimmed fluorescent orange hat with green flowers and purple stilettos: Did she know he was in there?) and whenever possible in front of fitted mirrors. Lily's desire, not his. Homer never looks at one of the damned things, for he is never cheered by what he sees there. Lily had been recently divorced and said she wanted to be in the middle of the social whirl, and eventually he found her the perfect place, complete with pool and bedrooms with mirrored ceilings, and though they had a lot of fun when they found it, it was really bad luck because that ended his exclusive rights. In fact, since moving in she has seemed only to be tolerating him, so even the occasional happy moment with her is cause for further gloom. Homer knows what Victor is looking for and has a line on a property that might

WHERE &

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 38, 53-56, 128-135 and 178-179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



SHORE THINGS

Pages 128-135: *Aubade*, aubadeus.com. *Bailey*, baileyhats.com. *Boss Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. *Brioni*, available at Brioni boutiques. *Brooks*, brooksrunning.com. *Casadei*, available at Macy's West. *Etro*, 212-317-9096. *Gottex*, 800-225-7946. *Gran Sasso*, gransasso.it.

G-Star, 212-219-2744. *Iceberg*, 310-274-0760. *La Perla Mare*, laperla.com. *Michael Kors*, available at Neiman Marcus. *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9770. *Playboy Swim*, playboystore.com. *Rosa Cha by Amir Slama*, available at Rosa Cha Miami. *Timberland*, 800-445-5455. *Tommy Hilfiger*, 888-TOMMY-4U. *Versace*, versace.com.

POTPOURRI

Pages 178-179: *Boom Bag*, viasf.com/boombags. *Dogfish Head*, dogfish.com. *Galatoire's*, 504-525-2021. *Hugo Boss*, 800-484-6267. *Keen*, keenfootwear.com. *Mark I*, actiongear.com. *Montrail*, montrail.com. *Pentax*, pentax.com. *Poker Academy*, poki-poker.com. *Putt-Her*, blueballsports.com. *Z Zegna*, saksfifthavenue.com.

GAMES

Page 38: *BK-A6 online fitness bike*, nexfit.com. *Capcom*, capcom.com. *Groove Games*, groovegames.com. *Kasumi 3-D gel mouse pad*, tecmo games.com. *Kilowatt*, powergrid fitness.com. *Konami*, konami.com. *Majesco*, majesco.com. *Microsoft Game Studios*, xbox.com. *SCEA*, us.playstation.com. *Yourself! Fitness*, yourselffitness.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 53-56: *Arenot*, arenot.com. *Loring Wine Company*, loringwinecompany.com. *Perivolas*, perivolas.com. *Porsche*, porsche.com. *RAZRWire*, hello moto.com. *Ronald Schmitt*, 919-781-6822. *S.T. Dupont*, st-dupont.com. *Ulysse Nardin*, ulysse-nardin.com.

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work for him, but he really doesn't want more competition for Lily's time. He has other options, though even more depressing—he can let Irene mess him up again, for example—and fresh clients are always coming along who are excited by the glamour of empty rooms and good for a quick one-off. But Lily is the only one who can lift him out of himself, and he needs her from time to time as a junkie needs a fix.

The property Homer has in mind for Victor belongs to a gynecologist named Oscar, who is thinking of selling up and changing neighborhoods while he still has a reputation and a practice left and before some husband shoots him. Oscar knows the real-estate agent is somewhat enthralled by that wiry exhibitionist who is often seen, out on the street or in the corner bar, as stitchless as the women in his private examination room, and admittedly there is something electric about the little sprite, but though intense, perverse women appeal to him, the kicks she delivers are not really where Oscar's appetites lie. Oscar needs physical pain, not mere humiliation. The lash arouses him, giving or receiving, bondage does. The apparatus of dominatrices give him an erotic charge, and he keeps his own doctor's office stocked with exotic toys. He takes his punishment from professionals and deals it out to willing submissive women. Of whom there are never few. He is not cruel—he is a healer, after all—and in fact the threat of pain, especially when one is helpless, is always more stimulating than pain itself, as his women all agree, no matter their predilections, but there has to be real pain from time to time to make the threat of pain more than a game of make-believe. It was Sheila who taught him that principle by strapping him over a velvet horsing stool the first time he consulted her and whipping him till he screamed. Now just the strapping, the feel of velvet against his groin, the sight and sound of the whip, do it for him. Her foot between his shoulder blades, her heated curling iron. He will miss Sheila if he leaves the neighborhood.

As will Wanda miss her doctor if he goes.

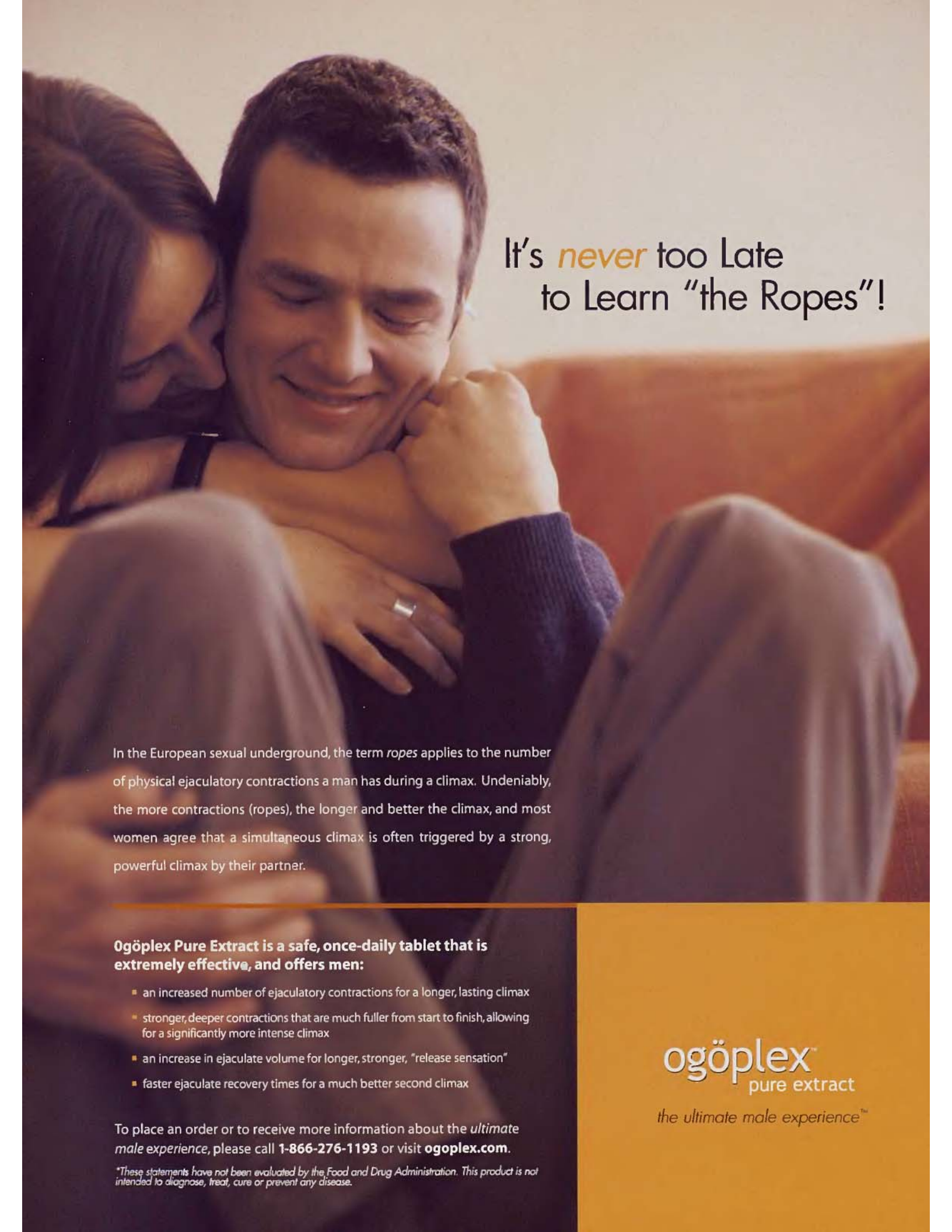
She went to him for a checkup, fearful she might have caught something from a casual, almost accidental fling with a sad sack who came to give an estimate on their home at a time when her husband was worried his bank might be transferring him to another branch. She was right; she has had to go back every week for further treatment. Call it that. It's pretty awesome. Getting a dose was maybe the most interesting thing that has ever happened to her, if she really did and he didn't just make it up to keep her coming back. Whatever, no matter. On her first visit the doctor asked her to strip down completely, and he buckled her to an examining table with her legs spread apart and her knees up. She had left her socks on, and he peeled them away slowly, one by one—as if skinning her, making her more naked than she ever thought she could be—all the while watching her somberly through his thick glasses as she went wet between the legs. Then he put little clamps on her to open her up and poked all sorts of things up her, including his whole hand, his fingers pushing and probing. It hurt, and she knew he was trying to hurt her, but his crisp white jacket was open, and she could see he was enormously excited and there was a kind of fire in his goggle eyes, and that excited her, too. Her total helplessness did. It was like being trapped in somebody else's nightmare, terrifying but excitingly vivid. He could kill her, she knew, and she could do nothing about it. She was at his mercy, and he doesn't seem to have a lot of that. Being what he wants her to be is what protects her.

Sheila also hopes the doctor will stay. He is one of her most responsive and malleable clients, and he pays well. Love doesn't factor into it, never does. If anything, Sheila has the corner of her eye on Odette. Most of Sheila's men are pathetic little self-hating wimps, which is to say they are also in love with themselves; they often like to watch their punishment in mirrors. She hates them and finds a certain satisfaction in castigating their flabby suburban souls and corrupt, pallid flesh, but no

pleasure. Igor is by nature a tougher sort, though still a narcissist, one of those pompous self-made men these neighborhoods are always full of, but he wants only to be tied up in leather thongs and paddled from time to time. He says it reminds him of his school days and makes him feel like a kid again. He really doesn't have a clue about the true nature of her art, which is about progression, not regression. It takes an unusual imagination to be able to grasp that and go with it, and the doctor is so endowed. Not only has she been able to push him into greater and greater depths of depravity and pain (which is Sheila's definition of growing up), she finds she is learning from him as she goes, not about technique but about the deeper meaning of her art. Which at some level is about love, after all.

Odette, like big Sheila, who frightens her with her strange sideways glances, is also a businesswoman, but she has much less personally at stake. It's just a job. Art she doesn't know, though skills, yes. She is good at her work and, in this expensive neighborhood, well paid for it. No one has ever complained, and they keep asking for her services. In fact, she makes more money than the guy she lives with, which helps keep the arrogant pig in his place. Mostly it's just the old slap and tickle with a few toys of the trade thrown in, but she has her inevitable share of pervers, too, and can roll with that, though she has her limits. Fantasy's okay, dressing up is, if guys want to wear panties and high heels, fine, and she lets her clients choose their favorite orifices, it's all the same to her. She even tolerates the old guy with the handlebars who tries to sell her insurance on her asshole while bugging her (she also services his subordinate, a regular guy who wants only to get his rocks off, and she figures if she could talk them into it she could take on both of them at once and make double the pay). But Odette hates pain of any kind and doesn't understand how people can be turned on by it. Some guy smacks her bottom, that sucker is out of there and he's not coming back. Pinches,





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love bites, bruising, same thing. House rules. Dishing it out is not fun for her either, for she has a tender heart, but she has a customer who wants it that way, and she submits to the idea only because it's part of the profession and he's a big spender. He likes her to wear a riding helmet and boots and get on his fat, hairy back and swat his withers with a riding crop. Odette imagines him to be the thug she lives with and is able to lay it on him with vindictive vigor at least for a stroke or two, but then she just gets bored and is reduced to draping him over her lap and, while examining her nails, stubbing out cigarette butts on his behind.

Lily shares a lot of Odette's aptitudes and attitudes (she doesn't know this; they have seen each other at a distance, shopping in the neighborhood boutiques, but have never spoken), though she would never think of charging money for any of it and in fact often helps out her lovers, especially quality studs like the guy who comes to fix her plumbing and clean her pool or the sweet melancholic boy from the bookstore who brings her books she

never reads and adores her madly, or so he says. And why not? She is indeed adorable. Not all her lovers are so desirable, and once they've had a little fun together some of these guys seem to think they own her and are hard to get rid of. That bluesy dork who sold her her house, for example, worse than her ex-husband. She should probably be more discriminating, but it's really not in her nature. As for the neighborhood doctor, Lily also hopes he'll stay. He's a beastly sonuvabitch and has truly weird ideas (she'll never forget the time she went to him for an examination when she thought she was pregnant! it's a good thing she wasn't!), and she likes pain even less than Odette, taking just about everything there is for it, even when she's not suffering any. But the doctor makes up for the rough stuff by providing her with all the painkillers, antibiotics, amphetamines, tranquilizers and contraceptives she wants, and he just fills out the pattern of the neighborhood somehow. She's not sure she'd be who she is if he left. Everything happens around Lily and her swimming pool, and he is

something of what happens, and now that she has located herself here and is happy she wants everything to stay that way.

If Lily is surrounded by lovers and admirers, no one even notices Evelyn. Sometimes when she can get a babysitter she goes to the Tuesday-night literary-society meetings and sits in the back of the room, and they don't even know she is there. Shop clerks look right through her. She could walk down the street in her birthday suit, like that wild little girl on the other side of the neighborhood, and people would not even tip their hat. Not that she ever would do that. She is happy being nondescript and unnoticed. It was she who chose this house far from the center of things, even though it's not in the nicest part of town. She stays at home and keeps house and makes fruit jellies and feeds the children when they come home from school and tends the back garden and watches television and waits for Victor, who is gone a lot of the time now, to return from his travels. So just how she ended up in bed in the middle of one morning with her husband's boss, Evelyn is not sure. It is not the sort of thing that ever happens to her, but then no one has ever asked before, so maybe it might have happened all the time. It began almost as soon as they moved in, on the day Victor left on one of his sales trips; it was as if he were there waiting for her. He was very persuasive, and somehow she felt cornered. Didn't she want to help her husband, she was asked, and wasn't this the easiest way to do it? It's true, Victor has kept getting raises ever since, though she has seen less and less of him. Not that she misses him all that much. When he is home he complains all the time about all the traveling he is being asked to do, about the stupid street they live on and about that nuisance of a widow next door who doesn't seem to be able to change a lightbulb for herself. And then he is no sooner here than gone, and even as his car is pulling out of the drive, there's her husband's boss back in her bed again, puffing on one of his big brown cigars, letting the ash fall where it may and mostly on her chenille bedspread. He likes to do dirty things, but then so does Victor. Evelyn has always had the feeling she has never met the right man in her life.

Lucille is one of those who have failed to notice Evelyn at the literary-society meetings, but then she fails to notice just about anyone there other than her beautiful young poet, who conducts the meetings. Lucille, at a time in her life when she thought romance was a thing of the past, has found herself quite astonishingly head over heels in love. It is a love unlike any she has ever known, so profound and moving it almost makes her bones ache. They just fit in all ways, and he adores her as she adores him. But it is also an ill-fated love, for it has no logical outcome: She is a happily married woman with children (whom she has been neglecting, she knows, dropping them off at nursery schools or with



*"...Hi, Mrs. Campbell...remember me...Denny Strauss?
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Little League and soccer practice...."*

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babysitters; she must do something about that), and sooner or later they will have to bring this divine madness to an end. But not now, not now; it would break her heart—and his. Of late at the society, they have been discussing a book by a Russian, and Lucille has wanted to protest that she doesn't think an older man seducing a child is very nice, but then she realizes that her relationship with Rick is not much different and she has no right to be critical. Rick is so tender about her age, much nicer than the girl in the novel. He kisses her wherever time has made its mark and gasps with wistful joy when he fondles her breasts, which in truth have seen better days. When they first made love and he was so eager to see everything, she worried about her stretch marks, but he wrote a poem about them, which was the sweetest thing. It was just for her; he didn't publish it in the Sunday supplement, thank goodness. She still finds jobs for Pavel to do, but that's like a separate part of her life, somewhere she goes from time to time, like to the movies—or, better said, to the library, for her time with the handyman amounts to a kind of self-study and search for the true breadth and meaning of love while she is still young enough (she feels so young!) to do so. Lucille thought she was tired of her body, but suddenly she just loves it.

Pavel is in great demand in the little community, a craftsman much appreciated who can crack any problem, but when he doesn't have jobs to do and his woman is plying her trade and he can't go back to the house, he often goes for a swim in Lily's pool. Provided that Lily, the hottest piece in the neighborhood, is not entertaining some other guy. Pavel likes to swim bare-assed, watched admiringly by the divorcée, also in the altogether, which she wears well. He has often told her she could make a

killing on the game, but she only smiles and says she has enough money and doesn't like the business world. Sometimes she jumps in the pool with him and they thrash around a bit in the way kids do, but mostly she just squats at the edge of the pool with her drink in one hand and his in the other, and he comes by from time to time to give her a lick to salt his drink and tell her what a princess she is and what a sweet coozie she has. The handyman follows the old rule of love, treating sluts like ladies and ladies like sluts, and though he doesn't succeed too well at the first part, he is a master of the second. And anyway it works with Lily either way; she's a happy girl. She likes it all ways when it comes to the main feature, but above all after a cool hit or two (she has her own steady supplier, whom Pavel taps into indirectly) on her big round satin-sheeted bed under the ceiling mirror.

Rick has been there, gazing up through Lily's thighs at himself, what he could see of himself, his hands squeezing the cheeks of her bottom, her head with its tight blonde curls, matching those now scuffing his chin, bobbing away between his raised knees like a—what? Like an animated merkin, a word he has discovered in a book he's reading and hopes he's using correctly. It was a dazzling sight, and he felt as he sometimes feels when sitting beside her pool, gazing into its cerulean depths: as if he is being sucked down (or up) into the vortex of...of...what did that Norwegian writer call it? A maelstrom. The dizzying maelstrom of love. From which there is no escape, only surrender. When Lily walked into the bookstore and went straight to the back, where they keep the more salacious material, he fell immediately in love with her and told her he adored her, and the next thing he knew, there he was, under the mirror. Of course,

his true love is Lucille; with her he feels like Lancelot with Queen Guinevere. It is a noble passion that lifts him above himself, and he is utterly devoted to her and will love her forever. Even if forever, as he knows, is merely a literary convention. Her fading beauty breaks his heart. Sometimes, gazing at her during an embrace while kissing away her worry lines, tears come to his eyes. Lily he thought of at first as just a kind of adventure on the side, a bit of casual sallying forth of the errant sort, but he underestimated love's overmastering force, as so many characters in novels do, usually to their regret, for in spite of himself he has come to love her madly, adoring her with all his heart, as she adores him. She quite literally lifts his spirits, not only with the little pills she gives him (so you won't be so sad, she says) but also with her lightness of being, her sweet vulnerability, her tender incarnation of impermanence, ephemerality, the phantom self, the human tragedy.

Not all love is so ennobling or inspiring. Rick knows this. He has read a lot of books about the perverse side of love, its depravities and obsessions, and so he was not completely surprised when he also fell under the spell of a strange, wild enchantress in the bar on the corner by the bookstore. Rick often stops in the bar for a few drinks after work to meditate on the puzzle of life, that grand enigma, trying to put the pieces together, as one might say, and one night, one thing following upon another, he found himself making mad, passionate love to the frenetic creature in the lit street window of his bookstore, right in the middle of a display of popular books on religion and mysticism and before a fascinated audience out in the street, an audience that eventually included the police. He was arrested and lost his job at the bookstore, but he got it back again when Lily talked to the owners and bought a thousand dollars' worth of cookbooks. That should have been the end of it, especially when he discovered the entire display-window episode on the Internet (his face is thankfully somewhat obscured; Lucille may not recognize him and probably knows nothing about computers anyway), but even though the bewitching nymph is dragging him down into the baser side of himself and into further danger, he has kept going back to the bar; he can't stop himself. He is completely in her power. She is a veritable spider woman, a Circe, a voracious Lorelei (he has written a prose poem called "The Succulent Succubus," but the Sunday supplement has not yet accepted it). And the terrible truth is he loves her no less than any of the others and has told her so, choking up with the emotion of it even as she tied him to the lamppost, and he fears there may be no end to his capacity for that notorious and enigmatic affection. He feels like an unhappy character in a postmodern novel, condemned to live forever inside a form he cannot escape. A man by love possessed.



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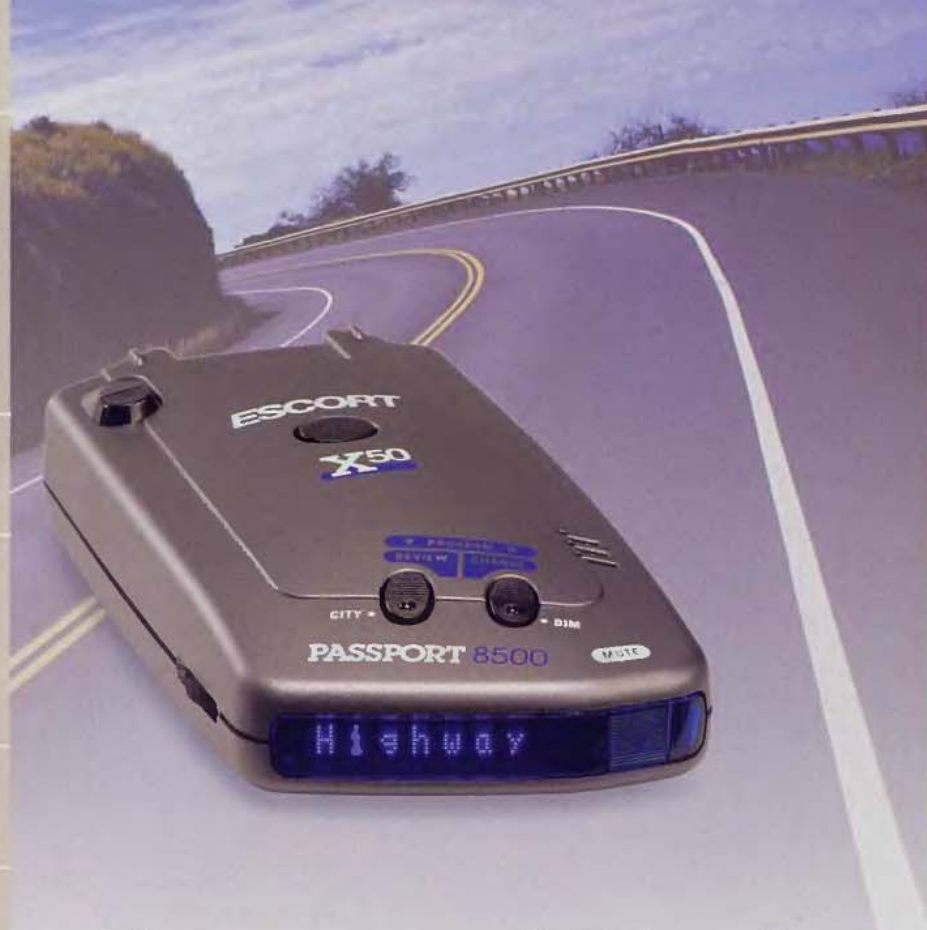
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Wanda is also a prisoner of strange love, but what or who she is in love with she can't quite say. It is not exactly the doctor, who is not even attractive and has very hairy hands, but more like some kind of terrible, compelling power that is inside him like a demon and that overwhelms her and makes her feel as though she is melting. Each time she has been back for a checkup, he has found new things to do with wires and big steel things and clamps and needles and a little stiff whip like a magician's wand that he uses on her when giving her hot enemas, and even before the straps are buckled she is already having the most ferocious orgasms and at the same time peeing herself in terror. She has never known anything like it. Her husband will make love only if she works at arousing him, and then always passively, with her on top doing everything. It's hardly worth it. It's as if he's never gotten over his nursemaid giving him his baths and pinching his little nipples. The doctor won't let her touch him—in fact, she can't,

locked down like that—but sometimes he gets too excited, especially when she starts to cry, and he has to excuse himself for a minute, after which he is always crueler than ever. It is a quirky sort of love. They never talk about what they are doing; they just silently play their parts—her shameful sickness, his furious treatments—like naughty little kids playing doctor.

Though his wife ridicules his passivity, Alan has also learned about love through playacting. In fact, it might be said he seeks Wanda's ridicule, for that was always part of his nursemaid's games as well, she heaping playful scorn upon him even as she dallied with him, insisting always that he lie utterly still and be completely silent or she wouldn't play with him anymore. All of this happened long ago in his parents' house far away in the center of the city, but he has tried to re-create something of that house in his own little corner of the world, even down to the old-fashioned bathroom fixtures and the children's-book illustrations of dying maidens and

wounded knights on the bedroom walls. His upbringing has made him a circumspect and courteous person and so has served to raise his prestige at the bank (he is the quiet, wise man to whom one comes for advice) while at the same time depriving him of any ambition, making advancement seem a kind of vague threat to his tranquility. When it is offered, he always politely but resolutely turns it down. Which also provokes his wife's derision, in spite of all the expensive gifts he buys her. She is not Alan's first wife, of course. They come and go, claiming mental cruelty and taking away substantial portions of his wealth, and Wanda will no doubt soon follow. She has been ill of late, though ominously she won't say of what, and has become quite distracted, unwilling or unable to play their little games or even give him his baths, so for lack of any other outlet (he is attracted to the pretty young divorcée who has recently moved into the neighborhood, but he could never approach her, much less touch her) he has taken to visiting a professional lady in the neighborhood who specializes in various forms of humiliation. What he asks of her is so little it is no doubt an insult to her talents, and she clearly despises him for it (he watches her in the mirrors, not himself), but it is that loathing perhaps more than the punishment or simple humiliation that he seeks.

Lucille, sitting in the bookstore coffee lounge with her young lover, has finally decided she must put her life in order and bring an end to her adultery (even the word shocks her, often as she has seen it written), which threatens, she knows, to destroy her marriage. She has already canceled Pavel's next visit and gotten the name of a new handyman who is said to be old and fat, and she has booked a day at the zoo with the children (she feels as though she hardly knows them!), a day previously devoted each week to Rick. This is a nice community, full of bankers and lawyers and doctors and business executives and real-estate brokers, and she worries that her behavior will become known and embarrass her husband and turn the happy life she and Larry have created for themselves into a kind of French-novel nightmare. She also worries that Larry might already have guessed something of what was happening, perhaps sensing her infidelity in the diminishing intensity of their own romance, for the normally high-spirited fellow has acquired a certain tender, wistful demeanor (which is attractive to her, even though she feels accused by it), and she almost wishes he might have an affair and so make her feel less guilty about her own. While trying to get up the courage to tell Rick (how lovely he is! how she adores him!) that it's over, she sips her cappuccino and listens to him explain his theories about the neighborhood. Certainly he knows a lot about the place just from the books people are reading, and it is his belief, he says, that something is being spelled out and he has



"Yeah, well, I didn't expect the 'Something Blue' to be a movie with you in it!"

been trying to piece it all together. You're Lucille, and I'm Rick, he says. That's important. Of course it is, she smiles, touched. No, I mean it wouldn't work if it were the other way around. Goodness, I can't even imagine it! No, he says, and he smiles. I can't either. I only meant...well, it may be something significant or it may not, but it doesn't matter. Life, like literature, he says, taking her hands in his, is often quite frivolous. She finds his theories amusingly paranoid, reminiscent of a contemporary writer they have been discussing in the literary society, and is about to say so when a girl comes in wearing only a short, nearly transparent nightie. Maybe that sort of thing is the fashion nowadays, but it doesn't belong in this neighborhood, and it has poor Rick, who has let go of her hands and sprung to his feet, completely flustered. The girl, after taking in blushing Rick, turns and gives Lucille the most wicked grin, as though she knows everything, and Lucille is suddenly afraid it's already too late. Are those cameras? It is a moment when Lucille has a sudden understanding of the phrase "My heart stood still!" The girl has an arm around Rick and seems to be taking his trousers down. Lucille doesn't know whether to rush over and defend her lover (her ex-lover, she is already thinking) from this scandalous attack or to flee, her research project concluded.

Larry is home alone, just removing a reheated cup of coffee from the microwave, Lucille having left for her usual afternoon of shopping and browsing in the bookstore, when the widow from next door turns up, bursting in through his kitchen door with a somewhat desperate look on her face. Larry, whose changed demeanor has in truth been due to an unwonted commingling of pleasure and regret, has been staying away from the widow of late, fearful that Lucille might get suspicious. Lucille is a good reader, and his face, he knows, is an open book. Moreover, he has no doubt been seen going in and out of Opal's house rather too often, and this is the sort of neighborhood where any sort of irregular romantic behavior would naturally be frowned upon, even if it had to do with being of assistance to a poor lonely widow who deserved everyone's sympathy. Opal says now she is afraid there might be a mouse behind the refrigerator and she is terrified and needs his help and why hasn't he been by recently? He tries to explain, but she breaks into tears and falls weakly against his chest with her arms around him. Such a soft, willowy creature, he cannot find it in his heart to be cruel to her. I'm so sorry, she whispers. I'm such a slut, I know it. I just want to fuck all the time and blow people's cocks off, and, well, whatever, you name it, I don't care what you do! Even as she says these outrageous things, Opal somehow sounds as demure and innocent as ever. Where, Larry wonders as the widow undoes his belt buckle, did she learn such language? She must

have had other visitors. She has also learned some new things she never did before. Which is how it is that he's standing in the kitchen with a cup of lukewarm coffee in his hand, his pants around his ankles and his penis in Opal's mouth, thinking that life is amazing and completely inscrutable, when he hears his wife come in through the front door. He tries to remember what it was he'd planned to say if ever he had to explain things to her, but his mind is a complete blank.

Capricious. Malicious. Vicious. Delicious. Perverse. Curse. Verse. Or worse. Gross. Eros. Is that a rhyme? Hmm. A dose is. Verbose. No, she is not verbose. She's ribald. He scribbled. Improper. A showstopper. A whirly girly. Illicit. So kiss it. Don't miss it. Obscene Irene. Lean and mean. She's offbeat. Indiscreet. Street meat in heat. Rick is sitting all alone beside Lily's pool like the period at the end of a sentence, tripping (ripping? flipping?) on her little pills and searching for the right words (it's easy, they're flying all about him) to describe the crazy creature from the corner bar for a lyric he is writing, probably not for the Sunday supplement. In fact, he is entering a new phase of his poetical career, to which he is at the moment able to devote himself full-time, and the Sunday supplement is probably not part of it. He is in the diabolic frolic phase, writing his exciting, bizarre memoir, searching for the absurd furred bird word. Oh man! It has been an amazing day! He has lost his job again, but Lily, who is off to the doctor to restock her medications (that's right, the doctor restocked her; he unlocked her, shocked her, mocked her, rocked her—Rick is on a roll, he has never felt so creative or so wise, for he's got the picture now, he has put it all together, he can read the neighborhood), promises to get his job back for him one way or another. As Lily says, they need him to run the literary society; he makes them a lot of money getting all those ladies in the neighborhood to buy new books each week, and thanks to Irene he even has a certain celebrity status now as a kind of Internet amateur porn star that makes it difficult for them to ignore him. They have no choice. And that's not all that's illumined his day. Even as his pants came down in front of Irene's camera crew, his true love and muse suddenly called off their romance to return to her husband, which was terribly distressing in the midst of all his other troubles, and he thought that Irene had spoiled things forever with Lucille, but then 15 minutes later his dearly beloved was back again and dragging him into the stockroom for the most beautiful time they have ever had together. She was really fired up (love's great mystery, what can he say, that old cliché, the poet's métier), and they'd be locked up in there still if she hadn't had to go home to get her gutters cleaned.



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PAUL GIAMATTI

(continued from page 137)

president of Yale University from 1978 to 1986 and commissioner of Major League Baseball from 1988 to 1989. Which of those gigs brought you the best perks?

GIAMATTI: The coolest cachet came from baseball. People are still far more impressed with that. They say things like "Going to baseball games all the time must have been great." Baseball was hard to avoid in my house, so by default I was interested, but I'm not a huge baseball fan. Sadly, it didn't help at all with girls, but by the time my father was baseball commissioner I had a pretty serious girlfriend, so I was all set up. I didn't need any help.

Q7

PLAYBOY: So you won the ladies in real life, too. How much did acting help you score?

GIAMATTI: Growing up I didn't know where I was headed, except to the grave or maybe to the gutter. I went through wanting to do a lot of things, but acting wasn't one of them. I didn't really know what I was going to do until after my father died. Going into acting was as much a surprise to me as to anyone else,

and I was even more surprised to find that I could make a living doing it. I never did it thinking, Oh yeah, now I'm going to score. But it became this nice surprise fringe benefit. All of a sudden I had some hot girls because of it.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You're married, so how do you deal with women who hit on you?

GIAMATTI: A movie set is largely about trolling for trim. I'm almost 38, but I've reached the point where the cute extra is much more interested in me and kind of sidles up to me now. I'm not putting myself down or anything, but it's mind-boggling that even a guy like me gets this from women. I'm like, "Why now? I've been married 12 goddamn years. I've put a lot of time into this, I've got a kid, and now you're coming up to me?" It's a horrible feeling to know I can't do anything, because now, suddenly, it's all around me. I hear guys say, "Hey, it's location banging," which means, what, you get a pass somehow and it's fine? I can't go there. It would be so easy, and there are definitely times when I've felt I'd better go back to the hotel room, quietly close the door and lock myself in.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You've notched impressive Broadway and London stage credits doing O'Neill, Chekhov and Stoppard. How did that training prepare you for lowbrow movies such as *Big Momma's House* and *Big Fat Liar*?

GIAMATTI: I did movies just for the cash flow. I didn't have a vision about what my career was going to be like. I thought, Well, that's fine. That's how I make my money. And that's how I continue to make my money, but the parts have gotten better. In those movies I felt that my appearance suggested to someone, "Hey, a guy who looks like he does must be just hilarious." The minute I try to make it funny, it's not funny. After the Stern movie I kept getting stuck in this thing where everybody wanted me to blow up all the time. I don't really feel comfortable doing that. I've done plenty of crud. I'm fine doing crud, but it's nice to be in some noncrud now.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You did *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* onstage with Al Pacino. How crazy is he?

GIAMATTI: I don't know if I'd use the word *crazy*, but he's eccentric, which surprised me. He's also a very nice guy and very neurotic. He handed me his sandwich right off his lap one day when I was hungry. That was a stand-up thing to do. He wears \$3,000 Armani suits and looks like he sleeps in them. He's an obsessive, nutty actor—a rumpled, wacky guy.

Q11

PLAYBOY: How crazy—or should we say "eccentric"—are you?

GIAMATTI: I talk to myself constantly. Is that eccentric, or am I losing my mind? Or is it just sad? I'm obsessed with things. I have to have certain kinds of books around me. I'm always interested in books by H.P. Lovecraft. All that early, pulpy horror stuff is kind of interesting to me. I love to buy comic books, too. Pacino would go fucking crazy because I whistled all the time—standards and spirituals, mostly. I like my gospel music.

Q12

PLAYBOY: What's one of the more memorable responses you've gotten from a fan?

GIAMATTI: I was on Houston Street in New York City, and a bunch of gangbanger guys pulled up next to me in an SUV. One guy leaned out the window and went, "That's the nigger that played in Howard Stern! That's the nigger that played in Howard Stern!" which was the first time I'd ever been called "nigger." The number of movies I've done virtually guarantees that one of them is on cable at any time. It's nonstop Giamatti, which means those glittering performances in such fine pictures as *Big Momma's House* will be marching across your TV screen relentlessly.



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Q13

PLAYBOY: Playing comic-book artist and curmudgeon Harvey Pekar in *American Splendor* must have brought you other fan attention, particularly from "special" people who claim you as one of their own.

GIAMATTI: A lot of Harvey-like people saw that movie, and I've definitely gotten recognition from them. When I visited my sick mom in the hospital, lots of weird hospital technicians who had seen that movie came up to me. A Harvey-like mailman stopped me on the street the other day. I was shying away from him, and he was kind of scary, a little weird, disheveled and aggressive, saying, "Hey, I really like your stuff, man." Then he said *American Splendor* was great, and I thought, Perfect.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Would you reveal what substances, illegal or not, you all had to be on while making *Planet of the Apes*?

GIAMATTI: We should have been taking drugs. Unfortunately we weren't on anything. It was fantastic when my agent called and said, "Tim Burton wants to meet you for *Planet of the Apes*." The script that actually came across my desk meandered. Bad script. If you're going to remake that movie, let alone a good science-fiction film, plot would seem to be of the essence. Not that the first movie is Jonathan Swift, but it has a good satirical point of view. This one? Nothing. It just dribbled away. But it turned out to be one of the best times I've ever had filming.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You made an offbeat comedy-drama called *Thunderpants*, about a kid with a freakish ability to break wind. Do you have any freakish bodily abilities?

GIAMATTI: At one time I could make myself fart. When I was a kid I had a friend who was somehow able to do it and, as he explained it, "It's like I'm breathing in through my asshole." Somehow that resonated with me, and I thought, I'll give this a try. It actually worked. I was able to manifest flatulence. I haven't done it in a long time. By the way, that movie, in which I play a can-do government guy with none of the high jinks they usually put me up to, is my personal favorite of all my performances on film.

Q16

PLAYBOY: After co-starring with Russell Crowe in *Cinderella Man*, a Ron Howard-directed film in which you play the friend and trainer of real-life Depression-era boxer Jim Braddock, what would you tell your agents if they called with another role in a Crowe movie?

GIAMATTI: That I'd be on the bullet train to Sydney. I loved him, loved working with him. A lot of people look at me and say, "You're the only person alive who's going to say that," but he was particularly nice to me. Why? Who knows? He's a

complicated guy—a dark, moody, weird guy—but he was nice to me. I wish I could say he went after me and bit me or something, but he never did.

Q17

PLAYBOY: That's almost disappointing, isn't it?

GIAMATTI: You read about the old days, and it's Marilyn Monroe stumbling around drunk, somebody punching Richard Burton or someone disappearing for five days. Doesn't that stuff happen anymore? Or maybe it never did. Have people gotten duller? I have to say I've never seen anything unusually bad. It's all been pretty standard stuff, like bickering with the director. There's just not enough vomiting on the camera and punching Richard Burton anymore.

Q18

PLAYBOY: *Cinderella Man* is all about prize-fighting. When was the last time you duked it out with someone?

GIAMATTI: I went through a weird period in seventh grade when I was kind of scrappy and would take on some big kids. I discovered I could hold my own until I got my ass kicked by somebody, but the idea of punching someone in the face now is just bizarre to me. I'm not a physical guy, and one of the things I've always liked about acting is that it made me be physical. I always do my own stunts in movies. They're not particularly dangerous things, but I do like to throw myself around and jump down hills. That's about as physical as I get.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What's worse, not getting an Oscar nomination for rave-reviewed work like *American Splendor* or *Sideways* or getting those commiserating phone calls from friends and colleagues?

GIAMATTI: It was absurd to me that I would get that kind of attention. It's nice when people say that kind of thing about you, but I kept going, "Hey, everybody calm down about this. I hate to break anybody's heart, but I really don't see it happening." If people think I was good in the movie, hey, that's good enough for me, for Christ's sake.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Sure, but a gold statue would be nice too.

GIAMATTI: Yeah, where's my little gold man? A nomination would mean greater cash flow, plus I'd be able to buy more Lovecraft and comic books. I hate to be so crass about it, but that would be nice. I'd say it would mean more interesting parts, but I don't feel as if I haven't gotten those. Does it guarantee you good work for a lifetime? Probably not, but it would be a dandy thing. Sure, why not?



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STAR WARS

(continued from page 96)

reference. Left to guess the rest, it gave him a regular body, blue suit and silver boots. As it turned out, Snaggletooth wears a red suit, goes barefoot and is short. Kenner swiftly issued an accurate version. A Blue Snaggletooth now costs \$80.

The rarest figures are Vader and Obi-Wan with "double telescoping" lightsaber action. According to Gus Lopez of ToysRUs.com, fewer than 50 are known to exist, and on the rare occasion that one becomes available, it can command several thousand dollars.

INSOLENCE IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF FLATTERY

Spaceballs may not be Mel Brooks's best movie, but it's the best *Star Wars* parody. It pits space bandit Lone Starr, cranky Princess Vespa and elf Yogurt against Pizza the Hutt and the evil Dark Helmet. "So, Lone Starr, now you see that evil will always triumph," says Helmet, "because good is dumb." Brooks's commentary on the new DVD version is hilarious.

RED GALAXIES, BLUE GALAXIES

Democrats like *Star Wars*, but Republicans speak it. Ronald Reagan was first. He copied the title for his missile defense system, described the Soviet Union as an "evil empire" and dispatched space shuttle astronauts by saying, "May the Force be with them." Others have emulated: "I'm Luke Skywalker trying to get out of the Death Star," said John McCain, campaigning in 2000. "We also have to work, though, sort of the dark side," said Dick Cheney about our intelligence agencies.

"I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS"

Menace and *Clones* have interesting plot movement and thrilling action sequences, but the volume of twaddle (Jar Jar, the Anakin-Padmé romance) makes them nearly unwatchable. We hope Lucas can pull off something special with *Sith*. But if not, just go home, slip in a DVD of the original, and play Luke's Death Star run on an endless loop.



THE BRAIN

(continued from page 80)

in Kuwait doesn't automatically confer citizenship (roughly half the people living there are not citizens), so KSM grew up in Fahaheel as a Pakistani citizen. His mother was an exceptionally devout woman, and her influence made him a committed Islamist. Before the first Gulf war, 70,000 to 80,000 Palestinians were living in Kuwait, most of them working in the oil industry. Their presence must have hardened the young KSM. He spoke at mosques as a teenager, often about the Palestinian cause. He later told his CIA interrogators he had joined the radical Muslim Brotherhood when he was 16.

KSM left Kuwait in 1982. Shortly after, on December 6 of that year, he was issued a passport at the Pakistani embassy in Kuwait City. With an education grant in hand from the Kuwaiti government, he went off to study in the United States, as many Arabs did.

SCHOOL IN AMERICA

In the spring of 1983 KSM enrolled at Chowan College, a small Baptist school in Murfreesboro, North Carolina. The school didn't require a certificate of English proficiency. It did, however, require its students to attend weekly Christian services, although it otherwise tried to accommodate the needs of Muslim pupils. KSM arrived at Chowan knowing little English but entered directly into advanced classes.

After a semester in Murfreesboro KSM transferred to North Carolina A&T State University in Greensboro, where he obtained his bachelor of science degree in mechanical engineering on December 18, 1986. At NCAT he was something of a class clown, an impressive physical comedian who could crack up a room of Muslim students simply by walking into it. Former schoolmates remember him as a cheerful guy who would reenact skits from *Saturday Night Live*. He was known to his fellow students as Blushi, for both his family home in Baluchistan and his resemblance to John Belushi. According to one classmate, "it was a nonstop comedy zone" around KSM. He wore a long beard and hung out at the local Burger King, where he and his fellow Muslim students ate Whoppers without meat because the beef was not slaughtered according to Islamic code. "He was religious," a Kuwaiti schoolmate later told *The Baltimore Sun*. "He was one of the ones we called the mullahs as sort of a joke, a nickname."

KSM maintains that his time in America was not an unhappy one. According to *The 9/11 Commission Report*, he told U.S. investigators that his "animus to the U.S. stemmed not from his experience there as a student but rather from his violent disagreement with U.S. foreign policy favoring Israel."



"Goes to show you what I know about technology. I thought a Palm Pilot was just another slang term for whacking off."

MUJAHIDEEN

In the 1980s the struggles of the mujahideen in Afghanistan against the Soviets attracted Islamic men from around the world. With the help of wealthy Saudis—as well as the covert military support of the CIA and Pakistani intelligence—volunteers went to fight the invaders. For these Islamists, Afghanistan was a defining place of jihad. KSM's brother Abid was killed in Afghanistan in 1989 while fighting the Soviets. Another brother, Aref, also died there.

It is no surprise, then, that after graduation KSM left the U.S. to go to Peshawar in northern Pakistan. There he met Bin Laden for the first time, as well as Sheikh Abdullah Azzam, who provided the ideological underpinnings for the later terrorist attacks. KSM's oldest brother, Zahid, who worked for an Islamic aid group, introduced him to Abdul Rasul Sayyaf, an Afghan warlord who had once been a professor of theology at Kabul University. Sayyaf headed the Islamic Union Party, and KSM served as his secretary. KSM helped run a group that hired Arabs to fight in Afghanistan. Legend has it he fought on the front against the Soviets for three months.

In 1992, four years after Mikhail Gorbachev announced the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan, KSM went to Bosnia to join the jihad there, again fighting the infidel. He worked for Egypatska Pomoc, an Egyptian aid group in Zenica, and in 1995 became one of its directors. His experience in Bosnia, where the West looked the other way while thousands of Muslims were killed, further radicalized him.

FIRST STRIKE

On February 26, 1993 the World Trade Center in New York City was bombed. Ramzi Yousef—KSM's nephew, only three years younger than his uncle—had carried off a strike against an enemy target on American soil.

The World Trade Center bomb exploded at 12:17 P.M. in a van parked in an underground garage. Yousef had built his weapons from 1,200 pounds of chemicals, including urea nitrate and nitroglycerin. Six people were killed and more than 1,000 injured, yet the towers remained standing. Always one to learn from failure, KSM said the 1993 WTC bombing proved to him that bombs alone could not accomplish the spectacular devastation he had in mind.

THE PHILIPPINES

KSM went to the Philippines on a Pakistani passport to meet with Yousef in August 1994, hoping to aid the Muslim insurgency on the southern islands. There they came up with a grandiose plan to strike the U.S. It was known as Oplan Bojinka—Serbo-Croatian for "explosion" (though KSM told CIA interrogators it was a nonsense word he had

heard while fighting in Afghanistan).

The central concept of Oplan Bojinka was to blow up as many as 12 airliners simultaneously as they flew across the Pacific to the U.S., killing all the passengers. This was the germ for the 9/11 attacks and the beginning of the idea to use planes as weapons. KSM and Yousef planned to plant bombs under airplane seats and have the bombers leave the planes at stopovers. They studied plane routes from Taipei, Hong Kong, Bangkok and Seoul and planned schedules for coordinated explosions.

According to Filipino security sources, KSM and his nephew also decided to assassinate Pope John Paul II in the Philippines. They prepared to set off a pipe bomb near a stage where the pope would say Mass; KSM planned to have snipers fire at the fleeing crowd. He had similar ideas to kill Philippine president Fidel Ramos, as well as President Clinton on his 1994 visit to Manila.

On December 11, Yousef, on the advice of KSM, successfully planted a bomb (and tested Yousef's timer, made from a Casio watch) on Philippine Airlines flight 434 bound for Japan, killing one passenger, wounding 11 others and forcing the plane to make an emergency landing in Okinawa. According to Filipino intelligence sources, during this period KSM and his nephew went with two girlfriends to Puerto Galera, a beach resort south of Manila, where they took scuba lessons. KSM portrayed himself there as a rich Qatari businessman.

While in Manila he tried to impress a female dentist he was wooing by hiring a helicopter from the Airlink International Aviation School and calling her on his cell phone while flying over her clinic; he asked her to come out and wave. According to security reports, he hung out in nightclubs, karaoke bars and hotel bars, sometimes wearing a white tuxedo. But his role as bon vivant may simply have been a cover for his freelance bomb plotting.

In preparation for the execution of their Bojinka plan, KSM and Yousef cased airport security in 1994. They went on trial runs from Manila to Seoul and Manila to Hong Kong on flights that had onward legs to the U.S. KSM poured liquid explosives into bottles of contact lens solution and replaced the seals. He carried 13 on the flight to Seoul. To test their ability to clear security with a detonator, KSM taped a bolt to the arch of his foot and wore flashy clothing with metal accessories. He put on jewelry and carried condoms and what the Philippine police called "colorful magazines" to support his cover story that he was traveling in order to meet women. When searched, he was asked to undress. He removed his shoes but not his socks and got the bolt through security.

Once the plane landed, KSM was denied entry to South Korea because he didn't have a visa, so he was sent back to

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the Philippines. He later told CIA interrogators he realized he had accidentally left in his bag a copy of the Bojinka plan, which detailed all 12 targeted flights and the times the planes were to explode—but no one noticed.

The Bojinka planes were supposed to be hijacked on January 21 and 22, 1995. But two weeks before that, while experimenting with explosives, Yousef had started a fire in the apartment the collaborators shared. Although fireworks were listed as the cause of the fire, the police were immediately suspicious. A detective who investigated the sixth-floor apartment found pipe bombs and maps of the pope's route from the Manila airport to the Vatican consulate (the pontiff was scheduled to pass beneath the apartment's windows). Police found a laptop that ultimately led to the discovery of Oplan Bojinka details. The Philippine National Police also discovered alternate plans to crash planes into the World Trade Center, the Pentagon, the White House, the John Hancock Tower in Boston, the Sears Tower in Chicago and the Transamerica building in San Francisco. Another plotter, Abdul Hakim Murad, was arrested when he tried to sneak back into the apartment to retrieve his computer.

KSM got away. His nephew Yousef fled

to Pakistan, where he was arrested in February 1995 in Islamabad. The hard drive for the laptop was given to U.S. intelligence operatives, who used the contents to convict Yousef for his role in the WTC bombing. Were it not for flaws in Yousef's encryption program, the FBI would not have been able to access his computer.

QATAR

In 1992, at the invitation of Bin Khalid al Thani, the minister of religious affairs of Qatar, KSM moved to Doha, Qatar to work as a project engineer for the Ministry of Electricity and Water. He continued to be employed there until 1996, even though he spent much of his time traveling the world—including trips to the Philippines, India, Sudan, Yemen and Malaysia—supporting terrorism covertly.

By late 1996 Khalid Sheikh Mohammed surfaced in Brazil, where he again escaped the CIA. He had supposedly gone there to promote Konsojaya, a Malaysian company that secretly funded Muslim rebels in Southeast Asia. KSM stayed at the Tropicana, 50 yards from the Iguazú Falls, where the triple borders of Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay meet.

In 1995 the U.S. government had begun to figure out the extent of KSM's involvement in terrorist activities; his photo had been found in Yousef's Toshiba

laptop. The U.S. attorney secretly indicted KSM in January 1996 for the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. FBI director Louis Freeh met with Qatari officials about turning KSM over to the Americans, but no agreement was reached. The feds apparently considered launching a secret mission into Qatar to seize him but abandoned the plan because they feared it would cause trouble with neighboring Bahrain. By the time Qatari officials granted the FBI permission to take KSM from a Doha apartment in 1996, he had fled with a blank passport. It has been said that KSM was tipped off by a government official. KSM went to Afghanistan; one report has a member of the Qatari royal family giving him the passport. He appears to have lived clandestinely in Pakistan and Afghanistan, but by January 1997 he had settled with his family in the southern Pakistani port city of Karachi.

AL QAEDA

Perhaps because of differences in their character and background, KSM never had a close relationship with Bin Laden. For the most part KSM pursued his own projects. He met with Bin Laden in Tora Bora in mid-1996; it was the first time they had seen each other since 1989, when they were together in Afghanistan. Bin Laden agreed to see KSM because

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of the reputation of KSM's nephew, a graduate of Sada, an Al Qaeda training camp. During the meeting KSM told Bin Laden about his various plans (including one to train pilots to crash planes into American buildings), but Bin Laden listened without making any commitments.

He asked KSM to join Al Qaeda, but KSM preferred to keep his autonomy and declined. As further evidence of his independence, he continued to work in Afghanistan with his old mentor Abdul Rasul Sayyaf.

As discussed with Bin Laden, KSM's plan for an American airline operation involved hijacking 10 planes on the East and West coasts and flying them into the Library Tower in Los Angeles, the Space Needle in Seattle, undisclosed nuclear reactors, the World Trade Center, the Pentagon, the White House, CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia and FBI headquarters in Washington, D.C. KSM intended to be on the 10th plane and would make his appearance after the nine others had smashed into their targets. After killing all the male passengers, he would land the plane at an American airport and give a speech to the world media denouncing U.S. support of governments in the Philippines, Israel and the Arabian Peninsula. Then he would release the women and children. Bin Laden was lukewarm to this theatrical scheme.

The 1998 bombings of the American embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam (which together killed more than 200 people) convinced KSM that Bin Laden was serious about attacking the U.S.—a previous point of contention between them. In March or April 1999 the pair met at the Al Matar complex near Kandahar, Afghanistan. Bin Laden approved the planes operation and, with Mohammad Atef, drew up a list of targets. KSM agreed to move to Kandahar to work directly with Al Qaeda and lead its media committee.

KSM told his American interrogators that he joined Al Qaeda in late 1998 or early 1999. Bin Laden wanted to rush the planes operation and suggested that KSM launch an attack while Ariel Sharon visited the Temple Mount in Jerusalem on September 28, 2000. According to information released in *The 9/11 Commission Report*, KSM said it couldn't be done, that the plan wasn't in place. When Sharon announced a visit to the White House during the summer of 2001, Bin Laden again wanted the planes to attack, but KSM said they weren't ready.

TRAINING FOR HOLY TUESDAY

In early 1999 Bin Laden selected four operatives (Khalid al Mihdhar, Nawaf al Hazmi, Tawfiq bin Attash and Abu Bara al Yemeni) for the 9/11 hijackings. They were taken to an Al Qaeda camp in Afghanistan, where they were trained in close-quarters combat. Then they went to Karachi, where KSM instructed them in Western culture and travel—his North



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Carolina experience came in handy. He taught the four from Western aviation magazines and San Diego and Long Beach phone books he had found in a Karachi flea market. To familiarize them with the jets they would crash, he used flight-simulator software and showed Hollywood hijacking movies. (Before showing the videos to his suicide trainees, he edited them to cover up the female characters.)

Most of the terrorists had little idea how to operate in Western society and in an urban environment. They knew nothing about how to go through an airport or how to greet a Customs officer. To allay the suspicions of airport and Customs officials, KSM showed his charges how to shave, dress in Western clothes and wear gold chains and cologne. All these effects were designed to make the hijackers appear wealthy and cosmopolitan, not fundamentalist, and thus avoid scrutiny. The hijackers eventually cased flights on their own, taking box cutters on the planes and watching.

KSM developed code words for Al Qaeda. *White meat*, for example, meant an American. *Wedding* meant an attack. *Giorgio Armani* meant black powder. *Hugo Boss* meant ammonium nitrate. He coded phone numbers with a simple reversal: Nine became one, eight became two and so on. He also invented an electronic letter box to send e-mail without exposing it to surveillance. He would use a Yahoo or Hotmail account, write a note in the draft file and send the account name and password to the person with whom he wished to communicate. His correspondent could

log on to the account and read (and delete) the letter in draft form.

He knew how to obtain false passports through forgery, by alteration or by false pretense. He knew where to purchase a forged passport in Thailand for \$5,000 or a legitimate one in Islamabad from African students. He knew how to alter Pakistani visas with a steam iron, bleach and a German brake fluid that matched the ink. But that was not his most essential ability.

KSM was well regarded by the Al Qaeda rank and file, among whom he was known as an even-tempered and intelligent man. As he demonstrated to his CIA interrogators, he was a people person. He would smile, laugh and joke, trying to win the heart even of an opponent. He could get along with anyone. "He's the sort of person who can acquire your trust easily," said one man I spoke with who had spent time with him. "He was talented at it. He easily found his way in a crowd of people because he was charming. He always gave the impression he was understanding, yet he would always have things his way."

His most unusual skill, however, was in persuading people to commit suicide on his behalf. KSM controlled what he referred to as Al Qaeda's "department of martyrs." The most difficult job in any terrorist operation is finding the right person for the task. KSM was a good judge of talent, but he found it easier to attract suicide bombers than to enlist operational planners. "We have many volunteers," he told a reporter for Aljazeera about his suicide bombers.

Even during the approach of 9/11—

Holy Tuesday in Al Qaeda terminology—KSM was thinking about his next attack. He wanted non-Arab participants and females, because neither would draw undue attention from counterterrorist organizations. He succeeded in recruiting Australian Jack Roche, who was later convicted of plotting to bomb the Israeli embassy in Canberra. Aafia Siddiqui, an MIT graduate who lived in Boston, was KSM's archetypal female agent. She worked as a courier, flying back and forth between the U.S. and Pakistan. Considering her expertise in neuroscience and biology, the intelligence community fears she may help plan a chemical or biological attack on the U.S.

KSM was determined to strike a second time, a forceful follow-up to 9/11. This next attack would also be spectacular, a blow to additional targets in the U.S., and would have profound psychological impact. Toward that end, in early 2001 he sent Issa al Britani, a young British convert and senior member of Al Qaeda, to case various targets in the U.S. Al Britani shot five hours of videotape of the New York Stock Exchange, the Citigroup building in New York, the Prudential building in Newark, New Jersey and the World Bank and International Monetary Fund in Washington, D.C. He noted the buildings' structures and security details, traffic outside the targets and the places most vulnerable to trucks carrying fuel.

In spring 2000 Bin Laden had canceled the West Coast component of the planes operation, believing it too hard to coordinate. The plot was scaled back to four planes on the East Coast. In summer 2001 KSM returned to Bin Laden with a plan to recruit a Saudi air force pilot to commandeer a fighter plane and attack the Israeli city of Eilat, but Bin Laden wanted to stick to the planes operation. A month before 9/11 KSM applied for a visa at the Australian High Commission in Islamabad, using a known alias. The visa was granted when no one checked the alias on a database.

KSM's activities attracted attention, but intelligence officials were unable to put them together. In June 2001 a CIA report indicated that a man named Khaled was recruiting people to travel outside Afghanistan for possible terrorist activities. Officers at CIA headquarters suspected that this Khaled might be KSM.

The planes operation was about to come to fruition. As chairman of the media committee, KSM supervised the filming of martyrdom videos, or video wills, for the 9/11 hijackers. Then, in code, he authorized the four hijacking teams to attack. Mohammad Atta's last phone call to KSM, on September 10, 2001, was monitored by the National Security Agency but wasn't translated until after the attacks. That call sealed the fate of thousands of people. In typically brazen fashion KSM had wanted to be in America for the attacks—he applied for a visa to come here for 9/11,



"My client was wondering, Your Honor, if you would consider a recess until such time as the surf is no longer up."

but his application was denied. "The attacks were designed," he told a reporter for Aljazeera in 2002, "to cause as many deaths as possible and havoc and to be a big slap for America on American soil."

After 9/11, money was never a problem. Whenever KSM met operatives, he was able to fund them—he got a lot of financial support from Saudi Arabia. KSM continued to plot. He was involved in Richard Colvin Reid's foiled shoe bombing on American Airlines flight 63 from Paris to Miami in December 2001. On April 11, 2002 a suicide bomber in Djerba, Tunisia telephoned KSM three hours before he detonated a truck bomb outside a synagogue and killed 21 people. KSM also planned to use truck bombs to destroy the Australian and British high commissions and the U.S. and Israeli embassies in Singapore in December 2001 and plotted to blow up the Brooklyn Bridge in 2003. (Movies set in New York, including *Godzilla*, were used for research purposes.)

Part of his post-9/11 scheme was to strike London's Heathrow Airport, using planes hijacked from Eastern Europe. Another plan was foiled on August 3, 2004 when Al Britani, who was involved in the plot, was arrested in London. Even in the heightened-security environment after 9/11, KSM, convinced of his brilliance, still thought he could mount a spectacular operation. He believed in pre-operational surveillance. He maintained that any target, even highly protected ones, could be attacked. The enemies of Allah plot and plan, he said, but Allah is the best of planners. KSM advocated multi-year planning in a long-cycle operation. He felt if he invested in the preattack phases, almost any plot could succeed.

In addition to planning the Heathrow scheme, KSM devised the gas limo project, which showed his typical ingenuity. It involved setting off improvised explosive devices and dirty bombs in London. KSM was considering strontium 90, californium 252 and cesium 137 as radioactive agents to be used with a conventional bomb. He planned to obtain these elements from smoke alarms, using 100 alarms to make each bomb.

DANIEL PEARL

One intriguing allegation involves Daniel Pearl, a reporter with *The Wall Street Journal* who was kidnapped in Pakistan on January 23, 2002 while researching a story. Pearl was murdered after two men pinned him to the floor of a Karachi apartment. KSM, we are told, wielded the knife that cut off Pearl's head, while another man videotaped. But the cameraman missed the murder, which had to be repeated for the video. Pearl's throat was cut in halal fashion. One person who watched the tape said it was not clear that KSM held the knife: "You couldn't tell from the videotape whether it was actu-

ally KSM who was holding the knife or even whether he was there." But others insist KSM was the killer.

He typically didn't bloody his hands—KSM had others do his dirty work. But he may have had a motive with Pearl, who according to some reports could have been pursuing an article about him. "He had previously seemed to be more of a strategic person who looked at things from above, trying to figure out how to manipulate, rather than a hands-on kind of person concerned with details," says one journalist who followed the case closely. "But you can't exclude the possibility that he would develop a certain interest in killing if he had been told Pearl was after him personally." Or perhaps KSM killed Pearl because he wanted to set an example for Al Qaeda with his ruthlessness.

CAPTURE

KSM was not one to hide in a cave. He liked to be on the front lines. But after Ramzi Binalshibh was arrested in Karachi on September 11, 2002, the noose began to tighten. KSM had been in Binalshibh's house when it was raided, but he escaped, leaving behind his two young sons, Yusif al Khalid, nine, and Abed al Khalia, seven, who were found in a bedroom and taken into custody by Pakistani security. It is not uncommon in Pakistan for intelligence agents to arrest their quarry's family members. One terrorist reportedly turned himself in because his 90-year-old grandfather was being held in jail. "In the Middle East," says one man familiar with interrogations, "they will bring a suspect's mother to the police station and undress her in front of him."

The search moved to Quetta, the capital city of Baluchistan, KSM's home province. Plenty of former Taliban were in Quetta, which made it hard for the FBI to get anywhere. Pakistani intelligence agents tracked KSM to a house in a middle-class neighborhood, which they raided on February 14, 2003. They seized KSM's computer, getting valuable addresses, e-mails and phone numbers, but once again he had escaped. Instead, Pakistani police caught one of the sons of Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman, the blind Egyptian cleric convicted in 1995 for trying to blow up the World Trade Center. The son admitted he had recently stayed with KSM in Quetta. KSM's phone calls were intercepted by American communications experts, who helped the Pakistanis trace him. The National Security Agency used its Echelon surveillance system to monitor more than 10 of KSM's cell phones and triangulate his position with satellites. Intelligence operatives knew KSM's whereabouts for a week before they followed him from Quetta to Rawalpindi.

The night before his capture KSM took a 430-mile commercial flight from Quetta to Islamabad. He thought he was well enough disguised to risk the airport, but he was under surveillance by the

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Directorate of Inter-Services Intelligence (the Pakistani intelligence service), which had agents on his flight.

It all came crashing down on Saturday, March 1, 2003. One phone number found on KSM's hard drive in Quetta belonged to the son of a microbiologist who owned a house in Rawalpindi, a crowded military garrison city adjacent to Islamabad, the Pakistani capital. The supposed safe house, a gray-and-white two-story home at 18A Nisar Road in the middle-class Westridge neighborhood, was just two miles from the residence of the Pakistani president, General Pervez Musharraf. When he was arrested the FBI found a laminated code sheet in his pocket. Agents also took his laptop, compact discs, audiotapes, mobile phones and notebooks—none of them encoded.

KSM was surprised to be captured, because he usually adhered to strict security principles. "When you are on the run for such a long time," said one observer, "you tend to take a few things for granted." Next to the bed where KSM slept was a photo of him with his arms around his two sons.

His appearance had changed—he no longer had a beard and had gained weight—but his fingerprints confirmed his identity. For three days he was questioned by officers of ISI's Counter-Terrorism Cell. On March 4 the Pakistanis turned him over to U.S. intelligence. Once he was in American custody, his two sons were reportedly transferred to a facility in the U.S., though American officials deny any children are in custody here or abroad.

LIFE BEHIND BARS

This is Mukhtar's life now and for the foreseeable future. Perhaps when the CIA has gotten all the information it can from him, KSM will be brought before a secret trial or military tribunal that will remand him

to the Supermax federal prison in Florence, Colorado, where his nephew Yousef is serving life plus 240 years. Until then captivity will continue to dictate his life.

By dint of his continual challenge to security assumptions, KSM has altered our way of life. Without him there would be no Transportation Security Administration, no truck barricades in front of office buildings. We would not remove our shoes in Logan or O'Hare airports. If we didn't remember that KSM is a mass murderer, we might admire his logistical aptitude and organizational creativity. Because of that creativity and imagination, as well as his Western education, he had extraordinary insight into how the world operates. This made him extremely dangerous.

His removal has severely hampered Al Qaeda, which has lost its most important operations man. KSM's strategic mind was unrivaled. His ability to conceptualize and conduct operations made him the most important terrorist of our time. A former KSM deputy, Abu Faraj al Liby, is reportedly Al Qaeda's new operational head, but he lacks KSM's familiarity with the West.

The United States is much safer with KSM behind bars, but his imprisonment doesn't mark the end of Al Qaeda. The terrorist network will find it difficult to launch a large-scale international attack like that of 9/11, though its current decentralized structure of Islamist groups allows for attacks such as last year's Madrid train bombing. Bin Laden and Ayman al Zawahiri remain at large, but their value to the jihad is mostly symbolic. It is now clear that Khalid Sheikh Mohammed's arrest will alter the future of Islamic terrorism, just as his operations have transformed American history.



LANCE ARMSTRONG

(continued from page 76)

that respect with President Bush, a man you've known since he was governor of Texas.

ARMSTRONG: I have to be careful here. I like the president. He is a deeply spiritual man. And I don't know if that spirituality has any place in the highest office. Having said that, I think the majority of the country disagrees with me on this.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't every leader say he's got God on his side?

ARMSTRONG: Exactly the point. The beliefs of the president and of mainstream America are not necessarily shared by people around the world. We can't force our beliefs and our freedoms on others. I mean, there are a billion Muslims in the world. There are Muslims, Jews, Buddhists, hundreds of forms of religion, and none of us is right or wrong. I think we need a serious line between church and state.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Crow discuss getting married?

ARMSTRONG: Do people discuss that? I thought the guy just asked the girl.

PLAYBOY: That's the old-fashioned way.

ARMSTRONG: Sometimes the girl puts on a little pressure. The other day I heard about a girl who asked the guy to marry her. How do you like that?

PLAYBOY: What would you say?

ARMSTRONG: We actually talked about that. Sheryl said, "Don't worry. I won't ask you to get married."

PLAYBOY: Your father took off before you ever knew him, and you've said you don't want to know him. You dismiss him as "the DNA donor." But what if he gave you your physical attributes?

ARMSTRONG: I don't think he's athletic. All I needed was my mom, who got pregnant at 17 and never quit on her baby—me. My mom was against quitting anything. She was stronger than most mothers and fathers together. I thought of her during my first pro cycling event, when I finished 111th out of 111 finishers. But about 200 guys started, so there were 80 or more quitters. At least I didn't quit.

PLAYBOY: Growing up without a dad around must have been tough. Did you have the birds-and-bees talk with your mom?

ARMSTRONG: Never had one.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel cheated? Did that slow your development?

ARMSTRONG: Probably. You know when you're 11 or 12 and kids play truth or dare or spin the bottle? You have to kiss a girl and then French kiss a girl, and man, you don't want to mess up your first time. That's pressure. I really wasn't up to speed in those games. But the way things turned out, I can't complain.



"Just remember, that's an oversized TV screen."

PLAYMATE NEWS



PAM: A NICE PIECE OF ART

What guy wouldn't want to make Pamela Anderson a permanent fixture in his life? Photographer Sante D'Orazio (above left) is one of the lucky few who have done so, thanks to his controversial photo exhibition *Pam: American Icon*. When New York City's Stellan Holm Gallery launched D'Orazio's exhibit earlier this year, celebrities such as Ashley Olsen, Julianna Margulies, Debbie Harry and Robert Downey Jr. rushed past the velvet ropes to check out the jaw-dropping, near life-size nudes. When asked about the exhibit, Pam—pictured above right with current flame Stephen Dorff—said, "I am a total exhibitionist, and I

like the experience of being in a shoot, but I don't like to look at the pictures. I think I'd feel awkward seeing them in a gallery." In an interview with *The New York Times*, D'Orazio commented that Pam's inimitable sexuality heightens her iconic status.

"When we look back years from now at this particular period, Pam will be the image that is remembered," he said. "She is the era.

She's a walking, living work of art, like a happening." The American icon had a simple explanation for why she prefers nudity. "Clothes," she told *Women's Wear Daily*, "make you look fat."

Pam: on—and off—the wall.



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Despite Michael Jackson's scarred reputation and high-profile legal woes, he will always be the musical genius who made some of the most memorable videos of the 1980s. When the Gloved One needed some-

one special to star as his girlfriend in the groundbreaking, freaky-as-hell Vincent Price-

narrated 1983 video for the song "Thriller," he turned to the gorgeous Miss June 1980 Ola Ray. Was it because Jackson had read on Ola's Playmate Data Sheet that he was her all-time favorite entertainer? Quite likely. The year before, Ola had made another great cinematic impression when she appeared in the movie *48 Hrs.* with then-superstar comedian Eddie Murphy. "PLAYBOY was the best thing that ever happened to me," she tells us.



CENTERFOLD CHIC



What do the girls next door look like when they're just leading their daily lives? See for yourself. From far left: Nikki Ziering in Miami; Angel Baris at Glamourcon in Las Angeles, where fans get to meet their favorite pinup models; Tina Jordan at Bliss in Hollywood; Nicole Lenz at a pre-Golden Globes fashion event; Calleen Shannon at a party sponsored by American Eagle Outfitters.



HOT SHOT



CRISTA NICOLE & SHANNON STEWART

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Mario Cantone

My favorite Playmate is **Marilyn Monroe** because she was beautiful. She was so young and had that long hair set against that red satin sheet. The first PLAYBOY Centerfold is a great picture.



And to see where her life went is just so tragic. She not only had a beautiful body, but she was hilarious, too. She was also probably one of the most talented Centerfolds.

POP QUESTIONS: STACY FUSON

Q: Are you enjoying life as the 2005 St. Pauli Girl?

A: Yes! I still can't believe they picked me. They held castings in Miami, Las Vegas and Los Angeles. I was one of five girls chosen to do a test shoot. When they told me the news I said, "What? Are you sure?"

Q: What are the perks of being the brand's spokesmodel?

A: I have my own poster, including a six-foot-tall cut-out. I'm on billboards and buses in every major city. The St. Pauli Girl represents the girl next door. She's conservative but still sexy. Each year the poster is different. For mine they did a dark, sexy bar scene.



Q: Do you ever wear the barmaid outfit in the bedroom?

A: No, unfortunately they kept it.

Q: What's your poison?

A: Actually I love beer.

Q: When we called, you had just returned from Panama. Were you on vacation?

A: I was promoting the Playboy slot machines for Bally Gaming. My hotel was on the coast, so I had a great view of the water. Panama is so beautiful, and the people are extremely kind. I was the first Playmate to visit the country. I was treated like royalty. Everyone was intrigued when I wore the Bunny costume—they'd never seen anything like it.

MARISKA: WHO'S YOUR MOMMY?

When Mariska Hargitay won a Golden Globe for her role on *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*, we were especially proud and felt a certain kinship. Why? Fifty years ago we featured Mariska's mother, Jayne Mansfield, as Miss February 1955.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Skilled golfer Lisa Dergan celebrated with tennis legend Boris Becker (below) after he sank a putt at the One & Only Ocean Club golf course in the Bahamas during the Michael Jordan Celebrity Invitational.... Forget the *Queer Eye* makeover guys and give one of our girls your undivided attention. Kari Kennell Whitman hosts *Dude Room*, a home improvement show on the Discovery Channel.... After shooting the *Playmates at Play* swimsuit calendar in Las Vegas, Scarlett Keegan, Destiny Davis and Jennifer Walcott were given the key to the city by Vegas mayor Oscar Goodman.... Playmate turned pilot Nicole Whitehead will be profiled in an upcoming edition of *Plane & Pilot* magazine.... If you dig *The Sopranos*, you'll love *High Roller: The Stu Ungar Story*, starring Michael Imperioli (it can be seen on cable). The film also features Cynthia Brimhall.... Julie McCullough (pictured) celebrated her 40th birthday in L.A. with fellow Centerfolds Barbara Moore, Tina Jordan and Stacy Fuson.... Would you watch a sitcom about a bookstore run by two intellectual brothers?



On par: Lisa and Boris.

Happy 40th birthday, Julie!

Happy 40th birthday, Julie!



What if we told you Pamela Anderson is playing a bookstore employee? Pamela is also producing the show, *Stacked*, for Fox. We're already hooked.

cyberclub

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

secret sex

(continued from page 120)

A WOMAN'S PLACE

Adultery has always been with us, of course, but some of what we see now is an expression of new sexual politics. We've found that work plays a role but not the one you think. Newsweeklies lay the blame on working women tasting the freedom of hotel rooms, business trips and close associations with colleagues. Our statistics suggest the workplace is a contributing factor. Twenty-seven percent of the men and 19 percent of the women cheaters met their lovers at work; not a few pursued frolicking on business trips. But work is a two-way street (21 percent of the men and 28 percent of

Would you say that you had cheated if you engaged in the following with someone other than your regular partner?

	Male	Female
Sexual intercourse	93%	95%
Oral sex	88%	93%
Anal intercourse	88%	92%
Fondling (touching breasts or genitals)	74%	88%
French kissing	65%	80%
Phone sex	43%	69%
Exchanging erotic e-mail or online chat	39%	65%
Lap dancing	30%	56%
Flirting	14%	15%

the women who had illicit lovers got together while their primary partner was at work or out of town). We asked the Playboy.com volunteers to look at what else was going on in their life when they began an affair. Topping the list were three work-related events: One in five cheaters began the affair after taking a new job; the same number did so when a regular partner became busy (for example, going back to school or work); almost as many (19 percent of men, 15 percent of women) noticed the affair coincided with a promotion or increased duties at work.

MORE FACTS ABOUT CHEATERS:

- One in five never meets the outside lover in public.
- One in four never gives out a home phone number (substituting the cell).
- Slightly fewer (22 percent of men, 15 percent of women) avoid using a credit card to pay for dinners and hotel rooms.
- Nearly one third of the cheaters admitted to lying about their marital status in order to get sex.
- About one in 10 never uses a real name or gives a real place of business and chooses to have affairs only on the road.

WHY STAY FAITHFUL?

What is the most frequently cited reason for fidelity? Men were most likely to say "respect for my partner" (24 percent to women's 22 percent); women were more inclined to say they had found a partner who was "perfect for me" (33 percent to men's 18 percent). Men were half as likely to cite honor or contract ("I gave my word") as women.

About one in 10 cited religious upbringing, fear of hurting a partner or comfort (preferring monogamy to the hassles of dating around).

We can say this about the faithful: They don't even think about fooling around—at least hardly ever. Only 37 percent of the faithful men had ever considered having an affair (and most of those "not often"), compared with the 94 percent of the men who ultimately cheated. Only 22 percent of the faithful women had considered having an affair (again, most of those "not often"), compared with 89 percent of women who went on to cheat. Put another way, cheaters were at least three times as likely as the faithful to give the possibility serious consideration.

Americans have no consensus about what constitutes cheating. We were amazed by the loopholes and levels of distinction. Most subjects feel comfort-

able with flirtation: Look but don't touch; flirt but don't fondle. But even the line between the fantastic and the physical has rules. For some people, the line is crossed once they go out of their way to increase temptation. For others, leading someone on is the crime.

"I handle curiosity or temptation by fantasizing while masturbating. You cross a line when you do something that would bother you if your partner were engaging in the act with another person."

—male, married

And then there was this guy, someone for whom temptation is biblical:

"I handle it poorly, for I am weak. Sexuality is good, God made me sexual, and he made marriage the place to use that sexuality as a glue in a lifelong relationship. I handle temptation primarily by avoidance—like an alcoholic avoiding a bar. The primary temptation toward sexual infidelity is to believe that I am my own person, isolated, and that what I do will not hurt anyone else. Remembering that my God does not isolate himself from me reminds me to turn again to him for help to love my wife as he loves me."

—male, married



"What the hell are you doing?! I drink out of there!"

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JESSICA DRAKE
IN *ONE MAN'S
OBSESSION*



Image courtesy of Wicked Pictures

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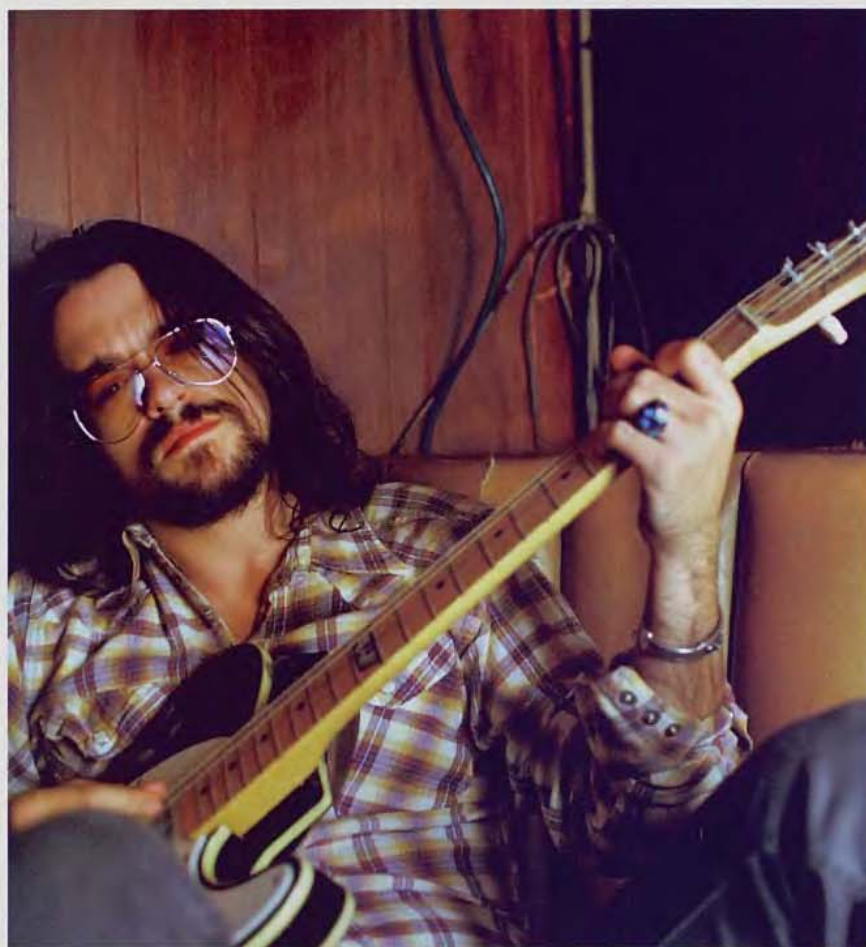
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Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



Young Gun

Country music scion Shooter Jennings takes his best shot

Only the son of legendary outlaws Jessi Colter and Waylon Jennings could get away with the nickname Shooter. Nashville native Shooter Jennings (born Waylon, like his dad), 25, is putting his name to good use by taking aim at the scene his parents helped put on the map. His debut album, *Put the O Back in Country* (Universal South), is a back-to-basics attempt to rescue country music. "It's all about cowboy hats and million-piece bands now," he says. "The shit on country radio is not real." This fall moviegoers will get a taste of this good old boy's act as well. Jennings will play his father in the Johnny Cash biopic *Walk the Line*, starring Joaquin Phoenix, which will hit theaters in November. "It was trippy to be playing him when he was my age," Jennings says. "I got to see just a glimpse of how he lived. There was this apartment we were doing a scene in because Johnny and Waylon had an apartment together in Memphis at one time. It was totally trashed, and I was like, 'Hey, this ain't too far off from what my apartment looked like a couple of years ago!'" —Dave Iltzkoff

The Latest Dish

Food? Sculpture? Both? At Chicago's new hot spot Alinea, Grant Achatz serves up serious ambition

What makes Chicago's Alinea arguably the most highly anticipated restaurant to open in the U.S. this year? With the kind of traditional training Wisconsin-bred chef Grant Achatz, 31, has had, even his résumé would taste succulent. He's a former sous-chef at the French Laundry, a bar-none foodie mecca in California's Napa Valley. He gained a national reputation by heading up Trio restaurant, outside Chicago. With his new venture, which opened in May, he's swinging for the fences. The idea: to deconstruct your dinner and rethink every ingredient, combining the kind of mad science that has taken hold of couture kitchens in Europe with classic techniques that have survived through the ages. The mind games begin the moment you take your seat. A four-hour feast with 30-odd miniature courses might begin with a PB&J (pictured) reimaged as whispermors of toast encasing peanut butter and peeled grapes. Various vapors and foams will follow to complement meats and pastas. Achatz begins one dish with lush ravioli, then adds a Rauschenberg spin, infusing the hollow not with cheese or meat but with black-truffle air. "It's innovative," he explains, "but you can't get much more grounded than pasta and truffle." Hungry? Curious? Good luck with that reservation.

—Jay Cheshes



Grapevine

World-Class Beach Bum

Walk down the right beach and you might find JESSICA ALBA acting like a perfect starlet—having her way with a lollipop and proving to fellow sunbathers that she was an excellent choice to star in *Sin City*.

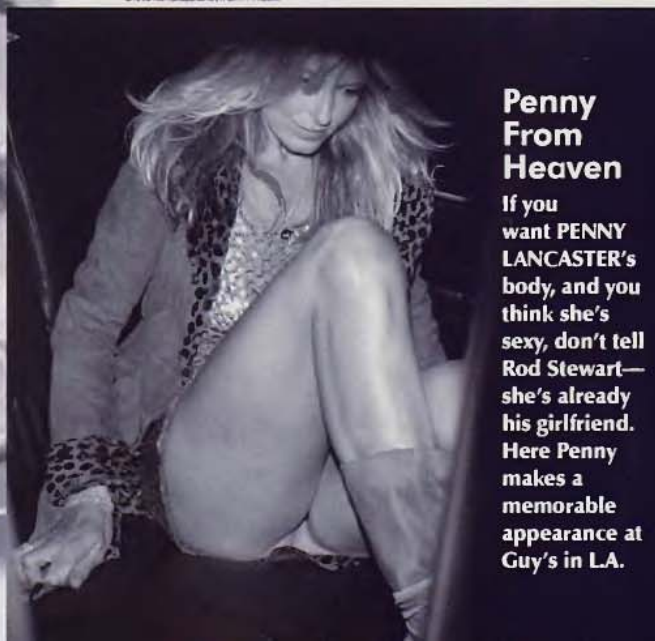


SPLASH NEWS

Desperately Seeking Nicollette

Now that *Desperate Housewives* is a phenomenon, NICOLLETTE SHERIDAN has plenty of cash to spend at her favorite Los Angeles boutiques. Here's hoping she doesn't find the lingerie section any time soon.

STEVE KONDLES/BAUER GRIFFIN.COM

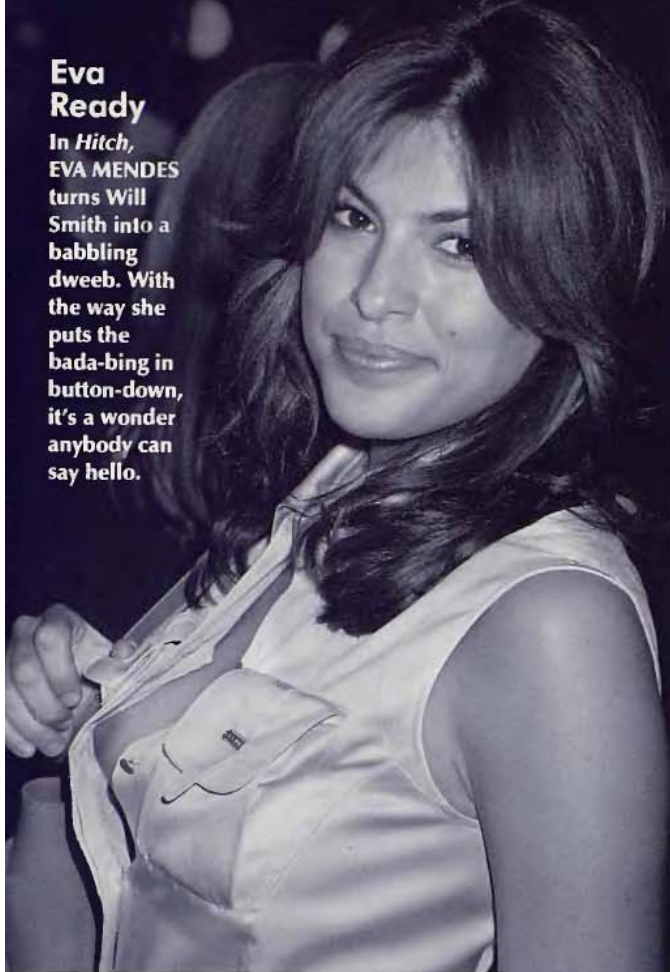


Penny From Heaven

If you want PENNY LANCASTER's body, and you think she's sexy, don't tell Rod Stewart—she's already his girlfriend. Here Penny makes a memorable appearance at Guy's in L.A.

Eva Ready

In *Hitch*, EVA MENDES turns Will Smith into a babbling dweeb. With the way she puts the bada-bing in button-down, it's a wonder anybody can say hello.



MICHAEL OCHS PHOTOGRAPHY

G-String Diva

Four out of five dentists surveyed are pro-flossing, so they would surely love this model, who worked it at the DSquared fashion show in Milan. We bet her teeth are as beautiful as the rest of her.



STEFANO PELLACONI/REUTERS

The Donald. The Nip Slip. The Red-Carpet Rage

We're over *The Apprentice*, but that doesn't mean we're beyond gawking at newlyweds DONALD TRUMP and MELANIA KNAUSS. What was Donald yelling at photographers? Maybe "If this doesn't boost my ratings, you're fired!"



MARK J. TERRILL/AP WIDE WORLD



STYLA LOWERY

Hanging Loose

Model REBEKAH LEHRFELD knows what it's like to have a good hair day: She's been modeling for Aveda hair care products since she was 15. When she's in Hawaii (above), however, she's prone to letting her pigtails down.



SLICK WHEN WET

Cameras and water have never been on the best of terms, digital cameras doubly so. Squeezing off subaqueous shots requires bulky aftermarket housings and other annoying special equipment. That explains why we're so jazzed by the Pentax OptioWP (\$350, pentax.com), a five-megapixel point-and-shoot that combines the slim body and convenience of today's film-free snappers with waterproofing down to three feet. At that depth you won't exactly be the next Cousteau (or even Zissou), but it's more than enough to let you take your camera where it has always wanted to go—into the shower.



SOLE MAN

As far as wardrobe goes, nothing says leisure like the flip-flop. The existential weight of the human condition seems to lift the moment you slide on a pair. Love and death? The meaning of it all? Pedro Martinez's haircut? Who cares? You'll have your margarita by the pool, thank you. Pictured from left: Montrail's Molokai (\$45, montrail.com) has a thermo-moldable foot bed that custom-fits to your sole after a few wearings; Hugo Boss's nylon-and-leather Boss Hugo Boss Flip Flop (\$95, 800-484-6267) looks pretty snazzy, if you ask us; and Keen's Trinidad (\$60, keenfootwear.com) combines the protection of a leather sandal with the je ne sais quoi of a flip-flop.

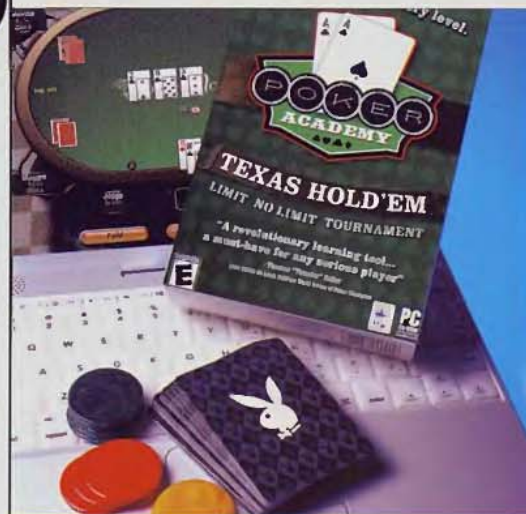
KING CREOLE

There will always be a hot new joint, but venerated restaurants survive for a reason. This summer, Galatoire's (504-525-2021), at 209 Bourbon Street in New Orleans, celebrates its 100th anniversary. The Friday-afternoon lunches in the downstairs dining room haven't changed since Tennessee Williams was a fixture. On the menu: shrimp rémoulade (pictured), crabmeat *maison*, oysters en brochette and plenty of champagne.



VIRTUAL VEGAS

Getting good at poker used to mean logging long hours in dodgy places with dodgier people, not to mention serious financial risk. But today's top players cut their teeth online, gaining skills that are more business school than barroom. Hit the geeks where they live with Poker Academy Texas Hold 'Em 2.0 software (\$39, poki-poker.com). You'll learn all the rules and strategies, and you can play a full no-limit tourney without losing your shirt.



STRIP CLUB

Nothing cracks up Herb from accounting like your retro "tip and strip" pen. Well, the next time you need to take some poetic license on your expense reports, thank him with this supersize version. The Putt-Her novelty club (\$60, blueballsports.com) looks completely innocent when upended in your golf bag, but flip it over to hit a shot and it reveals a shapely surprise on the shaft. Sure, it's not a precision Callaway or TaylorMade, but this baby loves to swing.



ROCK THAT ROLLS

The iPod revolution has spawned several speaker kits that turn those little white boxes into full-blown sound systems. Too bad they take up half your luggage space. Next time pack a Boom Bag (\$330, viasf.com/boombags). This fashion-backward tote makes up for its pedestrian looks with two speakers, a built-in amplifier and a subwoofer to fill your room with boom. It's a portable party that will blow the waffles right off your room-service tray.



CARE FOR A SLICE?

Collectors have long clamored for a reproduction of the standard-issue War Department World War II Navy knife. Here it is. The new Mark I (\$90, actiongear.com) has a five-and-one-eighth-inch high-carbon-steel blade with black antireflective finish—perfect for peeling an orange or putting the fear of God into a Nazi.

WHAT'S ON TAP

The Brits used to make super-strong pale ales, called India pale ales, that could survive the voyage to India. The trend is big again among American microbrewers. Case in point: Dogfish Head's new releases. Burton Baton (\$13 for a four-pack) weighs in at 20 proof, but neither the alcohol nor the bitterness whacks you over the head. The 120-Minute IPA is 40 proof and will age for decades like the best wines (\$10 for a 12-ounce bottle). Info at dogfish.com.

ON THE NOSE

"An irreverent attitude, a sensual energy...the Z Zegna man values style, freedom, authenticity." So reads the press material accompanying the new Z Zegna fragrance from Ermenegildo Zegna (3.3 ounces, \$57, saksfifthavenue.com). We have no idea what that means, but we like the scent. With a base note of cashmere wood from India and top notes of bergamot from Sicily and casaoar from New Guinea, it's like a trip around the world in a bottle. The lady in your life will enjoy the ride.



Next Month



KARINA LOMBARD PUTS LUSCIOUS INTO THE L WORD.



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YOU TOO CAN PULL OFF A WHITE SUIT.



THE WORLD'S HOTTEST SWIMSUIT MODEL, JOANNA KRUPA.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDO—IN THE DAYS AFTER MARLON BRANDO'S DEATH, ACCOLADES REGARDING HIS BRILLIANT CAREER WERE EVERYWHERE. BUT THERE WAS A DARK SIDE TO THE NEWS TOO: FRIENDS AND FAMILY BATTLING OVER HIS ESTATE, CREATING A STORY AS COMPLEX AND SAD AS THE ACTOR HIMSELF. BY **PETER MANSO**

HIGH IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES—SMUGGLING BRITISH COLUMBIA'S FINEST MARIJUANA INTO THE U.S. ISN'T AS EASY AS IT USED TO BE. JUST ASK THE PREZ, ONE OF THE MANY DEVIUS CHARACTERS INSIDE CANADA'S MULTIBILLION-DOLLAR POT INDUSTRY. BY **ROBERT SABBAG**

JOANNA KRUPA—NO ONE FILLS OUT A STRING BIKINI LIKE OUR NEW COVER MODEL. KNOWN AS THE SEXIEST BEACH GIRL IN THE WORLD, OUR SUN-KISSED SUPERSTAR LEAVES HER SWIM THINGS AT HOME FOR A BLISTERING PICTORIAL. NO SAND? NO SUIT? NO PROBLEM.

OWEN WILSON—SURFERS, STONERS AND HIPSTERS CLAIM THE SLOW-SPEAKING TEXAN AS THEIR OWN. TWENTY-FIVE MOVIES INTO HIS CAREER, WILSON IS ON HIS BACK PORCH DISCUSSING HIS FEAR OF CRAZY WOMEN AND THE DANGERS OF GOOGLING ONESELF. A DARING *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW BY **JERRY STAHL**

DON'T PANIC—BUT DON'T GET TOO COMFORTABLE, EITHER. WHEN IT COMES TO NATURAL DISASTERS—AN OUTBREAK OF ASIAN BIRD FLU, AN ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO BELOW YELLOWSTONE—ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AT ANY MOMENT. AND IF YOU MANAGE TO LIVE TO THE AGE OF 10,000, YOU'LL EXPERIENCE ALMOST EVERY TYPE. DON'T MISS THE FEEL-GOOD ARTICLE OF THE YEAR. BY **WILLIAM SPEED WEED**

SCARLETT JOHANSSON—THE PRECOCIOUS STAR OF *LOST IN TRANSLATION*, *THE ISLAND* AND WOODY ALLEN'S UPCOMING FILM *MATCH POINT* ANSWERS THE QUERY, AT WHAT AGE ARE MEN TOO OLD TO OGLE YOU? FIND OUT HER ANSWER—AND 19 OTHERS THAT ARE JUST AS TITILLATING—IN *20Q*. BY **DAVID RENSIN**

THE FALL—WANTING PEACE AND QUIET, JEAN AND TIMOTHY SET OFF ON A CAMPING TRIP. WHAT THEY GET INSTEAD IS A WILD RIDE TURNED CATASTROPHE. FICTION BY **BILL ROORBACH**

PLUS: TWO AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT SIDES OF *THE L WORD*'S **KARINA LOMBARD**, *MEN IN BLANCO*: WHITE-HOT WHITE SUITS, SUMMER ACCESSORIES THAT ARE GUARANTEED TO MAKE WOMEN FOLLOW YOU HOME, BETWEEN THE SHEETS WITH FORMER PMOY **KAREN MCDUGAL**, AND MISS JULY, **QIANA CHASE**.